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JUDGE GRAY

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25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

*You may say "Shoo!" to a
goose, but when buying shoes,
say "COWARDS."*

Then you will be assured of shoes that fit, that look, that last.
¶For close upon a half-century James S. Coward has
made the making of shoes his hobby.

He is a shoe psychologist; and the present trade conditions
obtaining at the Coward Shoe-Shop are "merely psycho-
logical." That is to say, Coward success has followed
Coward understanding of footwear architecture—and
fittingly so.

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sands of discriminating people, but only at one place.

Foot-frenzied folk should write Mr. Coward for his Little
Book picturing the Coward Shoe Family.

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<i>Made in our custom dep't for over 34 years</i>		
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<i>The Coward Bunion Shoe</i>	- - -	<i>The Coward Arch-Support Shoe</i>
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ON COLLECTING

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE instinct for collecting things seems to be deep-rooted in the substrata of the human heart. As kids we collected peewees and glass alleys, postage-stamps and picture postcards; in school and college we developed a craze for colored posters, gaudy pennants and trolley-signs. Coin-collectors are called numismatists; bibliophiles collect books for bibliobums to borrow; rich men acquire costly collections of paintings and statuary; Charles Lamb has an interesting write-up on Old China; just now the advertising poster is in the ascendant, and I know one chap who is constantly adding to his collection of *letterheads*! Others earn a living by collecting bills.

Also, I know a young couple who are making a collection that is worth while. These young people are collecting *Berkey & Gay Furniture*. They got the idea when a kind friend gave them for a wedding present, a *Berkey & Gay Period Piece* made in the Colonial Style. For the sake of symmetry, and because they loved this furniture, they resolved to save their money and buy *Berkey & Gay Furniture* as often as they could afford it. They have been married four years, and already they have a dozen pieces of Colonial

pattern, on all of which you can find the *Berkey & Gay Shopmark*.

Here is a collecting of the kind that counts. *Berkey & Gay Furniture* possesses the inherent qualities that make for lasting satisfaction. Only choice timber is employed in the making of *Berkey & Gay Furniture*. The workmanship is of the finest. Many of the workmen have grown up with the place; they are on to their jobs and they take their time.

In point of design and style, *Berkey & Gay Periods* rival comparison with the originals from which they are copied. The reproductions are exact, even to the tiniest details of carving.

Another thing: *Berkey & Gay* make furniture that you can live with on a footing of perfect peace.

Send fifteen two-cent stamps for

CHARACTER IN FURNITURE

a deluxe booklet that is both a history of and a guide to the Period Styles. Other booklets are sent free. Ask for any or all of the following:

The Story of Berkey & Gay *Entertaining Your Guests*
Things to Remember *Masterpieces in Miniature*
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Start YOUR *Berkey & Gay Collection Today*

Acquaintance with the store handling *Berkey & Gay* furniture in your locality is worth while. It is usually the best store in every city, and the *Berkey & Gay* agency bespeaks a store prepared to show the best examples of the furniture art. The following firms exemplify *Berkey & Gay* representation:

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race, for the little kingdom as well as for the great empire, for the Slav as well as for the Teuton. The national jealousies and racial enmities of Europe must end. There can be no return to the *status quo*. So much as that at least must be insisted on, not by the Allies alone, but by all the shocked and suffering world: insisted on most of all by America. It must be Peace for All or Peace for None. And one thing more must be required: in the name of Peace the thing must be taken away that makes for War. That thing, the colossal folly of these forty years, is this make-believe menace called Armed Peace. Let us have done with this humbug. Ger-

THERE can be no peace, no true peace, by any skilful redrawing and recoloring of the map of Europe. The map as it was is not the crime. The map as it may be will not be the cure. There must come a new spirit if there is to be a new life. That new life must create a regenerated Europe. For that regenerated Europe there must be a new States system. In that new States system a place must be made, a place and a position and a prestige, for the little people as well as for the great

many and the German Emperor have in this thing been the chief sinners among the nations. The Kaiser's infamous maxim, "In Peace prepare for War," has been adopted by every other military-mad war-lord and war-poseur the world over. To all but Egomaniacs like the Kaiser this hoary fallacy is disproved in the hideous discovery of the past month: the nations in Peace prepared for what they now are getting—War. This dread world-scourge will not have wrought its purpose

unless and until the mouth of them that speak this lie is stopped forever.

¶ And stopped, too, must be all private and personal interest in the promotion and financing and expansion of the armament business. If war-weapons and war-equipment and war-ships must be manufactured, let it be done, not by private concerns with their eye on big business and big dividends, but by the responsible national Governments. The armament lobbyists in Parliament and the armor-plate newspapers have been denounced in Britain as 'the shame of the nation and the perpetual menace to peace. France is no better. Germany is worse. Who will answer for the United States? Who for Canada? What a lurid light is now cast backward on the machinations of the international armament combine that only last year included firms in England, in France, in Russia, and in Germany! And what a Nemesis this slaughter is on the trail of the "Krupp-cum-Kaiser" alliance!

All this diabolical playing fast and loose with the interests of humanity must be made impossible in every country: private dividends

What is Your Purpose in Life?

Are you working toward a definite, well defined goal? Have you decided what you will accomplish in life? Or are you a mere automaton drifting along with circumstance, doing what you are told? A cog in a wheel? The tool of others?

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking. The Four Factors on which it depends. How to develop analytical power. How to think "all around" any subject. How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking. Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration. How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis. How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing. How to guard against errors in thought. How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts. How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power. How to develop Reasoning Power. How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking. The secret of Building Mind Power. How the will is made to act. How to test your Will. How a Strong Will is Master of Body. What creates Human Power. The Six Principles of Will training. Define Methods for developing Will. THE NINETEEN METHODS for using Will-power in the Conduct of Life. Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power. FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Angled power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self Analysis, Control. How to develop a strong keen gaze. How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page work. How to become aware of Nervous Action. How to keep the body well-poised. How to open the Mind and allow for reception of incoming power. How to Exercise the nerves. How to throw off Worry. How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system. How to secure steady nerves. How to maintain the Central Factors of Body health. Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits. The Law of Will-Power in Habits. The Mental Law of Habit Cure. The Seven Laws for ridding yourself of Profane Speaking. The Fifteen Star Methods for mastering Anger and Irritability. The Psycho-Physical Cause of the Drink Habit. Nine demonstrated regimes for mastering this curse. Etc., etc., etc.

Perhaps you have a definite ambition—perhaps you feel that you will some day be somewhere; but are you making progress? Does each day bring you nearer that goal? Or are you being constantly turned aside by habits, fears, circumstances or the will of others?

The Secret of Achievement

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big successful man, and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time—whether a fighter, statesman, lawyer, doctor or business man.

Innumerable editorials and books have been written about the necessity of an indomitable will.

Everyone knows that it is true, but never until now has there been a course in will training which actually teaches how to develop the will—how to make use of this God-given faculty, so as to actually accomplish, in spite of all obstacles, that which you set as your goal in life. Latent in all normal human beings is will-power waiting to be developed and trained. In some it is stronger than in others, without conscious training. But in ninety-nine out of every hundred people the will is dormant—inactive—undeveloped. That is why there are a hundred failures to one success in life.

"Power of Will"

By Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., M.S.

The author is a scientist whose name ranks with Royce, Bergson and James. "Power of Will" is the only scientific course in will training, and is the result of twenty years of research and study. While contained in a single volume, this course consists of twenty-eight practical lessons which anyone can easily study and master—for it not only tells what to do, but shows how to do it and provides the necessary exercises to develop the will into a faculty of irresistible power.

Over twenty-five thousand intelligent men and women of all ages are using "Power of Will" as the stepping stone to success. It is used by and has helped such master men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Wu Ting Fang, ex U.S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut. Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; Asst. Postmaster General Britt; General Manager Christenson of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis of Burroughs Adding Machine Co.; Charles W. Mears, Advertising Manager of Winton Motor Co.; and literally thousands of other successful men of affairs. What has done for these men and 25,000 besides, it will do for you.

You Can Accomplish What You Will

Any reasonable ambition can be realized. Man can accomplish what he wills, if his will is trained to that end. "Power of Will" shows you just what to do to get results—it enables you to become master of yourself, master of others—master of circumstance—master of your own destiny. Instead of being the blind tool of others—a cog in a wheel. It provides a purpose in life and shows how to accomplish that purpose surely and quickly. It can easily mean the difference between failure and success.

Send No Money

The material in "Power of Will" is greater than in many correspondence courses in other subjects selling for \$25 and more. It is not a mere book—it is a scientific course in will training, handsomely bound in book form, contains 387 pages, and the price is only \$3.00.

So wonderful is this great work—so useful, so stimulating—so all-powerful a weapon to greater success, and so profound an impression it is making throughout the world among the thousands who are sending for it that we do not ask you to send a single penny in advance. We want you to examine the course in your own home, before you commit yourself in any way. So merely fill out and mail the coupon—without money—ENCLOSING BUSINESS CARD OR REFERENCE—and we'll send you "Power of Will" prepaid for five days' examination—then if you don't find that it is more than we claimed you are not more than satisfied that it will prove the greatest single factor in your life success, return the book and you are not out anything. Mail the coupon NOW.

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The book backs up every statement and claim made in your advertising."—*J. Munson, 4310 Broadway, Galveston, Texas.*

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I shall not call this 'book'—but a 'universal key to the latent talents of the human mind.'—*P. E. Savoy, Public Accountant, Hanover Bank Building, New York City.*



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in armaments must be treated as the blood-money of the nations: each nation may police its own borders, but no nation arm for war: anything less will be a betrayal of world-peace. When this war has exhausted the combatants, there will come Peace for All or Peace for None.—*J. A. Macdonald, Editor Toronto "Globe."*

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—*Boiste.*



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**INSURANCE
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**HEALTH
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**Receives business from
every State—direct**

**Pays claims in every
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THERE are 260 legal reserve life-insurance companies in the country, all operating through agents, yet only 33 of these companies do business in the State of New York.

Similarly, of the largest four New York companies—"the giants," so-called—not one does business in Texas; two of them do not enter Wisconsin, and the fourth does no business in ten States.

The States will not let agents solicit business unless their companies take out licenses, pay so-called "occupation" taxes, and submit to other State exactions, which some companies can not, or will not, do.

The Postal Life, a New York company, complying with all the strict requirements of that State, is the only insurance institution that receives business from every State in the Union, thus enabling everyone to arrange insurance direct.

The POSTAL is, in quite a true sense, an interstate institution, and it can transact an interstate business, because it is a non-agency company; it employs no agents and does not send them into the various States.

It is therefore exempt from the various expensive requirements applicable to companies employing agents and agencies. Postal policyholders get the benefit.

THE one who wants insurance in the Postal Life writes, as a citizen of the United States, direct to the Company's New York headquarters—in its Home Office Building shown above—its only place of business. The Postal answers by mail, employing the usual Government facilities, and it is thus subject to the United States Postal authorities—also to the Federal Courts.

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Insurance is thus arranged and policy-claims are paid by check mailed direct to the beneficiary—and promptly.

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First: Old-line legitimate insurance—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: Standard policy reserves, now more than \$1,000,000. Insurance in force, more than \$45,000,000.

Third: Standard policy provisions, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

See How Easy It Is

In writing simply say: *Mail me insurance particulars for my age as per THE FRA for October.*

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your Full Name. 2. Your Occupation.
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No agent will be sent to visit you; the Postal Life dispenses with agents; you get the benefits of the agent's commission because you deal direct.

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guaranteed dividends, go to Policyholders in subsequent years, 8d, Beginning at the close of the second year, Continuous Policy dividends, based on the company's surplus, still further reduce the cost each year after the first.

should behold the rise of a power in the heart of Europe quite equal to that contemplated by the first Napoleon. That is not to be thought of or endured. The world can settle with autocracy in the Russian Empire when it has vanquished autocracy in the German Empire.

☞ The world has a long way to travel before it reaches the Mount of Olives. We build a house of cards in the low country. Comes a wind across the North Sea in a moment to blow it down. Comes a blast from the hell the Hapsburgs made and not a stone remains. Truly the home of tragedy! Was it not enough that self-slaughter and the assassin had done to work the

BELIEVE the time has come for kings to take stock, as it were, and for kingcraft to come to a showdown. When the battle-clouds lift and the earth has received the slain we shall behold another Europe. Let us live and hope. But we shall have to wait and see. The kaiser is held justly accountable for the bloody work that is going forward. The old man in Vienna and the ruler in Petrograd could each have been held to his place except for the war-lord of Berlin. If he could win we

devil's will on the Danube that an old man should be left to end the drama with a conflagration sweeping across the Rhine to the Rhone and the Seine, to the Severn and the Clyde? What is Serbia to England, what to France, that they should bleed for her? And after all is over, how shall the balance of power stand?

It is but a gamble—a gamble in the lives of men, the hearts of women and children. "It will be the bloodiest of wars," says General

Nelson A. Miles, a commanding authority, "and the last." That is to say it will be so destructive that there can never be another. The single abatement of horror is that it can not be of long duration.—*Henry Watter-son.*

OUR great merchants are men of character that stands four-square. If they were not, they would not be great merchants. So it is not surprising to see large concerns voluntarily renouncing advantages they might take, and keeping prices at ordinary levels in extraordinary times.

But if not surprising, it is still pleasing to see such high-minded business conduct. There is too much criticism of big business simply because it is big. The big store is just as honest as the little store. The big railroad is as honest as the dinky little stage route. Acute memories suggest the thought that the big road is sometimes more honest. And so on, down the line of human industries. The conduct of our great business concerns in proclaiming the maintenance of fair prices at the usual levels is a bright answer to the unjustifiable criticism piled on great businesses, simply because of their size.—*Arthur Brisbane.*



For Beauty Service and Satisfaction

One of the most important phases in the making of a home is the selection of dinner-ware.

The trade-mark "Homer Laughlin" on the under side of a dish is your guarantee of the lasting satisfaction found in the severe test of the continuous every-day use of this famous dinner-ware. Its artistic decorations practically last as long as the ware itself, giving you cause for self-congratulation that you finally selected

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Before selecting dinner-ware insist that your dealer show you some of the many beautiful patterns bearing the trade-mark name "Homer Laughlin"—they're sure to please you.

Thousands have found pleasure and profit in reading our "China Book." It's FREE. Have you received a copy? If not, write today.

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NO book is worth anything which is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and reread, and loved, and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it.—*John Ruskin.*

IF you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument of gentleness and justice and benevolence.

—*Epictetus.*

THE LONDON TEA BOB IN THE ROYCROFT INN



YOU either like tea or you don't. And if you don't, it may be due not to a lack of tea taste on your part, or to any lack of good tea.

¶ The real reason is that, until recently, the means for making tea a thousand times, and making it uniformly excellent for every one of the thousand times, were not available.

¶ The London Tea Bob, dubbed "The Intelligent Tea-Pot," has turned the tea trick to the satisfaction of good tea-tippers everywhere.

¶ This Spring a supply of "Bobs" was ordered for the Roycroft Inn, and now we are getting a reputation for our tea. We drink to "The Day" when the London Tea Bob will find a place on the tables of every hotel, club and home in the land.

¶ By reason of its scientific interior arrangement, the Tea Bob produces perfect tea every time—without fail. It is all in the brewing.

¶ The London Bob does away with indiscriminate steeping. An air-float, by an automatic process, lifts the tea-leaves precisely at the psychological moment, making each brew identically the same.

¶ The London Tea Bob is made of Betty-ware, with aluminum "bob." In various styles and sizes each broadly guaranteed. *Prices, \$2.00 and up.* Special hand-moulded family size Tea Bob, with German silver trimmings—the best seller—complete, \$2.50.

¶ Write for Tea Bob Booklet. It's free

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commerce, of kinship, of mutual dependencies, make a network that encompasses the globe. Geography is trivial. Boundary-lines are for a day. And we are all brothers, here for much the same purpose, and bound for the same harbor on the shoreless seas. Wherefore why should we redden the waters with our brothers' blood, and with carnage and ruin make desolate the fair face of the earth? The language of sorrow is a universal language. The cry of little children is the same beneath every flag. And when others suffer we must suffer with them. There is no perfect independence. No nation liveth unto itself, and no nation dieth

THERE is need for a new Declaration—a worldwide Declaration of Interdependence. There is still place for the spirit of independence—there will always be. But what the world waits for today is a realization of interdependence. It is a small world. So closely are we bound together by the ties of common interest that to disturb conditions on one continent is to disturb the order of the world. How the war is illustrating that fact as it has never before been illustrated! The threads of

unto itself. Humanity is of more moment than the lines upon a map. And some day the dreamers' dreams will come true, and a Declaration of Interdependence will be backed by a Parliament of the World.—*Homer Hoch.*

MAN, like Deity, creates in his own image. And if you grind all the personality out of a man, and make him but the part of a machine, you are hastening the death of Art, for Art is born of Individuality.

BUT we continue to wish that those kaisers and czars and emperors would leave out God. We hate their imperial familiarity with the Creator of this universe. To assume that God came to the rescue of one set of human wholesale murderers as against another is impious and infamous to our minds. It is making of God, who is love, a butcher standing at the shambles where legs are blown off, hearts punctured and brains blown out for the sport of rulers who play with "subjects" as old men play chess. ¶ When God "brilliantly supported" one of the generals who are now leading men into human butcheries, the world received a shock—but, fortunately, most of us will be able to laugh at the assumption. ¶ Let them fight it out, let them butcher each other until one or the other side is exhausted—though the pity of it!—but let them stop dragging God into their miserable business.—*Lafe Young.*

A COLONY of American artists have left Paris to make their home in England on account of the war. They might try their native land for a change. The climate would

do their health and morals no end of good, and it is possible that they could find a few feeble landscapes in this country that have not yet been overdone. It is perfectly true that American cities have rather too much sanitation for a successful Quartier Latin and that our fields can not offer much in the line of peasant girls, but if our painter friends can stand for a little fresh air and some bright faces this country ought to satisfy them as a war resort.—*Harrison Gray Otis.*



That certainly ought to get the business

Can you feel that way about your letters? Do they impress a man, at a glance, as worth reading? Unread letters bring no orders. Make your letters seem as important as they are. The right kind of stationery will do it—a handsome letterheading on a substantial paper, Construction Bond.

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declare by My Beauty that I will bring ye all together under the unicolorous tent of dust, and will efface the colors of all, save those who choose My Color which is pure from all color.

O Sons of Negligence! Attach not your minds to mortal sovereignty, and rejoice not therein. You are like unto the heedless bird, warbling with all tranquillity upon a branch in the garden, when suddenly the hunter of death brings it down to the dust. Then will there remain no trace of melody, form or color. Therefore be admonished, O servant of desire.

—Abdul Baha.

HAPPINESS is comparative. It can only know itself in the

O MY FRIEND! Thou art the sun of the heaven of My Holiness; defile not thyself with the eclipse of the world. Tear asunder the veil of negligence, that thou mayest emerge from behind the veil, be uncovered from the cloud, and array all beings with the robe of Life.

O Sons of Pride! For a few days' mortal reign ye have rejected My Immortal Dominion, and are arraying yourselves in robes of red and yellow, and boasting because of this. I

degree that it remembers pain. Happiness without its perspectives of agony is joy without consciousness. Children are happy, but know nothing of happiness; they gambol in a celestial kingdom, but they are as ignorant of their whereabouts as a somnambulist. Pure joy is thus negative; it is the sleep of pain, the swoon of the positive, which is pain, which requires no memory of pleasure to create a poignant consciousness of itself. Pain is pain, but pleasure is not pleasure.

WE may value and appreciate that which imparts information, but we do not love it. We seek and enjoy entertainment, but it does not inspire us with affection. But that which stirs the soul, kindles the emotions, gives us faith to believe and power to do—that is the thing to love, and when we love books it is for the inspiration that we find in them, rather than for either information or recreation.—*Arthur E. Bostwick.*

WHAT is good is effective, generative, makes for itself room, food and allies. As a man in his place he is constructive, fertile, magnetic, inundating armies with his purpose which is thus executed. The river makes its own shores, and each legitimate idea makes its own channels and welcome harvests for food, institutions for expression, weapons to fight with and disciples to explain it.—*Emerson.*

BED is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—*Colton.*

AUTOCRATS OF THE DINING-TABLE



CRESCA Dainties are the world's choicest delicacies. They are the Autocrats of the Dining-Table; they stand for the superlative in gastronomic goodness; they are the perfection of freshness, richness and toothsome-ness. Wherever expert cultivation, ideal climate or scientific skill has produced a food that is famous, there the Cresca people have the "pick" of the market. They lay the whole round world under tribute in order to contribute to your pleasure. CRESCA Dainties lend character and distinction to the feast, give spice to the spread, add to your reputation as an entertainer and sustain domestic felicity. The Cresca mark is the synonym for super-quality in goods and service. Ask your grocer for CRESCA Dainties and be convinced—or we will supply you direct. Cresca Foreign Luncheons, a beautifully illustrated booklet, full of Cresca information, recipes and menus, will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

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When two friends understand each other after they have misunderstood,
When nations understand each other in peace after they have misunderstood each other in war,
When fathers, mothers, children, friends, people, understand, all understand all,
Oh! that must be heaven—there is nothing beyond.—*Horace Traubel.*



GHOREAU had a chunk of ironstone as a desk ornament. One day he threw it out of the window, "because," said the Sage of Walden Pond, "it has no useful purpose." Just so! And today sees the growth of that sentiment. That only is sacred which serves. We want things that are substantial, plain, useful, as well as graceful and ornamental. We want the practical and artistic combined. *Limbert's Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture* meets this requirement. It is the most practical and dependable furniture that money can buy. Made understandingly by experts from selected materials, it reflects the spirit of the earlier masters in wood craftsmanship. Also, it stands the test of time. Every piece bears the Limbert trademark and is backed by the Limbert guarantee. Send for Style-Book—free to you—it will aid you in your selection.

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IN every school and community there should be at least one teacher who knows gardening, both theoretically and practically. This teacher should teach the elementary sciences in the schools during the school-hours and should, out of school-hours, direct the home gardening of the children between the ages of seven or eight and fourteen or fifteen. If possible, the teacher should have the assistance of an expert gardener, so that the work may be done in the most practical and profit-

able way. The teacher and the gardener should help the children find the plots of ground in back yards, front yards, and vacant lots near their homes best suited for gardening work, aid them by some co-operative method to have the lots properly plowed and prepared for cultivation, help them select seeds, show them how to plant, cultivate, and harvest, so as to obtain the best results.

It is difficult to estimate the results of this plan when it shall be in full operation throughout the country. For the children it will mean health, strength, joy in work, habits of industry, an understanding of the value of money, as measured in terms of labor, and such

knowledge of the phenomena and forces of Nature as must be had for an understanding of most of their school lessons. They will also learn something at least of the fundamental principles of morality; that each individual must make his or her own living; must, by some kind of labor of head, hand or heart, contribute to the common wealth as much as he takes from it; must pay for what he gets in some kind of coin.

Probably one of the most valuable results of

this plan would be to make it easy for most children to attend school three or four years longer than they now do, a thing more and more desirable, since education for life and citizenship in our industrial, civic and social democracy can not be obtained before the age of adolescence. If a child can contribute to its support while in school, it may remain in school much longer than if it must be carried as a dead weight until it quits school to go to work.—*Doctor P. P. Claxton.*

THE railroads can exist without expansion, and under the protection of the Constitution and the Courts their property will be allowed to earn some return, but if they do not expand and improve, it will be you and your business that will suffer in the long run. You are neglecting your own best interests when you encourage or even permit a governmental policy which tends to discourage investment in and improvement of railroads; for without the very best railroads, it is easy to understand that business of all kinds can not achieve its highest development.

—*Howard Elliott.*

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A MOTHER'S love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.—*Bovee.*

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doses of alcohol, doses which most people have always supposed to be completely innocuous. The German investigations seemed to me to prove that even twenty-four hours after taking a small dose of alcohol the time-reaction in the human being is unfavorably affected. Now the quickness of the time-reaction is important to every mechanic, to every artisan, and particularly to every person who is engaged in a dangerous occupation, like driving an automobile, for instance, or managing a circular saw, or, indeed, in the tending of any powerful machine or hot furnace. Lastly, somewhat more than a year ago

I had a long op-

IT is quite true that I have taken much more interest in the temperance question in the last ten years of my life than I did earlier, and this increase of interest has come from certain studies and opportunities for observation. These studies related to the terrible effects of alcoholism in increasing the number of the feeble-minded, insane, and criminal in our American communities. Later I had the opportunity of studying the German investigations on the mental effects of very limited

opportunity of observing the difference between the white race and the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indian, the Malay, and some of the Mohammedan people, in regard to susceptibility to the alcoholic temptation. The white race is inferior to all the other people I have named in regard to this susceptibility to the temptation of alcoholism. No observant person can travel through the East for a year without being shocked by the manifest tendency of the white race temporarily resident there to

destroy itself through alcoholism. Alcohol is destructive in the highest degree to the white race in the tropics, and all through the tropics the white race exhibits a terrible lack of self-control with regard to the use of alcoholic drinks. It is mortifying to the last degree for an American to see intoxicated American soldiers and sailors staggering about the streets of the Chinese cities where we now have troops, and never to see a Japanese soldier in such condition, although the Japanese have five times as many troops there as we have. I mention but a single fact; but the lesson of the East is that the alcoholism of the white race must be overcome, or that vice, with the licentiousness it promotes, will overcome the race.—*Charles W. Eliot.*

ONE fact stands out in bold relief in the history of men's attempts for betterment. That is that when compulsion is used, only resentment is aroused, and the end is not gained. Only through moral suasion and appeal to men's reason can a movement succeed.—*Samuel Gompers.*

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WHEN you engage a servant, the first thing you ask for is his character. You want to know something about him—is he reliable, efficient?

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Stop Forgetting!



**Make
your
Mind
a File
—not
a Pile**



THE average person's mind resembles a scrap-pile more than anything—heaped high with a vast miscellany of unrelated, unclassified, unindexed facts. To summon on the instant from this disordered pile a needed name, date, fact or circumstance is as uncertain a process as seeking in a big library for an unindexed book. A world of information in the storehouse of your mind is as valueless as undiscovered gold—if this accumulated wealth of thought is not systematically on tap.

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all loss of self-consciousness—with which you address your colleagues in the business and social world will also be a source of much gratification to you. You will find yourself able to speak on your feet when suddenly called on by your fellow-men at meetings or assemblages of any sort—whereas you probably gurgled foolishly—turned pink—then white—and sat down—before.

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TODAY business is practically unrepresented in Congress. Wealth, even success, is felt so to militate against a man in public life as practically to exclude him from preferment. While I would urge businessmen more and more to recognize the rights of others, I would urge them quite as strongly to justly appreciate their own rights and to see that others recognize them.

We have no reason to be ashamed of being businessmen; we have great reason to be

proud of it. Although businessmen, we still have political rights, and it will be far better for this country as a whole if we exercise those rights by demanding intelligent and able representation of business interests in Congress. I believe that businessmen should insist upon that, should organize to accomplish it.

¶ We might well take a leaf out of the practice of the labor-unions. Organized labor represents but a fraction of the wage-earners, but wields an influence that makes ridiculous in comparison the influence of the whole business community. We have recently seen Congress working under the watchful eyes of representatives of

labor and a House of Representatives unanimously bowing to their demands.

I would not wish that business organization should go that far to influence legislation, but I would resent the charge that a legitimate presentation of views was lobbying, and I would so organize the business interests that we might, not by an expenditure of money, but by a great expenditure of time, thought, personal work, bring public opinion to a better understanding of the needs of business, to a

better understanding that legislation must be along correct economic lines, or it will bring disaster to all. I would so organize the businessmen of the whole country that mere agitators, whether in Congress or out of Congress, may be held up in their true light to the public. I would openly go into the district of a demagogue and either defeat him or prove that the public of that district wanted to be represented by a known demagogue. We have stood defenseless in the eyes of the public too long. We have let go unanswered too many untrue charges. We have permitted a picture of business practise and methods to be held up to the voters until many of them honestly believe that success in business is attained by roguery, and unfavorable criticism of a proposed measure by businessmen is argument enough why such a measure should become a law. I believe that the cure for many of the present evils that are afflicting business lies in the hands of businessmen themselves, and it will be effected in the measure in which businessmen see to it that the public honestly and clearly is informed. The real psychological

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barriers to a trade revival will then be removed.—*Frank A. Vanderlip, President National City Bank.*

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—*G. Baldwin Brown.*



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—Clarence Barron.

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—Emerson.

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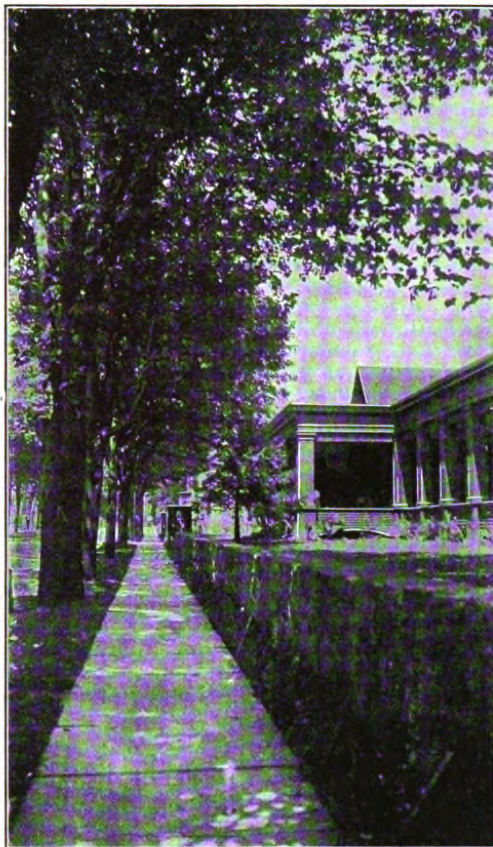
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ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Roycroft Fraternity

Use These Questions for Topics of Discussion at the Meetings of Your Junta

From THE FRA Magazine for October,
Nineteen Hundred Fourteen

1. How does Delaware compare with the other States in point of (a) population? (b) land area? (c) wealth per capita? (d) sea frontage?
2. Distinguish between *weather* and *climate*.
3. What does the *hookworm* typify?
4. Indicate the sometime source of wooden nutmegs.
5. What are the principal food-products raised in Delaware?
6. Tell something about each of the following: (a) Peter Stuyvesant; (b) William Penn; (c) Caesar Rodney; (d) Bayard Taylor; (e) Horace Greeley; (f) Howard Pyle.
7. How does Drexel Institute rank among educational institutions in this country?
8. Who was *Æsop*, and why is his name immortal?
9. Where and what was Valhalla?
10. Why is Caesar's Tenth Legion more famous than the other nine?
11. Explain allusions to (a) Utopia; (b) ambrosia.
12. What is the biggest enterprise in Wilmington? Tell something about this enterprise.
13. Who was (a) Horace Mann? (b) Leonardo da Vinci?
14. Do you think Silk O'Laughlin's job would be classed as *extra-hazardous*?
15. Outline the doctrine of *non-interference*.
16. Why is the idea of *Newcomer's Day* a good one?
17. Account for the odium attaching to a college degree. Are college graduates necessarily inefficient and irresponsible beings?
18. What do you know about (a) Paul Laurence Dunbar? (b) Schopenhauer?
19. Define *Pamphlet*. Explain the origin of the word.
20. In what respects does a Pamphlet differ from an advertising booklet?
21. Mention half a dozen noted pamphleteers, and enumerate some of the famous pamphlets that constitute milestones along the highway of civilization.
22. Explain the significance of "decent housing" in respect to its relation with "decent citizenship."
23. What cure is suggested for slums?
24. Define the duties of the Federal Reserve Board.
25. Who is Paul M. Warburg? Describe briefly the controversy that arose over his election to the office.
26. What is (a) the Aldrich Bill? (b) the Owen-Glass Law?
27. (a) Who was Machiavelli? (b) Who were the Mamelukes?
28. What, in your opinion, is the real cause of the European War, now waging?
29. What is the best definition of war ever rendered?



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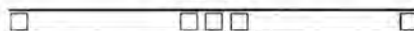
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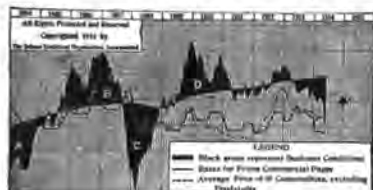
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THE war in Europe has sent the prices of foodstuffs aloft with the Zeppelins, and there is no knowing when they will hit terra firma again. Everything has aviated except salaries.

Already in England a commonsense bill of fare, providing a maximum of nourishment at a minimum cost, has been recommended to the nation at large.

Here in America we call for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—a balanced ration. The breakfast-food problem has been solved by these delicious, nutritious, wholesome flakes of corn, which come to us, fresh from the oven, in dust-proof waxtite packages bearing this signature:

W. K. Kellogg

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 14

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 1

HOW LUCKY THAT MOST OF OUR TROUBLES NEVER HAPPEN! ❧ ❧

Single Copies, 25 Cents: by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

A Little Journey to Delaware



HAVE just discovered the State of Delaware.

I had heard of Delaware before, and thought I knew all about it.

❧ That's the trouble. When you think you know all about a thing, you don't.

I recently spent a week in Delaware, talked to several thousand people, shook hands with almost as many, picked berries, dug clams, fished for gudgeon, and caught a few ideas. I met patricians, plebeians, *hoi polloi* and colored folks.

And this meeting with many minds, seeing many sights, traveling leisurely by automobile, on horseback and on foot, gave me a view of the wonderful little State that I never before enjoyed. ❧ Delaware is one of the thirteen original colonies. In point of population it was the smallest of the lucky number.

It is the second smallest State in the Union, counting square miles. In point of wealth per capita, it ranks fourth in the Union.

In Delaware there is neither poverty nor riches. In Delaware there are no slums.

Here the North and the South meet. The Mason and Dixon Line is carried in stock. Delaware is ninety-six miles long, nine miles wide at the narrowest point and thirty-five miles at the widest. It has a little less than two thousand square miles of land.

It has more sea-front according to its square miles than any other State in the Union. It also has more seething ideas than Kansas. Delaware has three counties: New Castle at the north, Sussex at the south, Kent in the middle. ❧ ❧

Some frivolous man has said that Delaware has three counties at low tide and only one at high. This is piffle—so let it pass.

Sussex County represents the aristocracy. New Castle symbols the slow-going Dutch, with a flavor of Swede. Kent County comes in between and contains everything that County Kent in England does and a few things besides, this including weather and climate.

❧ In Delaware "the Mediterranean and the Baltic blend." In other words, Delaware is neither North nor South. The hookworm is not in evidence, and so far Delaware has not

been put to the necessity of making wooden nutmegs to eke out a commercial existence. The climate is salubrious—I hope you like the word. There is rainfall and sunshine in right proportion, with cool breezes at night that blow in off the bay.

The slow-going Dutch have been gingered up by the hot blood of the South, and the French have added a grace to the heaviness of the Swedes. Here everybody has opinions. But as the planets are held in place by the opposition of forces, so does the difference of opinions in Delaware make for sanity.

As for farm-crops, I never saw such tremendous yields of berries, fruits and vegetables. This is the land of peaches, apples and water-melons. Delaware apples are exported and sell in Piccadilly, London, at a shilling apiece. If I were to tell the truth about the number of tons of fruit raised on an acre, or the number of carloads of strawberries, blackberries and raspberries shipped from some of these little crossroad towns, I would be considered a candidate for the Ananias Club, just as any man is who tells the simple, plain, unvarnished truth.

Without Delaware berries, pie in Philadelphia and New York would be a barren ideality. There are sea-fruit and sea-fowl without limit in Delaware, for this is the original home of the canvasback and the succulent crab. Most every farmer has an oyster-bed contiguous to an asparagus-bed. And beside, here soars the bird of freedom—rather!

Wilmington

JOHN J. INGALLS once came here to visit his old friend, Thomas F. Bayard, at Wilmington. Ingalls was always boasting of the things that Kansas produced. Ingalls was very fond of oysters, and while the oysters were being negotiated, Mr. Bayard quietly said, "Oysters are a great brain-food, Mr. Ingalls." And Mr. Ingalls fell into the trap and responded, "They certainly are."

After a little pause Mr. Bayard said, "I understand you produce no oysters in Kansas."

And Mr. Ingalls countered thus: "No, Brother Bayard, we have no oysters in Kansas. God sent the brain-food where it was needed most!"

And Bayard was big enough to enjoy the soft impeachment.

The population of Delaware is two hundred thousand, and when I explain that the cities

of Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit have each approximately five hundred thousand people, you can see the relative importance that the State of Delaware plays in the line of politics, political economy and powder, not to mention other explosives in the way of ideas.

The city of Wilmington has nearly a hundred thousand population, which, it will be noticed, is about half the population of the entire State.

Wilmington is on the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore. You can not go south from New York or Philadelphia without going through Delaware.

Wilmington is delightfully situated on seven hills, as was ancient Rome, but the Tiber pulses into insignificance compared with the Brandywine.

Delaware in History

WILMINGTON was settled in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-eight by Swedish colonists.

Later came the Dutch, and there was strife for the possession of the wonderful and most valuable water-front and the generous acres back which were ready to laugh a harvest. Governor Peter Stuyvesant jostled the Swedes and claimed the country for the Netherlands; but the Swedes remained, and their descendants are here found until this day, fair of hair, blue of eye, strong, able, persistent, intelligent, fitting kinsmen of the Northmen who overcame the power of Rome and paved the way for modern civilization.

A hundred years after the settlement by the Swedes, came William Penn, landing at New Castle with his broad-brimmed brothers who were born with their hats on and never took them off in the presence of royalty, nor even when they went to church.

During the War of Independence the battle of Brandywine was fought, thirteen miles from Wilmington.

In Delaware you wade knee-deep in history. You are shown the house where Washington had his headquarters. You will find trees pointed out that were said to have been planted by Lafayette, who came here in his youth and after a period of forty years returned to again receive the freedom of the city and all the tokens of respect that a grateful people could show.

Cæsar Rodney, who made a fast run on horseback to Philadelphia and arrived in time to

and sign the Declaration of Independence, has left his impress, and tablets are here and there to be seen in memory of his deeds of daring in courtship and patriotism.

Wilmington was a station on "The Underground Railroad," and all of Delaware seethed in sentiment during war-time.

Once a delegation from Sussex County visited President Lincoln. War was on and the Federal troops were marching through the farm-land, helping themselves from the gardens.

And so the delegation laid the matter before President Lincoln at Washington. He listened to them with great patience. The spokesman explained, "We are from Delaware—from the southern part of Delaware."

"What part of Delaware did you say you were from?" asked Lincoln.

And the proud answer was, "We are from the southern part of Delaware."

And Lincoln, with a quizzical smile on his furrowed face, asked, "Are all of you from the southern part of Delaware?"

And they answered, "Yes, Mr. President, we are all from the southern part of Delaware."

¶ And Lincoln said, "Well, boys, if you are all from the southern part of Delaware, and all away from home at one time, the State must tip up on that end."

And he produced the required relaxation, which allowed their troubles to dissipate themselves in a laugh and they discovered a thing that they did not know before—that Lincoln had a few troubles of his own quite as great as that of the speculation of watermelons, the annexation of the succulent peach, and the tangible appreciation of all of the wonderful good things that the State of Delaware has to offer.

And these men from Sussex after they had explained their grievance, and thus gotten rid of it, clasped the hand of the Rail-Splitter and said, "Mr. Lincoln, if you need any provender to feed your soldiers, call on us."

Twelve miles from Wilmington is the little crossroads village of Kennett Square, just across the line in Pennsylvania.

Half a mile away on a beautiful little hilltop is a country church with a long line of sheds for horses.

Just across the way is the graveyard, and here rests the dust of Bayard Taylor. Near at hand is the house where he was born. He was brought up on the farm to do all kinds of work

that a farmer's boy does. He went to "the academy," which means the high school. When sixteen he was apprenticed to a printer, became printer's devil, corrected copy of Old Subscriber, Veritas and Vox Populi, and when these voluminous writers did not send manuscript, Bayard wrote it for them.

He got an education at his work, out of his work. When nineteen years of age he published a little book of poems, printed the good stuff himself, setting it up at the case as he thought it out. This little book cost him a deal of labor and some money, but it introduced him to Horace Greeley, who gave him a job on the *Tribune*.

Horace gave the lad special assignments, and the boy always came back with a deal of good copy that showed lots of heart-throbs.

Then he went to Europe and tramped through England, France, Germany and Italy, sending back letters home that were widely read. Bayard Taylor was one of the most cultured men of the time. He was an important factor in launching the Lyceum, an idea that evolved finally into our Chautauquas.

Bayard Taylor was a citizen of the world, a cosmopolite in its widest sense.

He was companion to Emerson, Doctor Holmes, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight he was appointed United States Minister to Berlin, and there he died only a few months after he had taken possession of the office. His remains, according to his wish, were returned to Kennett Square, quaint Kennett Square, the place he always thought of as home; and here, in sight of the house where he was born, overlooking the broad acres where he followed the plow, he sleeps his last sleep.

General Wilson

AT Wilmington I had the pleasure of meeting General James Harrison Wilson, the last survivor of the great generals who fought during the Civil War.

And what a tremendously active, wide and important part this old hero has played! The man has lived long, but his heart is young. He is one of the Illini, born at Shawneetown, Illinois, on the Illinois River, in the Lincoln country, in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven.

¶ He went into the war as a private, serving as an engineer, and he came out a Major-General, opening the gates of Andersonville.

¶ He was rewarded by Lincoln for "gallant

and meritorious service in time of battle." Whenever there was any fighting around, Wilson was strictly in it. He never tried to save himself. He threw himself literally body and soul into every conflict.

General Wilson has enough degrees, titles and testimonials to paper a room, and enough medals to start a jewelry-store.

He has been a railroad-builder, a life-insurance official, and has done big and important things in a business way. And I discovered that he still had very decided opinions on a great number of subjects.

When he did not have anything else to do he wrote books, and in all has produced something like thirty volumes and contributed a thousand articles to newspapers and magazines.

Judge Gray

IN Wilmington I also met Judge George Gray, a man who has kicked up a deal of judicial dust, and whose name is written large in American history.

Judge Gray was born at New Castle, Delaware, in Eighteen Hundred Forty, which makes him seventy-four years old at the present time, but you would never think it to look at him.

¶ He has been Attorney-General, Representative in Congress, United States Senator, Circuit Judge, a member of the Paris Peace Commission, one of the Joint High Commission at Quebec, and is now a member of the International Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

He has taken part in a great many big and important international arbitration cases, and his decisions as a United States Judge have made, on more than one occasion, pivotal points in history.

While it is the business of a good judge to voice public opinion, yet Judge Gray has been big enough and bold enough to voice the opinion of the competent few, rather than echo the hoarse roar of the mob. But he has not allowed his feelings to play him false and let sentiment take the bit in its mouth and run away with his judgment.

Judge Gray would do honor to this country at the Court of Saint James, and I have a quiet tip from Washington that he may be sent there. And I hope he will go. He has dignity, poise and good judgment.

Judge Gray is in his intellectual prime, and his services seem to belong by right to the people. He is, by education, experience and

instinct, one of our great public servants. **Howard Pyle**

HOWARD PYLE was born in Wilmington in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three, and passed away only a short time ago.

Not many men make a place for themselves in three lines such as literature, painting and public speaking. Howard Pyle was a great all-round artist, and his reputation extended beyond the borders of the United States. Some frivolous man has said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Howard Pyle could do. Also, he was a very superior teacher. His position as instructor at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, attracted many students to the institution, and he benefited everybody with whom he came in touch.

In his pictures there was a whimsical, romantic strain that appealed both to children and to grown-ups. He was an *Æsop* with paint and brush.

The last picture Howard Pyle painted is entitled, *The Powder Train*. It represents a train of powder-wagons of the olden time, carrying powder from Wilmington to Lake Erie, so that Perry could write that immortal message, "*We have met the enemy and they are ours.*"

The picture, *The Powder Train*, is on the walls of the du Pont Hotel at Wilmington, and has attracted much attention from the art-lovers of the world.

"The Leisure Class"

A YEAR or so ago Wilmington received a little more attention from the spotlight than it really deserved—this on account of a group of Valhalla writers, thinkers, dreamers, and all-round literary hoboes, who made the outskirts of Wilmington their habitat.

The only people in the world who really live like poets today are the swarthy descendants of Cæsar's Tenth Legion, otherwise known as "Guineas." These worthy individuals, who talk incessantly and say nothing, yet do work. They are doing what Americans will not do—labor long and late.

They live the simple life, and while they believe in collectivism, they practise individualism, for each man cooks for himself; also on Sunday he does his own laundry-work.

¶ The socialistic colony at Wilmington has folded its tents like the storied Arabs and silently stolen away.

It is not on record that the socialists did any

work, except on Sunday, and this was for the purpose of nettling their neighbors who worked during the week.

Also, on Sundays our friends Upton Sinclair and the rest played baseball in close proximity to the homes of people who were not much interested in the game. Clashes naturally occurred, and our friends, the poets, hoisted the red rag of defiance. There were arrests, hunger-strikes, proclamations, pronunciamientos, ultimatums, protocols, armistices, and finally the whole bunch hiked. "Up" sold his dugout to a Dago and dug out.

I made a special journey to the sacred soil where the Utopians sipped ambrosia, and found their shacks appropriated by the Guineas, sometimes spoken of as "Wops." The Wops knew nothing of their predecessors, and cared less.

The last heard of the professional reformers they were walking up and down in front of Twenty-six Broadway, wearing crape on their arms in token of their lost virtue and four of their Comrades, who were blown up by a bomb that exploded prematurely, the present being intended for a man at Tarrytown.

Wilmington's Park System

ANY city that wants an example of a hundred years of park system and scientific forestry, should look to Wilmington, and be glad.

¶ Wilmington has a park of four hundred acres, covering both sides of the Brandywine for a distance of five miles. Anybody in Wilmington can reach the park in about a five-minute hike from where he lives. This park is a natural forest of elm, oak, chestnut, birch, beech, growing to towering heights.

The banks of the river have been utilized for flowers and forestry and given to the people in these winding walks, lovely shade-trees, marvels of wild flowers, and multiplicity of ferns.

¶ The factory properties in Wilmington represent an assessment of about forty million dollars, which is seventy-five per cent of the total assessable wealth of the State.

The principal commodities produced are: leather, in a multiplicity of forms, railway-cars, foundry iron and steel products, paper and wood pulp, and shipbuilding, from battleships to motor-boats.

Wilmington's Greatest Enterprise

BUT the biggest enterprise in Wilmington, anybody will tell you, is the du Pont Powder Company.

Just across the bay from the city you see the long-stretching powder-plant, the biggest in the world. Here are a thousand acres with scores of buildings devoted to the manufacture of smokeless powder.

And down in Brandywine Park, snuggled away under the trees, you will see the initial building, erected in Eighteen Hundred Two, of the du Pont Powder Company. In this first stone building, banked up at the sides with earth, two men worked making powder, and the wheels were turned by the waters of a canal.

¶ The canal is still there and the water passes through it as it did when Thomas Jefferson was President, and there too is the old stone powder-mill with the machinery intact.

The place could be utilized for powder-making now, but it serves well as a point of interest and an object-lesson in education.

For fifty years the expansion of the du Pont business was simply a duplication of these little powder-mills.

Powder-factories are made in units.

They have to be separated, for obvious reasons. The walls are built to withstand an explosion, but the roof is accommodating. Risk, of course, enters, but here is a concern, the biggest of its kind in the world, that has continued a prosperous and slow but sure, evolving institution, for over a hundred years.

¶ The fifth generation of du Ponts are now in command of the business.

No family has held its own in America with such distinguished credit to itself as the du Pont family has.

We have families just as old, perhaps, in New York, in Virginia, and in New England, but the money has been made by a rise in real estate, by getting hold and hanging on; but where is there a great industry in America that has continued without interruption for a hundred and twelve years?

MEN are great only as they have sympathy. Imagination is sympathy in motion. And the writers in the United States who possess a universal sympathy, served by a winged imagination, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. We have purists by the score, stylists by the dozen, and advocates by the hundred who defend this, that and the other in strong and splendid English, but they are not men of all-round sympathy.

Our Opportunity



OW is our opportunity! In all the history of the United States, commercially, we never had the chance that we have today. Fate has eliminated America's commercial competitors. The world is ours. All we have to do is just to shake the tree and the fruit will fall into our aprons! I predict that for the next two years we will see a business boom in the United States the equal of which we have never before known.

Every one, if not a cripple or an imbecile, will get decently rich if he wishes to.

I have recently spoken at Chautauquas in five different States in the Mississippi Valley. On these occasions I have met a great many farmers, stock-raisers and country merchants. During the same time I have visited the cities of Chicago, Saint Louis, New York, Denver, Saint Paul and Minneapolis, meeting in each city bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

Sixty per cent of the people in the United States live in the country, and in towns of five thousand inhabitants and under.

The trade in these towns and villages is dependent upon the prosperity of the farmers.

It is also a well-admitted fact that when the farmer is depressed and ceases to buy implements and to build, trade in the large cities suffers.

At the present time farmers everywhere are hopeful and even jubilant.

I talked to three thousand farmers at Ames, Iowa, the seat of the State Agricultural School. In the audience we had many students, teachers and professors, and a great many prosperous farmers.

The sentiment of the audience absolutely was that farmers were to get a bigger and better price for their products for the next year than they have ever in the past.

We hear a good deal about "conspiracy" as to the boosting of prices of food-products, but we had better cheerfully accept the situation and be prepared for high prices.

Wheat will be a dollar and a quarter; corn will be one dollar. Farmers will be getting ten

cents, and more, for hogs at the railroad stations; cattle in proportion.

The wages of everybody are going to be higher.

Farmers in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota are now paying three and four dollars a day to harvest-hands.

At Ames I met a man who had just hired a hundred students, husky country boys from eighteen to twenty-two, and he had agreed to pay these boys four dollars a day and board, to work on threshing-machines and dig ditches for laying tile.

High wages mean good business for dealers in clothing, boots, shoes, and all sorts of living commodities.

The fact that we have bumper crops in every line and that prices are high means that the farmers are going to build; also that they are going to buy agricultural implements on a scale that they never have before.

The hopefulness of the farmers I saw all through the Middle West was manifest by the vast amount of land being tilled in anticipation of getting in a bigger acreage next year than this.

The only depression that exists in America will be found in the big cities. The towns, villages and country are hopeful.

The World's Trading Center

THE United States, Russia and Argentina are the three great grain-producing centers.

Aside from the war, Russia's wheat-crop is below the normal, whereas ours is above. Europe is absolutely compelled to look this way for food.

Argentina has good crops, which means that her farmers will be in the market for a vast quantity of goods which heretofore have been purchased largely in Germany, Austria and France.

And South America will look this way for agricultural implements, machines and commodities in a thousand forms.

The trade from South America will be shifted largely from Europe to the United States. The prosperity of South America will be doubly ours, for not only will we share in the prosperity of South America, but we will thrive through the fact that practically all Europe has quit productive work in order to destroy.

A feeling of doubt has gone over the country regarding the situation of cotton, which is our second largest item of export. We are now

harvesting our cotton-crop, which is worth approximately seven hundred fifty million dollars. Inasmuch as our export market is destroyed, there are two things for us to do: consume the cotton here or put it in warehouses and hold it. In order to hold it over until Europe ceases fighting and goes to work, able financiering will be necessary. Fortunately, the United States Government has come to the rescue of the cotton-growers, and the banks will be in position to loan money on cotton-warehouse receipts. Our new banking system comes in at exactly the right time. Also, another thing that comes in at exactly the right time is the change in the attitude of the District of Columbia towards big business.

¶ Napoleon said that a foreign war was the recipe for peace at home.

European war has proved a panacea for our political ills.

Washington and Wall Street are now sleeping in twin beds, and the White House has acknowledged in very tangible form that Wall Street is not the detestable thing that the saffron journals and the vaudeville stage have proclaimed.

Aside from the fact that the financial necessities of the cotton-growers are going to be protected by big business, comes the very hopeful information that New England cotton-manufacturers have increased their spindles by twenty-five thousand.

The factories of France, Germany and Austria are closed, but manufacturing in England will continue in degree.

Great Britain is the best foreign customer that the United States has. Great Britain buys from us every year goods to the extent of five hundred million dollars. We buy back from Great Britain goods to the extent of two hundred million dollars. This means a balance in our favor of about three hundred million dollars.

England does not produce enough food to take care of her people, and for the next year England will make bigger demands on us for food-products than ever before, but we will purchase from Great Britain and from the continental countries less than we ever have in the past, simply because these countries will have nothing to sell. Everything they produce will be consumed or destroyed, and this will mean for us a bigger trade-balance in our favor than we have ever known.

We have heard a good deal of discussion about our not being able to get ships to transport our products to South America and Europe. The fact has been overlooked, however, that South America has a subsidized fleet which is prepared to run between North American ports and those of South America. These ships will take care of the South American trade, and already ships from the Great Lakes are being sent to Atlantic ports, and this will mean increased prosperity for the railroads of the United States.

The wheat-crop of the United States for Nineteen Hundred Fourteen is over nine hundred million bushels, and this will be sold at one dollar a bushel. The distribution of this vast amount of money throughout the agricultural districts of America will mean that the mail-order houses will prosper as they never have before, and that manufacturers of agricultural implements, while their export business will fall off, yet the trade at home will be the best that they have ever experienced.

¶ There are owned in Europe, American securities in the way of bonds, stocks and mortgages to the extent of about one billion dollars. These securities will be offered back to us at a very much decreased price, because Europe will certainly need the money.

In fact, one reason why the Stock Exchanges have closed is on account of the anticipation that American stocks held by Europeans will be dumped on the market, and certain it is that our prosperity will enable us to absorb these securities, thus paying off our debts at a good, big, cash discount.

We are a producing people. Our wealth was not gotten by conquest, exploitation or annexation. We have plowed it out of the prairies, cut it out of the forest, mined it out of the mountains.

In America there are no war-lords. We have not even militant suffragettes. The armed bully has no footing here. We are farmers, manufacturers, transporters, miners, merchants, and when all Europe is wooing debility and disease, fighting, destroying, and all the time consuming, this is our opportunity! And we are going to improve it.

We are a united people, and today we think more of President Wilson and the Administration than ever before.

Certainly good things are coming our way. It only remains for us to stand by each other,

keep our tempers, keep our health, and not allow our nerves to get on the outside of our clothes ☞ ☞

Wise people have always prospered at the expense of the fighting fools. And it is right and proper that they should prosper.

This is our opportunity and we are going to improve it.

Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o-o-!!!!!!

Laughter is the solace of the sad.

The Artist



GOETHE used to refer to his wife as "a convenient loaf of brown bread." ☞ ☞

But the chances are that the genius neither takes to himself the loaf of brown bread, nor does he find his Elizabeth Barrett. And being a genius only at intervals, and the rest of the time a very ordinary man, he marries an average woman ☞

Opinions, as usual, are divided as to whether the man is a genius or a fool.

Leaving this problem for a later decision, one thing sure, the artistic genius is always selfish.

☞ Yes, the artist is selfish—he sacrifices everybody and everything in order to get the work done. Cellini, casting his *Perseus*, and throwing into the molten mass all of the family plate, in order to get the statue complete, reveals the man.

Pallissy burning up the furniture, in order to bring the furnace to the proper degree of heat, is the true type.

And here is my advice to all women who are married to men who love their work better than they love their wives: Do not nag, do not struggle, do not obstruct, do not fight, do not rival—just be yourself. You are only lovable when you are yourself. Be a nobody and sink yourself in your work, just as your husband sinks himself in his.

If your husband is great, he is great on account of his work—that is his virtue. He knows this, and his admiration is for the person who does his work.

And in useful work, at the last, there is no degree. It is all necessary, and the woman told of by Theodore Parker, who swept the room

to the glory of God, deserves and shall have her crown.

Just here I feel like apologizing for having referred to a woman—any woman—as "a convenient loaf of bread."

It was Goethe's expression, and not mine. I have too much respect for womanhood to speak lightly of women.

So I would rather put a new construction on Goethe's simile and say there is nothing more nutritious, nothing more useful, nothing so satisfying, as brown bread.

Please pass the brown bread.

If you are a loaf of brown bread, thank Heaven, but do not pretend you are a frosted cake or a plum-pudding. You will surely disappoint somebody, and there will be for you a day of reckoning.

When that Paris mob assailed the palace at Versailles crying for bread, and Marie Antoinette in her innocence asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" she revealed a gastronomic fallacy. Cake as a steady diet is not advisable.

Please pass the brown bread.

The clerk at the ribbon-counter may be won by frosted cake with frills, sprinkled with red sanded sugar and caraway seed, but not so the man of power. He wants brown bread ☞

And at the last the woman who can sink her ambitious instincts, and be willing to be a nobody and do her work and sweep her room to the glory of God, bids fair to be a somebody.

☞ By giving all she shall win all.

Simple honesty, simple integrity—no secrets, no schemes!

And from my limited experience in these matters I gather that the plain and unpretentious woman may have a splendid mind, and a deal of sturdy commonsense, and is very much more likely to appreciate her husband's genius, and make allowance for his limitations, than a wife who runs rival to her lord and has a furtive eye on fame and futurity ☞ ☞

Be a woman, a plain honest woman—the mother of men—and the man of power will go to you and lay his tired head in your lap, and with tears of gratitude, bless the Giver of all Good that you are his, that you minister to him, cheer him on his way, nourish and refresh him—that you are a loaf of brown bread, and not a ginger cookie upon which mice and tenors nibble.

Please pass the brown bread.

Playing Second Fiddle



HE leader of the orchestra is always a man who has played second fiddle. Self-effacement may be a token of genius quite as much as affirmation, aggression and positivism.

When you have nothing to say, you had better not say it. When you do not know what to do, it is well not to do it.

"That country is governed best that is governed least," said Thomas Jefferson.

"The teacher who maintains the best discipline is the one who keeps his discipline out of sight," said Horace Mann.

There is a time to act and there is a time to refrain from action.

I remember a certain ball-game wherein one of the captains was continually rushing over to the umpire making protests.

Finally the umpire took off his mask, tossed it on the ground, threw his chest-protector after it, and in a voice needlessly calm said to the obstreperous captain: "Say, Bill, I want to ask a favor of you. I wish you would go over to that bucket, take a drink of water, then take a chew of tobacco, and then sit on that bench until I send for you. Just make yourself look like a piece of the landscape!"

And there was something in Silk O'Loughlin attitude and voice that made the captain follow the advice.

The game proceeded—and the obstreperous, fearing, meddlesome captain's side won.

Andrew Carnegie once went to his head iron-master, Bill Jones, and said: "Bill, I am going to Europe. I have stood this multiplicity of detail just as long as I can, and I have got to have a rest. I know that my going will throw a lot of extra work on you, but Bill, do you know, when I am aboard of a steamship bound for Europe, and the ship goes down the Narrows and heads out into the ocean, and the land at last disappears, I am then for the first time, perhaps in months or years, supremely happy."

And Bill smilingly answered: "Mr. Carnegie, when you are aboard of the ship bound for Europe, and I know that that ship has disappeared from the sight of land, then, Mr. Carnegie, I am supremely happy."

It took a month for Mr. Carnegie to get the full import of the remark, but when he did he issued an order that Bill's salary should be raised five thousand a year. At least, that is what the legend relates—all as told by Mr. Carnegie, himself.

The Doctrine of Non-Interference

FOR ten years and more John D. Rockefeller never once visited Twenty-six Broadway. Mr. Rockefeller was big enough not to interfere with H. H. Rogers. And if he used Rogers, without Rogers knowing it, so much the more to the credit of both. Together they would have clashed. Separated they were strong.

The chef who knows his business is a tyrant of the kitchen. He accepts no suggestions, and brooks no interference from anybody, and when the proprietor of the hotel enters the chef's preserve he has to have a passport. But if the proprietor is a wise man he keeps away from that particular chef and lets him bear the burden of responsibility.

Good housekeepers make the whole family walk the chalk-line; that is the price we pay for getting the work done.

Clarence Barron, of Boston, who owns one of the finest herds of milch-cows in the world, once thought that he would just sit down and milk a record-breaker and milk a pail of milk. He got the milk all right, but he also got such a calling down from the superintendent that he did not return to the cow-barn for a month. And Clarence was big enough to stand it, because the man who had charge of the cows was an artist in his line, and the owner knew he could forego any little personal satisfaction as an expert milker for the sake of the extra-good work that that cow gazabo was doing for him.

When Leonardo da Vinci was painting the picture of *The Last Supper*, the prior of the monastery used to have a way of putting his head in the door and asking, "How soon will this picture be finished?"

And one day Leonardo said: "It will be finished just as soon as I can get in one more character. Please hold that position, for I am painting you in the picture as the Devil." Michelangelo worked under six different Popes, and all of these kissed his big toe, and counted it joy.

The pride of the artist in his work, the confidence of the specialist that he knows exactly

what he is doing—these things evolve a sort of seeming supercilious self-confidence which often appears more or less insulting to the outsider. Nevertheless, if you are going to get the best work out of H. H. Rogers, you must let him have his own way.

Small men always want to help stir the broth and have a hand in the pie.

It takes genius to recognize genius, and when you have a genius in your employ, say writing either ads or editorials, it is well not to put your head in the door and say, "Excuse me, but you are a dam fool, Mr. Felix, for dotting the i's and crossing the t's, because you might as well save that much ink, and with the money buy books so as to put a few ideas in your noodle—ain't it!"

A big businessman in Chicago said to me the other day, "When I hire a man as general manager of a department and he starts in the first week to turn the whole thing upside down I know that I have made a mistake, and got the wrong man."

I was once in the office of the John Lee Mahin Company and was shown figures representing business done for the ten preceding years. One year the business was nearly doubled, and I asked how this had happened.

And the answer was, "Oh, why, that is the year the Ol' Man went to Europe!"

The Joy of Getting Next

IN Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, E. H. Harriman came to East Aurora and spent two days at the Jewett and Hamlin Stock-Farms. He bought fourteen head of trotters, and incidentally he hired a driver—an East Aurora boy, known to the world as "Billy Andrews."

Billy did Harriman mighty good service. But Harriman never took one of his own horses out on the Speedway without Billy's express permission.

Harriman would no more butt into Billy Andrews' bailiwick than Billy would have thought of advising Harriman to go out and water the stock.

Each man respected the other man's genius, and that is the way they got along.

James J. Hill once went to call on his neighbor, the Governor of Minnesota, and the Private Secretary said to Mr. Hill, "The Governor is in conference on a very important matter, and I think you had better call again tomorrow."

And Mr. Hill, whose time is worth a million dollars a minute, said: "My name is James J. Hill. Just run along now and tell the Governor that I am here and have got to see him." And the man replied: "The Governor told me not to send any cards in to him, and if you were the Wizar of Oudh, I would not take your card in. You can not see the Governor, and that is all there is about it."

Very naturally Mr. Hill was a bit peeved. The secretary thought his visitor would explode—he did n't. No man can prophesy what James J. Hill is going to do.

But the actual fact is, a month later that particular private secretary, who served as the secretary to the Governor, was promoted to the position of Private Secretary to James J. Hill, at double the salary he was getting in his former job.

It is a great thing to go a little slow, and at times take a drink of water, sit on a bench, and make yourself look like a piece of the landscape.

Our friends in Washington who are endeavoring to make the world over would do well to sit at the feet of Silk O'Loughlin.

Things would be all right in this country if it were not for the unfaltering faith of political academicians in their own infallibility.

The whole business fabric has learned the lesson that truth is an asset and a lie is a liability. We are all trying to be good—for the full and sufficient reason that it pays.

The test at the last is this: What effect has a man's life had on civilization?

A Report on Yourself



THE service rendered by commercial agencies is well understood and appreciated.

But here is a use for them that is, I believe, brand new.

The scheme was explained to me by Henry L. Doherty, who owns or manages upward of a hundred public utilities in the United States, approximating an investment of, say, two hundred fifty million dollars.

The business of a public utility is to serve the people in the town. In fact, it has to be in partnership with the people.

The public utility thrives as the people thrive. ¶ There is no such thing as a successful public utility aside from the prosperity of the people it serves.

A public utility does for the people in a town the things they would do for themselves if they were able, only it serves them better, and this is its one excuse for being.

And so in every town where there is a Doherty Public Utility the Doherty boys get out special reports on themselves from time to time, and the way they do it is this:

They arrange with a commercial agency to supply them one hundred reports on themselves, each report to be issued by some particular big businessman or individual of importance in the town where a utility is located.

The agency writes, say, from Seattle, a personal, kindly, confidential, friendly letter, to some man in town, asking him about the Doherty public utility, as to the quality of service rendered, the treatment given to patrons, and especially inviting criticisms and complaints.

The same letter is written to practically all the big people in the town.

These are not all sent in one mail.

They may stretch along over several months, but finally the reports are all gotten together, and the general manager sits down and takes a look at himself in the cosmic mirror.

Some of the reports, of course, will be fault-finding and trivial, but in the main they will tell the truth, and the manager will get a line on himself that he could never get in any other way.

Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us

PEOPLE like to be pleasant to their neighbors, and many hesitate about telling the plain, unvarnished truth straight at a man's head, for usually he will not appreciate it, and you only add one more to your list of enemies. But a report through a third party is different.

Often a commercial agency will arrange with some banker or lawyer to write the letters for them. These letters may come from various cities and towns, and may even come from across the sea so as to divert suspicion of the whole thing being part of a system. The idea is to throw the man who gives the report, off his guard, making him think that he is presenting an individual, private, confidential

opinion concerning a service rendered by his neighbor.

Surely we live in an age of publicity, and it behooves every man who has not a yearly contract with his barber, to shave himself at least a part of the time—this not so much for sanitary reasons as to get a good look at his face in a mirror, in order to prevent fatty degeneration of the ego.

To be stupid when inclined and dull when you wish is a boon that goes only with high friendship.

Newcomers' Day



WHEN the citizens of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, set apart one day in the year as Newcomers' Day, a brand-new idea was launched upon the world. The plan was to greet and welcome every person who had come to the city during the past year.

Homecomers' Day is familiar. It began in New Hampshire about ten years ago when Governor Rollins set apart a week, when all people who had left the State were invited to come back on a visit.

Other States took up the plan, and this was followed by towns and cities that set apart days for the Homecomer.

Naturally, the more people that had left a town, the bigger is the success of the Homecomers' Day.

The success of Newcomers' Day turns on the number of people who have come into the town.

Old times, old memories, old acquaintances were renewed on Homecomers' Day.

The plan was one that had the past in mind.

¶ Newcomers' Day appeals to the future. Cedar Rapids is a beautiful, prosperous city of about forty thousand people.

It is as nearly up to date as a city can be. It has miles and miles of brick pavement, cluster lights, parks, playgrounds, splendid schools.

And best of all, it has prosperous factories that give well-paid employment to all who want work, with promotion to those who deserve it.

Any one who lives in Cedar Rapids has a chance ☸ ☸

During the last year about two thousand "Newcomers" have come to town.

To welcome these is the object of "Newcomers' Day."

Newcomers' Day mirrors the new time in which we live.

Brotherhood is no longer left to spasmodic impulses ☸ ☸

It is put on a business basis.

Kindness, courtesy and good-will are organized, and their transplanting is not left to any chance-blown seeds of the heart.

Here is a municipality flavored with friendliness ☸ ☸

"In a whole cityful—home she had none."

☸ The loneliness one can feel in a great city is far harder to endure than the loneliness of forest or field.

Out in the open there are the compensations of Nature.

The wind, the sunshine, the stars, are friendly.

But to be with masses of people and know none by name, people who push past you, jostle you, and who yet have not the slightest interest in you—who, in fact, are not aware of your existence, and to whom you can not, dare not, speak, without risk of rebuff—this is loneliness, indeed.

A Business Proposition

AND so out of a fighting, fearsome past, where selfishness, greed, ambition and passion struggle and seethe and coil, comes a city and sets aside a day sacred to the greeting of the stranger and bidding him welcome.

☸ And this as a business proposition!

Newcomers' Day began by the Cedar Rapids Board of Commerce inserting an ad in the local papers inviting every Newcomer to call, leave his name and address, and use the services of the institution for finding work, renting houses, or general information of any sort and kind.

Next badges were secured, after the manner of those worn by Admen when at conventions.

☸ This badge called attention to the fact that the man was a Newcomer.

Every member of the Board of Commerce was instructed, when they saw a man wearing this badge, to give him the glad hand. The scheme was a great success.

Then followed Newcomers' Day, when citizens were requested to call on the new arrivals at

their homes, and in every way possible express the spirit of friendship.

The women and children entered into the spirit of the day, and wherever a Newcomer lived, no matter how lowly the family, callers came ☸ ☸

In a few instances, it was discovered that help of a tangible sort was needed, and this was quickly forthcoming.

New scholars in the public schools were given special words of welcome.

In the evening there was a big meeting in the Auditorium, which it was my privilege to attend. More than two thousand people were present, and there were music, words of welcome from the mayor, speeches by citizens and invited guests, much handshaking and expressions of good-will.

It was an occasion long to be remembered. A whole city cemented into one common brotherhood where the spirit of helpfulness and friendliness prevailed.

☸ Knowledge consists in a sense of values
—a fine discernment for trouble lies in the mass ☸ ☸

Farmers and Railroads



O country is more prosperous than are its farmers. When the farmers prosper, we all prosper ☸ ☸

Food is the primal need, and we get our food out of the soil ☸ ☸

The greatest agricultural district in the world is represented by taking the city of Chicago as a center, and throwing a line out in a radius of five hundred miles in every direction. ☸ The principal products are corn, cattle, hogs, sheep, wheat, oats, potatoes and the industrious hen.

Corn was produced in this radius in Nineteen Hundred Twelve to the value of \$932,000,000, wheat \$255,000,000, oats \$265,000,000, hogs \$175,000,000, cattle \$165,000,000, and poultry \$85,000,000.

When a farming community is prosperous, there spring up manufactories and mercantile establishments in a thousand forms.

Prosperity is contagious.

Greatest Railroad Center

THE second and most important thing in the world, next to food-supply, is transportation ☞ ☞

Unless an article is at a certain place at a certain time it possesses no value. Food separated from human bodies is of no avail ☞ Quick, consecutive, reliable, safe, economic transportation, coupled with Yankee ingenuity, the thrift, industry and unfailing strength of the Teutonic Tribe, with the bounties of Nature, have made the Middle West surpassing rich.

Chicago has thirty-four railroads. Most of these have every possible equipment which money and inventive genius can supply.

These railroads have prospered as the farmers have prospered, and all Middle West railroads carry passengers and freight in both directions.

☞ The motto of a good railroadman is this: "Trust in the Lord, but haul no empties." ☞

These railroads have been double-tracked, safeguarded by block systems, grades reduced, curves practically eliminated, heavier steel rails laid down, and everything brought to a high degree of efficiency.

Happily, however, railroadmen are never satisfied. They are filled with a noble discontent: nothing is ever good enough—everything must be made better.

A good railroadman in Chicago said to me the other day, "Every morning before breakfast I go out and throw an engine on the scrap-heap." ☞ ☞

This merely meant that he was always willing to throw away a good thing for a better one. On all of these railroads centering at Chicago, scarcely one is running an engine on a freight or passenger train that was in use eight or ten years ago. And yet the life of a railroad-engine is about the same as that of a horse—twenty-eight years—if used with reasonable care ☞ The spirit of Chicago demands the best.

The Land of Opportunity

AND now behold a curious fact: The men at the top, the men who have the final word in making decisions among the railroadmen of the Middle West, have, almost without exception, come up from the ranks. They were born on the farms, brought up to do things, to make things, to go without things, to wait on themselves. There was always hardship enough to put them on their mettle, and yet if they worked, there was encouragement

enough through the natural reward that followed, so that they were not repressed, depressed and cast down.

The Middle West has produced a peculiar type of strong man. You will find these earnest, irrepressible, kindly, generous, intelligent, effective men, Middle West products, in all the big cities of America.

They gravitate to where they belong—where they are needed.

In many instances they have snatched success from the teeth of failure. They know no such word as fail.

If they are whipped, they are never aware of it.

☞ Just think over in your mind the great financiers and big businessmen of New York City, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and note the number who have come out of the Middle West in that radius of five hundred miles surrounding Cook County, Illinois: W. C. Brown, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Charles Melville Hays, Theodore P. Shonts, George W. Perkins, Frank A. Vanderlip, George H. Daniels, Paul Morton—these are Specimen Bricks ☞ ☞

To try many things means power: to finish a few is immortality.

College Degrees



O long as some men who are not college-bred take first place on the roster of fame, and other men who are college-bred sink out of sight, most thinking men are quite willing to admit that the so-called Higher Education is not a necessity.

Of the college men who succeeded, who shall say they succeeded by and through the aid the college gave, or in spite of it? ☞ Yet many men who win will wail, "If I only had the advantage of college training!"

If so, it might have ironed all the individuality out of them.

Yet I would have every man have a college education in order that he might see how little the thing is really worth. "I would have every man rich that he might know the worthlessness of riches," said Emerson.

College Ideals

TO take a young man away from work, say at eighteen years of age, and keep him from useful labor, in the name of education, for four years, will some day be regarded as a most absurd proposition. It is the most gigantic illusion of the age. Set in motion by theologians, the idea was that the young person should be drilled and versed in "sacred" themes. Hence, the dead languages and the fixed thought that education should be esoteric.

This separation from the practical world for a number of years, where no useful work was done, and the whole attention fixed on abstract themes and theories, often tended to cripple the man so that he could never go back to the world of work and usefulness. He was no longer a producer, and had to be supported by tithes and taxes.

And of course, as he did not intend to go back to the world of work and usefulness, it really didn't make any difference if he did sink into a pupa-like condition of nullity.

In the smaller colleges many instances are found of students working their way through school. My experience leads me to believe that such students stand a very much better chance in the world's race than those who are made exempt from practical affairs by having everything provided. The responsibility of caring for himself is a necessary factor in man's evolution.

Education and Usefulness

AND the point of this preachment lies right here: that to make a young man exempt from the practical world, from eighteen to twenty-two, is to run the risk of ruining him for life. Possibly you have taken opportunity from him and turned him into a memory machine.

There are persons who are always talking about preparing for life. The best way to prepare for life is to begin to live.

A school should not be a preparation; a school should be life.

Isolation from the world in order to prepare for the world's work is folly. You might as well take a boy out of the blacksmith-shop in order to teach him blacksmithing.

Any college that does not teach its pupils to work at practical, useful tasks is a make-believe, and every college student knows it. From the age of six or seven and upward, the pupil should feel that he is doing something

useful, not merely killing time; and so his work and his instruction should go right along hand in hand.

The educated man is the useful man.

And no matter how many college degrees a man has, if he can not do something that the world wants done, he is an educated ignoramus, and is one with the yesterdays, doing pedagogic goose-step adown the days to dusty death.

People who do not spend their money until they get it are the only ones who are really on a solid footing.

A Thousand Dollars



IFE has been declared to be just one peculiar event after another.

Schopenhauer said that the first misfortune of his life was being born.

For myself, I can modestly muzzle my ego and whisper that I do not think my birth was wholly a misfortune for myself or for the world.

Did you ever read Paul Laurence Dunbar's, *Turning the Babies Over in Bed*? That is what my mother used to do—and yours. I was well mothered. I was not forgotten either night or day. And my name was not Johnny Don't.

While I have collected from the world all that was my due, at the same time I believe I have given the old world full value for what it has done for me.

On my tombstone simply put these words, "He made them laugh, and he made them mad—but he made them think."

My dear mother, who lives with me, said last night at supper that my mundane advent was to her merely a diversion compared with the pain that some of my literary effusions have caused her.

How did she know about my literary fozzles? Oh, because she reads everything I write.

Fate has bumped me a few, but I believe in every case I invited the punishment.

For instance, I can think back to a time when my mother used to sing at her work. She eliminated the servant problem and thereby cut out one topic of conversation.

She used to cook, sew, scrub, wash, make garden, and when she washed dishes I can remember that she would prop a book up against the castor—now an obsolete thing—and let a table-fork hold the pages open. And as she worked she read.

She would knit us stockings and mittens—warm woolen mittens for Winter—and this knitting she would do after supper while someone read aloud.

When she was doing her ironing she would sing, loud and clear, some good old Baptist hymn.

I admired her voice, even if at times I provoked a discord. She could lift a high C that you could hear a quarter of a mile. And certainly she did make that iron sizz! I can hear it hit the table now, and closing my eyes, I can see her test the heat of the iron with a moistened finger.

And so she ironed and sang, and I, perhaps three or four years of age, would occasionally creep softly into the room, navigate under the table and suddenly clutch the soloist by the feet.

This would stop the song and cause a good spitball Baptist expletive to spin through the air, and I was apt to get a good kick at the same time. And certainly it was coming to me.

"Emmiline"

LAST week one fine morning the girl who was opening the mail came upon a New York draft for a Thousand Dollars.

With that draft was a letter from a man who did not owe me anything, and moreover he did not want anything. He said he had read my story about "Emmiline" and he wanted to reward me. He explained that I am to place the money in the Roycroft Bank to the credit of all our dumb brothers that whinny, baa, moo, bark, ki-yi, bleat and meow.

I am to keep this money for two hundred fifty years. It is to be at four per cent interest, and at the end of that time the money is to be expended for the education of mankind to the intent that animals shall receive kindness, consideration and love.

However, I am supposed to exert my influence during the interval whenever possible, all during the two centuries and a half, for the protection and benefit of animals.

Adolph Melzer

THIS thousand-dollar draft was sent to me by Adolph Melzer, of Evansville, Indiana.

Mr. Melzer is a bachelor, five feet six inches

in the shade, and weighs one hundred ten pounds, Troy.

He uses no tobacco, no strong drink, no strong language.

He is a chemist, and a soap-maker by profession and occupation.

He has accumulated a comfortable fortune through industry, strict economy and giving the public full value.

He is in his seventieth year.

I first saw this man in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, when I was twenty years of age.

He came to the factory in Buffalo where I worked, and after this, for thirty-eight years, our paths led in different directions.

Now and again, however, I used to get a letter from him, and when I wrote anything that I thought was really worth while, I often sent it along to Adolph in Evansville.

I have written lots of fool things that he did n't like at all, and sometimes he sat down, took pen in hand and told me so in good plain English.

A few of the things I have written pleased him greatly, and he bought copies and gave them away.

That is the habit of this man.

Any beautiful thing that he has he passes along. He keeps things by giving them away. He gave away several thousand copies of *A Message to Garcia*. Also he distributed two thousand copies of a literary trifle entitled, *How I Found My Brother*.

All his lifetime this man has been a friend to animals—a voice for the voiceless, a cry of defense for the helpless.

He has a Friendly Inn that he maintains for worn-out, tired, galled horses.

When he sees, in his travels, men abusing animals, he does not have the erring man arrested. He goes over and talks to him, shows him the wrongness of his acts, and if necessary he will actually buy the old, worn-out, whipped-out horse and take it to his Friendly Inn.

His business is to educate humanity into the truth that all life is one, and that the source of the life of an animal is the same source from which our lives are derived.

He will tell you that no cat ever visits corporeal punishment on her kittens; and that if we were truly wise, and all we should be, we would cease beating children, and, in fact, we have—almost. And this all within a few

years' time, thanks to the influence of this gentle man, and a few others like him.

Adolph Melzer believes that when we imprison men it should be for the protection of society and the benefit of the man; that every prison should be a school, a gymnasium, and a place where the entire intent is to make of the prisoner a better citizen, and to give back to the world a better man than we took in. Adolph Melzer reverences life in every form—this manifestation of divine energy of which we are a part.

He does not pretend to be a learned man; he says he is not even scientific.

But he certainly is scientific in his business relations, and in his knowledge of chemistry and in his ability to combine raw materials into forms of use and beauty.

I also think that he is eminently scientific in his plea for gentleness and consideration toward the birds, the bees, the horses, the cats, the dogs, the cows.

We evolve ourselves only as we understand Nature, as we go in partnership with Nature, as we reverence and love her.

Adolph Melzer is a great, practical naturalist.

A Little Exercise in Arithmetic

"Oh," you say, "of course that is what you have to say, because he sent you a thousand dollars, and so you are bound to boost him!" And so I'll have to say, "Please eliminate that aqua fortis conversazione."

It is true that I feel kindly toward a man who entrusts me with a thousand dollars to use for my own for two hundred fifty years.

Not that I especially need the money, but then the Roycroft Shops have to be painted, we are laying out roadways, constructing concrete walks, planting trees, fixing up our playgrounds, and a little mazuma always comes handy.

But it is not the money that pleases me most. It is the thought that this kindly, gentlemanly, considerate man believes that I am adding to the well-being of the world.

His thousand dollars is a tangible manifestation of his faith, and as the colored man said, "I suhly am done 'bleeged fo' de compliment."

Sometimes we grow blase. We think that everything has been said and done, that we know every angle of life, and can anticipate not only what people will say, but what they will do. But certainly Adolph Melzer gave me a new thrill.

Another thing, he taught me a little Ben Franklin lesson in mathematics, and this lesson is yours.

Listen! Money placed at compound interest at four per cent will double itself every eighteen years.

In two hundred fifty years this thousand dollars that Adolph sent to me, if I keep it at four per cent interest, compounding it semi-annually, will amount to exactly the tidy sum of twenty-one million, six hundred one thousand, four hundred forty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents.

So there you are!

The difference between bad and good people is this: The bad people have the bad on the outside, and the good in; while good people have the good outside, and the bad in.

Pamphlets and Pamphleteers



Any aspiring college youth wishes a subject for a thesis, I commend this—*Pamphlets and Pamphleteers*. The theme is old, but it is not hackneyed. When you write of pamphleteers, you will touch history at a thousand points.

He who knows the history of pamphleteering knows the record of the rise of human rights.

The pamphlet is the weapon of the thinker. By the pamphlet he extends his mental antennæ and reaches millions that otherwise could not hear his message.

The pamphlet has been an arsenal of arguments for the common people.

The word comes to us from "Pamphilus," a Greek writer of the First Century before Christ, who produced upward of a hundred little books that were widely distributed. Later, the name "Pamphilus" was adopted by numerous monks, who on taking their vows accepted a new name, and the name "Pamphilus" came to suggest "the teacher,"—"the writer," one who instructs, who distributes knowledge.

Pamphlets were in circulation long before the age of printing, but printing gave an impetus to the work of the pamphleteer. Printing was born out of the desire to disseminate ideas, as the cottonwood-tree scatters its seed.

The passion of the normal human being is for expression. And printing yet remains the miracle of all time.

That all books were once regarded as holy books was the most natural thing in the world.

¶ For a black mark to stand for an idea, and that language should be silent speech, yet gives us pause.

The Vogue of the Pamphlet

POETICALLY speaking, the pamphlet comes with the unforgettable year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when the world awoke from its night of a thousand years of sleep.

Around the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two cluster some of the greatest names in the history of mankind. Then lived Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Erasmus, Martin Luther, Melancthon, John Calvin, John Knox, Christopher Columbus, Sir Thomas More, and a goodly host of others through whom circulated thoughts, feelings, ideas, plans, and these thoughts found form in the pamphlet.

The pamphlet is not only a little book, but it is a book with a big idea. Originally the pamphlet stood for a message. It was controversial, reformatory, and came to be regarded as an explosive. Occasionally it was libelous and defamatory.

Martin Luther, in the sub-cellar of his church, on the door of which was tacked a thesis, had printing-presses worked by enthusiastic young men, who sent pamphlets of defiance fluttering around the world.

John Calvin sent streams of pamphlets out of Geneva.

One of these pamphlets fell into the hands of John Knox, and transformed the life of that able man, and as a result we have the Presbyterian Church.

Erasmus, the greatest writer and most cultured man of his time, put forth many pamphlets. Erasmus was a printer by trade, and when he had an idea, instead of writing it out, he often simply set it up in type, and pulled proofs on a hand-press, for the "Hoe" was not then in commission.

The true pamphlet has one idea. It has a premise, an argument, and a conclusion. Incidentally, it throws the gaff into some one who is standing in the way of the advancement of the human race.

An advertising booklet is not a pamphlet. A pamphlet offers nothing for sale. All it sup-

plies is an idea, and as before gently intimated this idea has sometimes been a bomb.

Sir Thomas More issued many pamphlets. The Puritans sent out a constant shower of pamphlets.

There are collections of pamphlets in existence now in the British Museum that are priceless. These are arranged according to authors. Any one who has a complete collection of the pamphlets of Dean Swift is a rich man.

A collection of John Milton's pamphlets was recently sold in London at the Huth sale for the tidy sum of four thousand pounds.

So great was the influence of John Milton's pamphlets on the times that royalty was sore perplexed how to deal with the man.

A little earlier in the game and the fagots would have burned for him in the public square, just as they burned for Wyclif, Ridley, and Latimer, who, besides being preachers, were pamphleteers.

These early heretics, when not allowed to preach, sent out their sermons in printed form.

Queen Mary devised a scheme for licensing the press, which meant that it was a criminal offense for any one to print anything unless licensed by the State and the products censored before they were printed.

To limit the circulation of pamphlets, a law was passed requiring that each one should carry a threepence stamp. Any one having in his possession a pamphlet not stamped was sent to jail for a year.

John Milton issued a pamphlet in favor of a free press. It was only his blindness and his high social position that saved his head.

But so complete was his argument that Queen Mary had to change her attitude toward printing, for even in a monarchy where the king is supposed to have the power of life and death, public opinion is supreme.

Addison and Steele were pamphleteers, and *The Spectator* was issued first as a pamphlet. The idea of issuing it as a periodical was a second thought.

Addison and Steele were pensioned by the State, which was a deal better than to try to suppress them. The plan of pensioning ready writers put the soft pedal on their pens, toning down their ideas.

The United States might well here take a hint from history and put a few of our I. W. W. comrades on the pension-list. This is the one

thing that will sandpaper their political exuberance. ❧ ❧

John Milton had a nephew by the name of John Phillips, who was a prolific partisan pamphleteer. He issued a pamphlet entitled, *Killing No Murder*, which was a bomb aimed at Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell hired a few ready writers and passed back the persiflage in pamphlet form.

American Pamphleteers

EDMUND BURKE issued in all twenty-four pamphlets, of which there are in existence only a few sets.

Usually the pamphlet has had but one theme, and that is human rights.

The pamphlet differs from the tract in that the pamphlet deals with political subjects, and the tract with religious.

The *Chap Book* was an innocuous piece of literature issued for the amusement of the plain people, with no idea about converting them. ❧ ❧

It contained neither sal-ammoniac nor aqua fortis, but the pamphlet always had in it a dash of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal.

The pamphlets of Dean Swift contained, in addition to the ingredients just named, a goodly trace of sulphide of hydrogen.

Sam Adams issued a dozen pamphlets, and the sentiment worked up in the Colonies that finally resulted in the Revolutionary War can be traced to the influence of the pamphleteers.

❧ The speech of Patrick Henry at Richmond, when he cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," was given in a church, the speaker standing in a pew addressing not more than a hundred people. But this speech, extended and issued in pamphlet form, reached half a million people, and this at a time when there were less than three million people in America.

❧ Thomas Jefferson issued several pamphlets. The Declaration of Independence was first issued in pamphlet form. It was afterward revised, sandpapered, hand-buffed, and engrossed on parchment, whereto fifty-six good men and true attached their signatures, at Philadelphia.

But the greatest pamphleteer in America was Thomas Paine, who issued two pamphlets, one entitled *Common Sense*, and the other *The Crisis*.

Well did Franklin say, "The pamphlets of Paine made the sword of Washington possible." ❧ ❧

Thomas Paine issued several pamphlets under the title of *The Crisis*, but the original pamphlet, which began with the stirring words, "These are the times that try men's souls," was the explosive that did the business.

❧ At that time Tory sentiment seemed supreme, and the Colonists were on the verge of giving up the fight.

Paine's pamphlets turned the tide.

Every soldier in the Continental Army was given one of these pamphlets, and they were read at the head of every regiment. These pamphlets were arsenals from which the plain people got their ammunition.

With the rise of newspapers the pamphlet fell into abeyance.

But now the pamphlet seems again to be coming back, for all things move in cycles. ❧

The Revival of the Pamphlet

ABOUT the years Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five to Eighteen Hundred Thirty, the Federal Government had great plans for building roadways.

This was the time when the great Cumberland Pike was devised. But with the coming of the locomotive and the iron rails, wagon-roads were relegated to the poetic rag-bag, and road-building became a local issue.

In a similar way did the pamphlet lose itself in the whirring wheels of the fast-running printing-press.

But today there are no great thinking men acting as editors of newspapers. The editors are hiring literary Hessians, gentlemen adventurers mildly drunk, not on ideas but on the products that have made Milwaukee famous. Convict labor or the sweat-shop produce the literature, so called, that we find in the newspapers. Thinkers and newspapermen have nothing in common, and no newspaperman today has the temerity to argue otherwise. ❧ ❧

In the newspaper there is such a mass of things that divert attention that one has to hunt in six bushels of chaff to get three grains of wheat. The limits of patience and persistence in any human being are soon reached, and the hunt is often abandoned before the game is reached, granting the hypothesis that somewhere in the newspaper are a few fugitive ideas. ❧ ❧

Certain newspapers, much given to persiflage, piffle and personal inanities, have adopted the plan of placing a good sensible editorial on a

certain page, thus aiding the reader to find the thing he wants without the help of a detective agency.

This plan has worked well, but inasmuch as no one ever thinks of reading a morning newspaper after eleven o'clock of the forenoon it is published, without being accused of senility, the age of the pamphlet has returned.

The advantage of the pamphlet is this: it deals with one specific idea. It bears no condemning date; for a newspaper a day old is dead, no matter how much phosphorus it contains.

The pamphlet is a classic in that it states a thing that is eternally true.

One can not read the pamphlets of Thomas Paine, John Milton or Dean Swift, without feeling the palpitation of a genuine human heart-throb. This is the mark of the pamphlet. It was written because the man had to write it in order to get rid of it.

Emerson says, "Truth lies in the mass." The business of the writer is to lift up the nugget of truth and hold it aloft.

The pamphlet is portable wisdom. It is an arsenal of ideas.

This the pamphlet aims to be, and as long as men take an active personal interest in politics the pamphlet will have its use.

If you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion, no longer dwell on poetry, and are not swayed by music, it is because the love instinct in you has withered to ashes of roses.

Summer

By Carl Nelson

LAY of the lark and the linnet
Singing their solos of Summer—
Glow of the glades that are gleaming—
Tang of the turbulent torrent—
Shimmer of sun through the shade-trees—
Magic, mysterious moonbeams—
Boisterous broil of the brooklet—
Fields full of flowers, the fairies
Bursting from brookside and bowers—
Riot of robins and roses—
Rush of the rain on the river—
Splendors of summer night sunsets—
Thus by the thoughts that are teeming
I'm swept by the saga of Summer,
Flushed with the fill of my fancy,
Drunk with the drink of my dreaming.

The Flag-Makers

By Franklin K. Lane



HIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say, "Good morning, Mr. Flag-Maker!"

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice-President, nor a Member of Congress, nor even a General in the Army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag-Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not," I was forced to confess. "Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma?"

"No, wrong again," I said.

"You helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag-Maker."

I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words:

"You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier ten million peons in Mexico, but that act looms no larger to the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this Summer. Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the doors of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people

were only working." ¶ Then came a great shout from the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute-makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street-sweep, cook, counselor and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

THE democratic gentleman, in whatever social class he may find himself, respects in others of all classes all the rights he perceives them to possess. This is the germ in him of that perfect democracy which the Golden Rule expresses. As it grows it pierces the crust of his race prejudice or class antipathies or personal dislikes, and in good time blossoms out into unreserved recognition of human rights universally equal.

The principle of the brotherhood of man is the ethical touchstone of democracy. If appealed to in good faith, it would solve all social, all industrial, all political problems.—*L. F. Post.*

Better Homes

By Newton A. Fuessle



LEARNED minister of the gospel sat meditating amid the cozy luxuries of his church study. Underfoot were soft carpets. On the walls hung valuable painted landscapes. Rows upon rows of volumes of theological lore lined the walls. In this rich, comfortable, quiet den, sequestered from contact with the real struggles of the big city, the minister prepared his sermons, mixed spiritual food for his wealthy flock.

A caller was announced, a young woman. Her errand was to win the attention of the preacher to certain phases of his city's slums. She had laid herself the task of arousing dormant public opinion, and of awakening the complacent ones on top of the heap to the significant presence within the city of crime-breeding, death-breeding regions infested with bad tenements.

The minister listened to her recital with but little comment. When she was through, he said blandly, "Do you know, the people down there are not much better than beasts!"

¶ Here was a man, paid a large salary for the spiritual guidance of his congregation, who thought of thousands of his fellow citizens as "not much better than beasts." That he said it was of less importance than that he thought it. That this particular minister thinks it is of no profound importance. The importance lies in the fact that many of us think of the denizens of the slimy, lousy, putrid slums as "beasts." Perhaps some of their conduct is bestial. But why? Because their environment is bestial.

As long as we continue to dump the immigrant into beastly environments, and leave him and his family there until their resistance powers give out and they die like rats, we shall have millions of complacent, self-righteous, prosperous citizens looking upon the submerged tenth as "beasts."

Take the finest, best-pedigreed dog you know, kick him out among the ash-heaps, and keep him banished from the comfortable environment he was accustomed to, and soon you will be unable to tell him from the most

plebeian cur. The dog-catcher will get him, and he will end his days in the pound—at the community's expense.

Take the finest-grained human being, thrust him into the bitter environment of the slums, and you at once create an inevitable menace to the whole community, for which the community and none other is responsible, and for which offense the community must pay dearly in the end.

Jacob Riis put it this way: "It is just as much murder to kill a man with a tenement, as to kill him with an axe."

Decent Citizenship

DECENT housing has come to be regarded as one of the greatest essentials in the making of decent citizenship. We are told that poverty is the goad which drives on to the greatest success. But where one will rise superior to the filth and take his place as a leader of men, or even as a valuable industrial unit, ten thousand will be broken on the wheel. Human nature is too sensitive, too quick to respond to environment, too pliable under the forces pressing downward, to record even a fair average of success against an environment as hostile and gruesome as that of the city slums, out of which oozes the crime which it costs an annual fortune to try vainly to check.

¶ Judge Manuel Levine, the Cleveland jurist, who searches constantly and untiringly for causes, instead of contenting himself with fussing with mere results, declares that if the city of Cleveland were to spend enough money to wipe out its slum districts, the whole expenditure would be saved many times over in short order in decreased court costs and penological outlays. Cleveland has just erected a five-million-dollar courthouse in which to try her criminals, but hardly anything has been appropriated to rid the city of the region where criminals are made.

This phase of short-sightedness is duplicated in every large American city. Millions for punishment, but hardly a cent for the discovery of why crime exists, or for the elimination of the breeding-places of crime.

The absence of yards in the crowded tenements of our cities provides the first link in the chain that leads very often to the penitentiary, the electric chair, or the gallows. Boys, craving companionship, according to Judge Levine, gather on the streets, make themselves a nuisance to storekeepers, are reported to the

police, and are scattered. So they flee to the alleys and dark places where their interest in vice begins. Some reformer comes along, reports a boy gang, and again the gang is routed, and its members slink off to some dive. Thence they are graduated into full-fledged criminals.

Decent housing would have nipped this development downward, in the bud.

Where a score of people are often crammed into the confines of three or four closet-sized rooms, unventilated, sun-unreached, and littered with garbage which the tired housewife has n't the ambition to lug many steps to an alley, the development of decent citizenship, industrial efficiency, and genuine community values, is totally out of the question. The home is the unit of modern civilization. House a home in unfit quarters, and we can expect to produce nothing but pitiful civic and industrial liabilities.

The object of science is to get rid of liabilities and to pile up assets. And yet the person who undertakes to talk decent housing for the tenement-dwellers is all too often looked upon as a wild-eyed, impractical reformer. Sociology is still looked upon by some of the Pharisees as one of the black arts, and sociologists as muckrakers who would punish prosperity and put crowns upon the heads of the shiftless. America still has too many new-rich—those who, having graduated from the horse-car to the limousine, really believe that anybody with thrift, industry and sharp attention to business can drag himself on to the top of the heap. These winners in the hit-or-miss game of American commercialism can not understand that down in the bottoms there are swarming multitudes who are too weak to help themselves, too ignorant to improve their own conditions, too worn-out with the struggle against odds to fight their way into more cheerful and wholesome abodes.

Co-operative Housing

VERSEAS, where civilizations are older, where the people have learned civic lessons which in newer America have not yet begun to sink home, and where the need of human conservation has been taught by the bitter blows of harsh experience, the housing problem has been attacked with vigor, and solved in admirable fashion at many points. Germany, in particular, has made decisive headway against bad housing, while model

tenements and workingmen's homes have risen from the ashes of former human dump-heaps. The task has been approached in Germany from two angles—that of municipal initiative, and that of private enterprise.

Essen, the Pittsburgh of Germany, is the home of the great Krupp steel-works. Here the Krupp interests have provided for their employees under model housing conditions. Houses or apartments are rented to their workers at practically cost, and the resultant efficiency of those who toil is as impressive as the beauty of the city of Essen is to the eye of the traveler. Unsightly tenements do not exist. The Krupp people found it bad business to permit their workers to live amid squalor, poverty, and yardless lack of elbow-room. Co-operative housing ventures are flourishing in nearly every German city. Their edifices are not only wholesome, clean, roomy and pleasant, but they are architecturally beautiful. The tenants themselves may become shareholders in the enterprise. It is desired that they do so. From renters they are gradually merged into part owners and managers of the pleasant abodes.

There are day nurseries for babies whose mothers have to work, clubrooms, smoking-rooms for the men, yards with flower-gardens. Many of these modern tenements include community bakeshops, to reduce the kitchen slavery of the women, and to provide wholesome foodstuffs at cost.

These ventures in no sense savor of charity. Such housing is conducted with a little profit for the shareholders, but with immense and incalculable profit to the entire community, which is thus rid of the evils which filth-gripped tenement housing at shameless rental figures imposes upon a city.

A step in the same direction has been essayed by some of the more progressive and far-sighted employers of labor in America. Notable among these is the United States Steel Corporation. Beautiful homes, rented to their employees practically at cost, and at figures that make the average renter gasp, have these companies built for their workers. At Gary, Indiana; Roebing, New Jersey; Woodlawn, Pennsylvania; Docena, Alabama; Mineville, New York; Fairfield, Alabama; Vandergrift, Pennsylvania; and Sparrow's Point, Maryland, are to be seen some of the finest examples of such admirable housing.

These pioneer housing ventures on the part of far-sighted American employers of labor are pointing the way that cities, which at present are blotted and blotched with slums, must take if they ever expect to develop citizenship in a scientific manner and promote prosperity, which can not flourish in the absence of wholesome homes.

Cities are rarely seen in any pioneering ventures. It takes the aggressive example of public-spirited private individuals to arouse cities to their duty, and cause them to act. True reform begins with an individual. The city responds only to public sentiment, and this must first be aroused by the inspiring vision of individuals.

Mrs. George W. Sweney

QUIETLY and determinedly, in many American cities which are now infested with slum conditions, individuals are at work, making surveys, defining the slums in their true terms, tracing countless evils to their sources in the slums. These persons are slowly but surely creating public sentiment, in the face of which slums will eventually be unable to raise their heads. In New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, the war upon these desolate houses is slowly, but gradually, moving forward.

In Cleveland, a year ago, one woman, Mrs. George W. Sweney, stood on an ash-heap in the notorious Haymarket District, one of the worst slum regions in America, and gazed at the shocking picture of life about her. She went to the city officials and asked what could be done to remove the blighted homes and replace them with decent habitable houses. She was told that public opinion alone was a force sufficiently powerful to cope with the evil.

Since then, Mrs. Sweney has been quietly at work helping create public sentiment inhospitable to the conditions she beheld. A large movement for better housing has grown out of her efforts. She has taken men and women who are in a position to create public sentiment, down into the Haymarket, and shown them the pitiful homes of the modern lowly, who live and die like animals less than a fifteen minutes' walk from the Public Square. Without good housing there can be no good voting or right thinking. More shiftlessness of individuals is caused by bad housing than unclean houses are caused through shiftlessness. Shiftlessness is mental, and the best

incentive toward industry is a clean and wholesome environment. Strong men remake bad environments, but the weak submit. Unable to take care of themselves, they must be taken care of by those who are stronger

The Menace of the Slum

HEADS of modern industries might advantageously look more closely into the housing conditions of their employees. Welfare work along better housing lines, where there is need of it, might be carried on to tremendous advantage in many quarters.

No employee can crawl out of a veritable rat-hole of an abode and take up his tasks in shop, factory, or on railroad, and do good work. Welfare work that pauses short of the home itself is a travesty, a philanthropic farce, and on top of that, exceedingly bad business. Giving employees fine lunch-rooms, comfortable libraries, and gymnasiums, and then sending them home to a dilapidated tenement, grinds out anarchists.

"They won't move out of their tenements!" is the cry sometimes heard; "even the rich landlord himself lives in a two-by-four hole!" Perhaps so. But how about the criminal, or the insane? Do they want to go to jail or to the asylum? Do they leave their homes of their own volition and let themselves be sent where their menace to the community will no longer be felt? Is it not as important to pull voluntary tenement-dwellers out of the filth as it is to bundle criminals and insane off to prisons and asylums?

The point is simply this: an emergency exists. The slum is an oozing menace to the rest of the community. Its inhabitants must be taken out of the slum, and the slum itself must be removed. Nothing short of this will suffice, and it is a barbarous point of view which regards the slum as a necessary evil, and its people as free agents who have a right to stay there with their children if they choose—which, however, mighty few of them choose!

LET this truth be present to thee in the excitement of anger—that to be moved by passion is not manly, but that mildness and gentleness, as they are more agreeable to human nature, so also are they more manly. For in the same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, in the same degree also is it nearer to strength.

—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

A Great Banker

By B. C. Forbes



AUL M. WARBURG has never had his picture taken.

That, if you know human nature, will give you the key to the character, or at least the characteristics, of New York's member of the Federal Reserve Board.

He is probably the ablest and most erudite international banker in America. Also, he is the most modest.

A newspaper wanted his photograph not long ago. He wrote in reply: "I have never yet had my picture in the newspapers and am rather proud of this record. Therefore you will pardon me for not breaking it now." That record still stands—although now that he has become a high public official Mr. Warburg will no doubt feel compelled to capitulate.

What manner of man is Paul Warburg?

Let me try my 'prentice hand at a physical description: About five feet eight in height, and neither stout nor lean—one hundred forty-five pounds, say. Very black, well-groomed hair, plenty of forehead, dark and exceptionally keen eyes, heavy black moustache and a chin that was not short-weighted or short-measured—withal, a good-looking man of serious and impressive mien, yet given to smiling and causing smiles, always immaculately dressed, often sporting a boutonniere from his own gardens.

Mentally? A giant. It was Paul M. Warburg who formed the very first framework of a new banking system for the United States. Before ever the Aldrich Bill took shape—mainly, but not wholly, be it whispered, under Mr. Warburg's guidance and inspiration—Mr. Warburg drafted a comprehensive banking measure which was really too scientific for the average politician. It was commonly remarked in financial circles later on that what was good in the Aldrich Bill was Warburg's, and what was bad in it was Aldrich's and his colleagues!

A Financial Leader

READ this proviso from Mr. Warburg's original plan and see how pertinent it is in connection with his selection by President

Wilson as a member of the Federal Reserve Board:

"No measure would be acceptable which vests the powers of a central bank in political officers alone, as is the case under our present system. That power, clearly defined, ought to be vested in political officers and business men combined, in a way that would render impossible any political or financial abuse." Mr. Warburg was a scholar before he was a banker—and he is still a student. He comes of banking stock, his family having been famous bankers in Germany ever since the end of the Eighteenth Century. Born in Hamburg in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight, he went to school and college there, then got an insight into the rudiments of business, later enjoying valuable practical banking experience in England and France, and rounding off his international training with a trip round the world. That qualified him to join his father's banking house of M. M. Warburg and Company, of Hamburg, with whose affairs he still keeps in close touch by occasional visits of considerable duration—and much hard work.

He came to America twenty years ago and, marrying a daughter of Solomon Loeb, founder of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, was admitted to that firm, since become second to none in power and wealth in this country and having tremendously influential connections abroad.

As an authority on central banking and on international finance Mr. Warburg is without a peer in America. Eight years ago he wrote a treatise on *Defects and Needs of Our Currency System*, and ever since has been relied upon by Washington leaders for expert counsel.

I ran into Mr. Warburg as he was on his way home a few weeks ago, but, as his appointment had not then been announced, he would not talk of it. He merely remarked that the mention of Mr. Olney's name had been well received—a typically modest and conveniently evasive comment.

Mr. Warburg championed a central bank, but that was adjudged by Washington politically impossible. In common with other bankers, he would have preferred fewer than twelve district reserve banks—not more than four, if possible, and certainly not more than eight, the minimum provided by the Owen-Glass law. I question, however, whether Mr. Warburg or any other members of the new board will attempt to upset the work already done by the

Organization Committee. The aim will be to build up on the foundation as laid, to proceed cautiously at first, to avoid overstraining the machinery before it gets into full working order and to ask Congress to make such amendments as actual experience dictates.

Mr. Warburg has all along cautioned the business world not to expect too much from the new system at the start.

Financial leaders breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that Mr. Warburg was to sit on the Federal Reserve Board, for his presence will be a guarantee that sanity, skill and commonsense will govern the administration of the nation's untried currency system, freighted as it is with such vast possibilities for good and evil to the destinies of the Republic.

Two things rule the world: Money and Sentiment. Suppose you size yourself up and see which one means more to you!

One Wish

By Mrs. Martin W. Littleton




It seems when the nation was very young, and first starting out, its Government was without a home. It was worn out from fighting battles, and could hardly see through the smoke. Those whom it had fought were hoping it would come to grief. Its own friends were quarreling. States were arrayed against States. Constantly the North and the South were picking at each other. Its friends were jealous of the affections of each other for it, and it could not stay in the house of any of them. It was without money. The Treasury was empty. The wars had cost a lot. Soldiers were without pay, and were clamoring for the price of its freedom. Weary and faint, young and all alone in the world, there was no place to rest. Almost out of breath, it hardly had strength to go on doing the great things it had to do. Like a fugitive, it wandered from place to place, through stormy times, with not a roof to cover its head. And the clouds were dark and threatening above it. Some said they were war clouds. They looked black and angry. A shelter must be found. A seat of government.


A capital city. The North wanted the honor of being its birthplace. The South wanted it just as much. Congress must settle the dispute. It had its hands full. Speeches were made, claims were urged, inducements offered, bills passed, amendments added, decision delayed. Still there was no seat of government, no site chosen, until Jefferson and Hamilton agreed about it. Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury, and was much troubled over the debts for our war with England. There was nothing to pay them with. He hardly knew which way to turn. There seemed no way out of trouble. The thing he most feared was that the Union might be dissolved on account of them. He could think of nothing to prevent it, except that the Southern States would consent that these debts should be assumed by the Federal Government. This he confided to Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson was Secretary of State. He could not bear to see the Union dissolved, any more than Hamilton could. So, to avert this disaster, he would do anything. He would not even object if Congress passed a "funding act," permitting the Federal Government to pay these debts. Hamilton, not less patriotic, said he would not object to the cause Jefferson had espoused. A cause he had espoused with his whole heart, as a bridegroom his bride. The cause was that of locating the Capital City in his beloved South. One day it was agreed to. An Act of Congress was then passed to establish the seat of government in a "district or territory not exceeding ten miles square, to be located on the river Potomac."

The Capital City

WHAT a precious gift to the South! May it never cease to be grateful to Thomas Jefferson!

Then and there a city was born. A Capital City for all time to come. It was born in the brain of man, and it found a place in the hearts of all men. It was held in the encircling arms of a mighty river. It was nursed in the lap of a valley, sweet and soft as a mother's. It was fed by fertile fields, rich in yellow corn and wheat that in sunshine turned to solid gold. Clear, cool springs watered it. Hills of royal colors sheltered it with their forests on top, glistening like crowns. It was protected by cordons of mountains going around, their walls a thick barrier between it and harm. In the blue, blue distance they looked like brave


soldiers covered with smoke from belching cannon 

That was just a little more than a hundred years ago 

Then began a labor of love. Washington! Jefferson! L'Enfant! Laborers! Master builders! Master minds!

They made maps; they made surveys; they studied architecture and laid out parks, avenues, and streets; and builded a city. A city of every nation, a world's shrine.

They built it in the heart of a great, deep, dark forest; a heart warm and tender with a soft place in it big enough to hold all who wish to enter. Its goodness is above everything else in the world.

Its woods have become peopled with tall, gray monuments of giant heroes, and children that laugh and play with their images in its clear pools, filling it full of sounds of music. It is sweet and sylvan with the notes of mockingbirds, and sounds of bluebirds and redbirds. Gay little squirrels scamper and run about through the leaves of the trees, lively as recollections that sometimes go running through one's head. Its dark nooks and recesses are lighted up with the white marble buildings of the Government. They look like noble Greek palaces. Myriads of their white pillars gleam through the black woods, like lighted candles in a solemn cathedral. The religious sound of silvery church-bells hallows it and gives to every one a sense of comfort. Its gray-paved streets are cut through wooded paths edged with shrubbery and leafiness. All of them lead to yonder green hill, whereon rests our Capitol Building, white, pure white, with not a shadow across it. It sits as a light on a hill 

Tucked away under branches and vines are the houses surrounded by hedges. Window-boxes seem to grow from them everywhere, with flowers tumbling down from them to touch the earth. Most of the houses are new and fine. Some look proud and fat. They crush between them tiny little old cottages, and keep the sun from shining in their gardens of vines and flowers. But the tiny cottages are not afraid or ashamed, for they enjoy the distinction of history and quaintness of age which the newer ones must enviously wait for.

The city covers about six thousand acres; nearly four thousand of this they thought best to lay out in parks and streets. They

knew in building a Capital City in the South that plenty and plenty of room was needed for air and breezes; and they believed every house would be healthier to have gardens. Streets were made miles long and acres wide and beautiful with great, long vistas. Tall trees grew along their sides, and when passers-by come underneath them they bend their heads over to shade them from the sun ☼ ☼

Pierre Charles L'Enfant

NOT long ago I attended the unveiling of a monument to the memory of L'Enfant, one of the master builders. It was at Arlington, once the home of Robert E. Lee, general of the Confederacy, a soldier among soldiers. The house is big and white, and empty now. Rooms and halls are quiet as death, except for the noise the silence makes. The windows are closed like eyes that can not see and sunken deep in like hollow caverns. The rooms seem to want to push out of the cold and dark into the warm sunshine. The ceilings hang high above the floor and are full of echoes that answer every whisper. The walls are covered with zigzag cracks that look like mysterious writing, and I wondered if there were any one who could read them. These cracks must be very old and able to tell a lot. I loved the old floors made of broad, thick wooden boards. Dim, dusky shadows lay across them, and when I walked over them I thought I could hear other footsteps following falling softly and quietly. I was even sure of hearing breathing. And I could not help looking to see if some one were coming back of me. I was wondering all the time if the dead are really gone. If life is not death, and if death is not resurrection. Great spirits seem to live—seem always to live among us—even though their bodies have left us. They seem to live in their works and in the seeds they have planted and in all around us. I walked out on the portico and stood between two great white pillars. I could look across the hills with lovely valleys in between and see the ground covered with little white headstones like flakes of snow fallen from the sky. The graves were lying in beds of tender grass and covered with blankets of moss soft as down. Over them were bent forest trees. The stirring and swaying of their leaves sounded like sad voices whispering to each other. Sounds of other voices made me look around and I saw crowds of people. In the middle of them was a monument covered

with bunting, streaming in red, white and blue mixed with the colors of France. Then I heard the voice of the President of the United States, the voice of Ambassador Jusserand, and the voice of Senator Root dedicating this monument to the memory of L'Enfant and laying at his feet the praise and thanks of an appreciative nation. And a little farther on I could see the river at the foot of the hill winding about like a silver thread. Willow-trees garlanded and wreathed its banks. Their tender branches streamed into the water without making a sound, like tears that flow without a sob.

Jefferson

YET in the still farther distance from us I could see a tall marble shaft. It was of heavenly white without a blemish. It rose far away and above us in the luminous sunshine and beautiful blue sky like a gigantic, glorious ghost ☼ ☼

A grateful nation had erected it to the memory of George Washington, one of the master builders. I listened and listened to the voices to hear the name of Jefferson, the other master builder ☼ And as I stood on that hill and looked from Arlington to Mount Vernon, from Mount Vernon to Charlottesville, and from Charlottesville to Washington, I thought of these three great men. They were all in my mind together. And as I looked there in the city of twenty thousand dead and looked across at another city of two hundred thousand living, I thought of Jefferson ☼ And I could not see a monument or a shaft or a tombstone in his honor. In all this glorious temple of trees and marble there was no niche reserved for him. Jefferson's impress upon the city and upon the world is broader than that of any other man—and though he has gone out of our lives, not one of the things he did is gone; all remain, all live, all ours, except his sleeping body ☼ Monticello, his beloved mountain, holds that high above all other monuments, lifting it into the clear, pure air above us. He was born at its bottom, and while he lies dead in its summit democracy lives ☼ ☼

It was he who had faith in man. It was he who fought for a new Government, founded upon the belief that all men are equal. It was he who builded an asylum for the oppressed of all nations. It was he who had the laws of primogeniture and entail abolished, and made

the young son equal with the elder brother. It was he who caused the separation of Church and State, and made it possible for all men to profess their religious belief, without fear of oppression, whether Protestant, Catholic or Jew. It was he who spoke the first words in behalf of the freedom of the negroes before any other American statesman, and if this bill, the Ordinance of the Northwestern Territory, prohibiting slavery after Eighteen Hundred, had passed, our great Civil War would never have been fought. He drew the bill establishing our present system of coinage and currency on the decimal basis. Every one knows that the last work his hands found to do, when he was an old, old man, was to inaugurate and build a great democratic university for Virginia, the first real university in America. He believed that in a representative democracy, education and intellectual freedom were necessary.

Without sword and with only his pen he took over from Napoleon Bonaparte for the United States the great Territory known as the Louisiana Purchase, and added eleven States to the Union. He created and wrote five great State papers, from which Americans have learned their lessons of freedom.

The sublimest one of all he wrote was the Declaration of American Independence. It brought to all people free gifts of conscience, free gifts of thought, free gifts of speech, free gifts of education, free gifts of ballot, free gifts of press, free gifts of religion, and free gifts to all men of the "rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The only one thing he was too poor to give free to the people, for whom he had already done so much, was Monticello, containing his birthplace, his home, and his own dead body. That he had to leave to be sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Monticello

SIXTY-ONE years of public service left him on the auction-block. Just at this time I could not help but remember about all these things. I also remembered his dislike of hero-worship. It was so extreme that he begged his followers not to celebrate the anniversary of his birth.

But God did not intend for him to be forgotten—this man who was a disciple of goodness to all humanity. And when Jefferson's work was done, it was meet that he should pass on,

on July Fourth, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, the anniversary day of the declaration of American independence. So we can never forget. On the day of his death there was found written on the torn back of an old letter, in his own handwriting, the following directions for his monument and inscription: On a grave, a plain die or cube of three feet, without any moldings, surmounted by an obelisk of six feet height, each of a single stone; on the face of the obelisk the following inscription, and not a word more:

Here was buried

Thomas Jefferson

Author of the

Declaration of American Independence

Of the statute of Virginia

Religious Freedom

And father of the University of Virginia

Because of these as testimonials that I have lived I wish most to be remembered. It to be of the coarse stone of which my columns are made, that no one may be tempted hereafter to destroy it for the value of the materials. My bust, by Carracchi, with the pedestal and truncated column on which it stands, might be given to the university if they would place it in the dome room of the rotunda.

His great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph, writes this: "Jefferson's efforts to save his monument from mutilation by having it made of coarse stone have been futile. His grandson, Colonel Randolph, followed his directions in erecting the monument which is placed over him. He lies buried between his wife and his daughter, Mary Eppes. Across the head of these three graves lies the remains of his eldest daughter, Martha Randolph. This group lies in front of a gap in the high brick wall which surrounds the whole graveyard, the gap being filled by a high iron grating, giving a full view of the group, that there might be no excuse for forcing open the high iron gates which close the entrance to the graveyard. But all precautions have been in vain. The gates have been again and again broken open, the graves entered, and the tomb desecrated. The edges of the granite obelisk over Jefferson's grave have been chipped away until it now stands a misshapen column. Of the slabs placed over the graves of Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Eppes not a vestige remains, while of the one over Mrs. Randolph only fragments are left."

And I thought how much more in keeping with his sense of freedom and love of nature if, instead of erecting a statue to him in Washington, the nation whom he loved so well were

to purchase and preserve forever to his memory the house and grounds and graveyard at Monticello, now owned by Jefferson Levy, of New York.

He is not one man's man. He belongs to the people who love him, for that he first loved them. He belongs not only to us and our people, but to the people of all the world wherever liberty is. And their one wish is to be free to lay upon his grave a nation's tears. It is my one wish, too

The soul grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. A flash, and a glory stands revealed for which you have been groping blindly through the years.

Good Roads

By Homer D. Wade



GOOD roads are essential to the profitable production of any commodity

Production must cease when transportation costs wipe out the profits.

Every citizen, whether rural or urban, has an individual responsibility in good roads.

The profit to the farmer is determined by the difference between the production and transportation costs of a

commodity and the selling prices.

The value of a commodity fluctuates in proportion to the facility with which it may be carried to the place where it is in the greatest demand.

The loss to farmers on account of inaccessible primary markets and the abnormal expense of transportation, due to bad roads, must be considered one of the leading causes of the high cost of living.

Good roads socialize rural life, bring about rural free delivery of mail, lessen the distance between the field and the market, and encourage a higher moral life in the communities in which they are built.

If an agricultural locality is to attain the highest degree of development, and if its people are to attain the highest degree of prosperity, it is essential that it should be provided with a system of improved wagon-roads

Who Will Feed the World?

By Alice Hubbard



IN these "times which try men's souls," the world is confronted by this primitive woman's question, Who will feed the world?

No nation can thrive alone.

One nation can not be at war without every other nation feeling the results. When many nations are fighting each other, the whole world is depressed

You may resolve that you will not talk of war, but will keep your conversation to beautiful

themes. But whenever you make a resolution that is contrary to Nature, you will break it.

Germany, Russia, England, Austria, have talked peace for several years. During this time, instead of disarmament, each country has increased its fighting strength. Each country has had belligerent thoughts, admired its splendid pageant of war, and then used its equipment. What Europe has thought about it, she now has given expression to.

When war is anywhere, it is a tragic demonstration of the fact of monism. Humanity is one

With Europe deep in carnage, we can not sit secure. When a part of the race is in the throes of death, no other part has health.

And this present is war unparalleled in history. It is "civilized," modern man, with the instincts of the savage active, using the methods of scientific warfare. Wisdom has been displaced by brute instincts.

Clarence Barron said, "It is warfare of civilization with barbarism." But civilization does not fight; it arbitrates.

The Kaiser's announcement of war, his call to his people to arms, was medieval. It sounds like the sophistries of Machiavelli and the barbaric yells of Mamelukes. He has roused the savage instincts in his own people and in millions of others.

Defensive wars have been called righteous. "Give me liberty or give me death," is not the slogan used by the aggressive monarchs of Europe.

One hundred years ago, the nations of Europe arose as one people to overpower Napoleon when he threatened Europe with his despotism

Cecil Rhodes had the ambition to own the world. Has Emperor William the same?

King Albert, protector and king of Belgium, has sent to his people this message :

"Without the least provocation on our part, our neighbor, proud of its force, has torn up treaties bearing its signature and has broken in upon the territory of our fathers because we refused to forfeit our honor.

"Brave soldiers, I salute you in the name of Belgium. You will triumph because your strength has been put to the service of the right ❧ ❧

"Glory to you, soldiers and defenders of the liberty of our menaced fatherland."

The German Emperor says :

"Our adversaries are jealous of our work. They wish to humiliate us. So the sword must decide. God will make Germany victor."

The Russian Czar says that God will make Russia victor.

England is sure that this same God will confound her enemies, the Germans and the Austrians ❧ ❧

Each claims he is right and the antagonist is wrong and should die. Each thinks that God is on his side.

Who is God? Is He the father of the Germans, and not of the Belgians, the Servians, the Russians or the French or the English?

Who is God, that the German Emperor should say, "He will make us win"?

Brother fighting against brother! The untilled land horrible with the lifeblood of youth and men! The homes desolate! Every house a house of mourning! Women bowed with grief and a double burden too great for any one to bear! ❧ ❧

What is victory when millions mourn? Of what value are laurels when the world is hungry? Who will feed the world in this crisis? Who will furnish food, clothing and shelter to the world?

Primitive Woman's Power

WOMAN'S name before marriage was Frugality, but she lost this identity in matrimony. Ages ago, when woman was economically free, man saw her, thought she was beautiful, graceful and lovely. Then he had the inspiring thought that he needed help and she could be a "helpmeet." He wanted her. In the midst of confusing and questionable statements, he asked this question, "Will you be mine?"

Is there any natural reason why one person should ask for the gift of another? Who was he that she should live for him? How successfully did he guide his life that she should trust hers to him?

Why should she cease living her life and become absorbed in the life of another or leave her work for his?

It was the fall of man when woman, gratified by flattery and lured by ease, listened when man said :

"Those little hands shall never toil again. Work is hard. I will work for us both. Think how much longer you would be lovely if you did not work. I will be frugal for you, I will provide for you.

"The finances! I will arrange them!"

Before that time, woman had learned the lesson taught by the life of the bee, and provided in the time of harvest. But that sop that was served to Cerberus, whereby he allowed the enemy to pass into the kingdom that he was guarding, was served to woman.

❧ "Woman needs much rest, much peace. Just be lovely, be beautiful. That is enough for woman to be."

Woman has tried to be this. And she has developed the art to the very outermost limits of the possibilities of manufactured beauty and loveliness. Woman has left nothing undone in her efforts to attract. The art is finished. Woman could not now startle the world with anything she could do to make herself beautiful, attractive, distinguished in dress or in her choice of pleasures and pastimes.

❧ Such unnatural conditions as these are the consequences when tradition has had its way with what was folly at the beginning.

There is one chapter in the Proverbs of Solomon, where he tells of a really ideal woman. But this woman has few traditions concerning her.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." He is called Mrs. Solomon's husband.

"She worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchant-ships;

She bringeth her bread from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night,

And giveth food to her household,

And their tasks to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it;

With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength,
 And maketh strong her arms.
 She perceiveth that her merchandise is
 profitable ;
 Her lamp goeth not out by night.
 She is not afraid of the snow for her
 household ;
 For all her household are clothed with
 scarlet.
 She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry ;
 Her clothing is fine linen and purple.
 She maketh linen garments and selleth
 them,
 And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
 Strength and dignity are her clothing ;
 And she laugheth at the time to come.
 She openeth her mouth with wisdom ;
 And the law of kindness is on her tongue."

She bought land without consulting Solomon. She traveled. She manufactured and sold in foreign markets.

Woman's place was in the house ?

Not according to Solomon.

Of the nine hundred ninety-nine women who worked for Solomon, he admired this one most who worked for herself, and made him work ♣ ♣

Before woman took the sop of flattery, made of honey and poppy-juice, she was Frugal. She could not eat her dinner in peace unless she knew there was plenty for her family's supper, unless she could provide enough for them for the next day.

The Life of the Spirit

IN a letter which recently came to my desk, a man expressed great pleasure with the July issue of *The Fra Magazine*. His sentiments were in accord with all articles, except those which referred to Woman Suffrage ♣ He has had two wives. He says :

" We never had a quarrel, because, in each case, I married a woman whose only ambition was to make me and my friends comfortable ! Let a woman attend to this and she will not trouble her head about votes."

This man had lived a life of absolute peace and he did not wish his peace interfered with ♣ That these two women had obligations to life, obligations to develop their minds, bodies and souls, other than through the concentration of what was necessary to do to make " this man and his friends comfortable," has not occurred to this man. He knows nothing of a noble discontent. He does not know that he has no

right to absorb the lives of human beings, be they willing or not.

" High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone ! " This man needs interests that shall make him feel needs other than his and his friends' comfort, even though these two women were listed among his friends.

What would life be that had only comfort ? Only happiness ? A well-rounded life demands hazard by its very nature. It demands discomfort, agony. Every emotion and experience known to any human being can not be foreign to us, if we are alive to our obligation to life. For it is a wide world, varied in interests and conditions, full of human beings in different stages of development.

We, all of us, are a part of this great human family ♣ ♣

Its wants, needs, griefs, joys, cares, hopes, fears, are ours.

We are one. When a part of the world is hungry and suffering, who can be comfortable ?

Humanity's Staggering Load

WHO is going to feed the world ? Almost one-third of the German population is engaged in the occupation of agriculture. That means women as well as men. German women work ♣ ♣

In Austria, almost half the working people are farmers ♣ ♣

Hungary is a food-producing country.

Belgium is a manufacturing country, Servia an agricultural.

Russia now imports fruits, vegetables, oils, and exports cereals and cattle.

Italy exports fine foodstuffs. France the same ♣ ♣

England can not feed herself in times of peace. In Canada a great part of the people who are wealth-makers get it out of the soil ♣ Not quite one-eighth of the American working population is engaged in agriculture. America has, more than any other country, a system of economy and uses science in the work of agriculture. We have the most efficient implements in the world. We have used Big-Business methods in farming as no other country has.

❏ Farmers in America are the wealthiest farmers in the world. Only in America was there ever a cattle king or a corn king.

And yet we can not supply our own needs without the cost being comparatively high ♣

Who is going to coax from the earth food to feed the armies of Europe and their families

—the Cincinnati who a few months ago were peacefully plowing their fields?

A terrific burden has fallen upon the world. The men in the armies who are engaged in destroying must be clothed and fed by someone other than themselves. Armies produce only death and destruction.

Their people who remain at home can not do this. The women, their children, the aged, were busy before the war. Their eyes are blinded with tears now. Their daily burdens are all they can carry in providing food, shelter and clothing to keep themselves from death.

America's Problem

WE, the people of America, have a problem we have never had before. We must feed ourselves and many, many more.

How much of your time does it take to provide for yourself food, such as you now demand? How much for clothing and shelter, such as you demand?

This is an age of luxury. We can not be confined to primitive necessities without suffering great loss mentally and physically.

How much time does it require for heads of families to provide food, shelter, clothing, for their families? Double this time, and see the appalling figures.

How are we going to adjust ourselves to these new conditions without suffering loss?

Our former high cost of living has been largely because many women have been idle. A few earned and many wasted. But we have demanded legitimately more out of life than our ancestors had or could get. We have to live all we can. It is our obligation to civilization.

Even now, it can not be said of many as it was of Bjornson, that not a cell of his brain or muscle of his body, not a nerve-fiber but what was developed to the limit of its capacity to be developed.

We do not want to get along with less living, but with more.

How are we going to meet these new conditions and allow civilization to suffer no loss?

The times demand that we use our brains, not as academic scholars, but to solve new, practical problems.

"Back to the soil!" is the command of the times. "Use the finest brain developed in commerce to organize the production and marketing of agricultural products."

One man farming alone has unceasing labor. Few choose such agriculture as an occupation for that reason.

Think of the toil once required to produce a bushel of wheat!

At the first sign of Spring, the farmer begins to plow and prepare for the sowing of seeds. That is the way he pleads with the earth to bring forth a harvest. It takes an immense amount of faith to put seed into the barren earth and intelligently expect a harvest. Only a man of imagination, a poet, can see in the seed delicious fruit.

It takes genuine faith which comes from experience to raise farm-produce.

Do you know how much it costs to raise a calf from infancy until it is ready to produce milk?

¶ It requires intelligence, perpetual care and work to get milk, butter and meat.

The average farmer produces enough for his family's use, and sells enough to pay his taxes and the interest on his mortgage.

Farmers do not live luxuriously. It is only recently that they have heard of the laws of health and life. It is only just now that they have kept books or had scientific knowledge in farming.

Now that we must multiply our toil, use our brains, and feed the world, the best intelligence of Americans should be used for the production of food.

Who will feed the world? That is the question we must answer in deeds.

The high cost of living not only is to rise, but it has risen. Everybody who has a brain has a chance to work on the problem of how to produce food. Those who solve it are the great heroes.

The Watchword of America

WAR is upon us. ¶ No nation can be at war and any nation be at peace.

Americans must manifest their power in fighting ignorance. We must use our brains to produce food for the world.

How shall we feed the world?

This is naturally woman's question. Naturally it is for woman to give her best thought to answering it.

Necessity will force woman into the world of activity again.

A few men have said that women are pushing themselves into the world of commerce. Woman belongs there. The problems of economics are hers by divine right.

It is asserted by a few women and men that woman's place is in the home.

The statement is true, provided we recognize that no home has four walls, that the home is the wide world, and that, therefore, every problem is woman's problem.

Two days ago, I saw a man move an immense clumsy piece of iron. He was physically a little man, but he moved the weight with his head. There were tackle, pulleys, electric power and men. The little man directed men to loosen this rope, tighten that, an inch to right, a half-inch to left.

With brain to direct their use, gravity and machinery did the work of placing five thousand pounds of iron.

This is the way for woman to work.

Solomon's ideal woman will come again!

Though she be one in a thousand, she will be many thousands.

She will not be afraid of the Winter, nor calamity, nor poverty, for she will know her power. She will be proud of her lands; not because Solomon has purchased them for her, but because she herself purchased and developed them.

Woman can feed the world. ¶ And though the watchword of Europe may be war, the watchword of America is work.

There is a sweet recompense in mutual deprivations, where trials and difficulties only serve to cement affection.

War!

By James Logan Mosby



WAS conceived in passion, hatred, envy and greed, born in the morning of antiquity, and have a genealogy whose every page drips with the red blood of murdered innocence. I respect neither the feebleness of gray hairs, the helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue, and walk, ironshod, ruthlessly and impartially over the form of the weakling or the form of the giant.

I paint the midnight skies a lurid glow from the burning homes I have ravaged, and I turn peaceful scenes of rural beauty, where God's own creatures dwell together in amity, into

a raging hell. I set neighbor against neighbor in deadly combat, and I incite the brother to slay his brother.

I make puppets of kings, princes of paupers, courtiers of courtesans, and thieves of respected subjects, and empires melt before my breath as does mist before the morning sunlight. I make of religion fanaticism; the heathen I make a fiend incarnate; and of all men I make playthings devoid of reason and justice. Through intrigue I make the intelligent powerful, the unscrupulous wax fat on the spoils of blood-won victories gained by others, and the less learned suffer for their own ignorance. Famine, want and misery follow in my path; I lay waste green fields and still the hand of industry. I pillage the land of its resources, but contribute nothing of benefit to mankind, leaving pestilence to stalk ghostlike in my wake and complete the work of destruction. I lay a heavy tribute upon my most loyal subjects for the maintenance of my establishment; I squander the vitality and lives of those who serve me faithfully, yet return to the world nothing but ruin and ashes. The baubles of fame I confer on some are the empty shells of false standards wherein the license to commit murder and rapine is held to be the insignia of glory by a mistaken civilization.

I can offer no excuse for my having come into existence, nor can I give one plausible reason why I should not cease to be, other than that so long as men who wield influence are permitted to gratify their selfish desires and ambitions at the expense of the many who must carry the burdens and endure the suffering, that long will I continue to exact my toll of sorrow, devastation and death. For I am pitiless—devoid of all feeling; I fear neither man nor God; I am amenable to no law, and I am in myself the law and the last resort.

I am War!

TO make a good living; to have a happy family; to make preparation for hard times; to wear overalls in the shop with the same dignity as good clothes are worn on Sunday; to be confident you are laying a sure foundation for any future success; to feel that you are master of your work; and that you share the creative spirit. This is the philosophy of learning a trade.—Milton P. Higgins.



Let this machine be your partner!

It asks no share in your profits, but—

It will lighten your work—eliminate worry—and increase your personal efficiency.

It will save you money—prevent mistakes—and banish drudgery for your bookkeepers—by providing endless economies and safeguards in every branch of your bookkeeping work.

It will help you plan more wisely—execute your plans more surely—by making it easy to analyze, classify and

properly interpret the mass and maze of detail that confront the manager of every business.

It will cut the cost of doing business—give you better control of your business—and help you make the most of the billion bushel wheat crop and the prosperity our farmer friends are passing on to us.

It will help you do a bigger fall business!

How the WALES cuts bookkeeping costs

The Wales provides a simpler, easier way to extend and check invoices received and rendered, a surer, shorter method of auditing, recapping and summarizing sales tickets and daily sales—a safer, quicker and more satisfactory method of handling pay-rolls and time-records, customers' statements, deposit slips, general recaps and summaries, trial balances, inventories, fiscal statements and, in fact, every conceivable bookkeeping and accounting process.

It is versatile—adaptable—convenient—easy to operate—sure.

It lists, tabulates, adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, cross foots, performs every commercial computation.

It will pay for itself over and over again in many ways and in many places in your business.

If your business requires special accounting operations there is a special Wales model built to perform those special operations.

No other adding machine ever built—no other office machine of any sort—can possibly offer you such quick, continuous and prolific returns on your investment.

It is the machine that you ought to know about—investigate—try out—NOW—and the coupons below make it easy for you to do so.

Send for the latest WALES WAY BULLETINS telling about easier ways of handling

- Invoices
- Sales Tickets
- Daily Ledger Balances
- Recaps
- Auditing Aids
- Time Records
- Deposit Slips

and any other branch of accounting of special interest to you. Use coupon below for convenience.



THE ADDER MACHINE CO., 1 Frank St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This coupon brings free literature:

Check which ☐ Wales Way Bulletins of interest to you to send you ☐ Booklets describing the Wales Visible

State nature of business here _____

Then cut off coupon, pencil with your name or initials, attach to your letterhead and mail to—INQUIRY DIVISION, The Adder Machine Co., 233 Hoyt Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The WALES Visible

Adding & Listing Machine

How it lightens the manager's burden

The Wales makes it possible to get an accurate, boiled-down summary of today's business—and to map out tomorrow's plans for buying and selling—in time to go home and play with the babies!

It makes it easy for a merchant to know what lines are moving, what departments are most active and what each clerk is selling—not approximately or by estimate—but accurately and absolutely.

It makes it easy for both merchant and manufacturer to know what each detail of business is costing,—to detect losses before they grow large and menacing—to save and economize wisely.

It makes it easy for a manager to get his vital facts daily—and to classify, tabulate and arrange these facts for more and more scientific buying, selling and cost cutting in the future.

By bringing the myriad details of your business into order and proper perspective with little effort on your part—it leaves you mentally free to deal with the larger and more profitable aspects of your business.

It places your business more securely in your grasp.

SPECIAL OFFER TO MERCHANTS:

Our Wales Way Bureau has recently been investigating the time and labor saving methods employed by representative concerns in purchasing and handling stocks of goods, handling and reorganizing sales forces and other preparations for fall and winter selling. The improved facilities for checking invoices of purchases and shipments and for analyzing current and past sales records, made possible by the Wales, was the object of the inquiry, but the information secured is of the utmost practical value to any merchant whether the Wales is used or not.

This timely data will be sent free to any responsible business executive—in the form of booklet, bulletin or special report—who will attach one of the coupons below to his letterhead.

Special data for

- Dept. Stores
- Dry Goods Stores
- Grocery Stores
- Clothing Stores
- Millinery Shops
- Shoe Stores
- Hotels and Restaurants
- Theatres, etc.
- Public Service Corporations

has recently been collected by the WALES WAY BUREAU, showing the uses and advantages of the adding machine and will be sent on request—see coupons below.

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., 1 Frank St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This coupon brings special analysis of adding machine applications to your particular business:

State nature of business here _____

Then cut out—pin to your letterhead—and mail to THE WALES WAY BUREAU, c/o The Adder Machine Co., 233 Hoyt Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., 1 Frank St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Send this coupon for free trial details:

Write your name here _____

State your position here _____

Then pin coupon to your letterhead and mail to—THE TRIAL DIVISION of The Adder Machine Co., 233 Hoyt Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Brothers of Niagara Maid

By ELBERT HUBBARD



A short time ago the sales-force of the Niagara Silk Mills spent a day with us at Roycroft. ¶ Here is a picture of the Brothers and a little glimpse of the Out-of-Doors Dining-Room at the Roycroft Inn. ¶ After dinner we adjourned to the Music-Room, and the Roycroft girls, who are cousins of Niagara Maid, rendered a little musical program. ¶ Then I talked to the folks on the subject of salesmanship. ¶ Really, however, I had nothing to tell these men of the Niagara Silk Mills. ¶ I have talked to many a sales-force, but I never addressed a finer lot of men than on this occasion. They are out-of-door fellows, good-natured, kindly, courteous, proud of their line, proud of their customers. ¶ These are men who prize good health and good cheer. ¶ Their mental attitude spells success. ¶ During the course of the year we have a good many conventions at Roycroft. Often, where the main meetings are held in Buffalo, a bunch of twenty-five, fifty or a hundred will come out to Roycroft and have dinner with us, and usually we have a little gabfest and singfest afterward, to the pleasure and profit of everybody concerned. ¶ The Niagara Maid Boys passed the medicine-ball and a resolution that they would be with us again next year. And this is just to remind them that they will be always welcome in the Land of Immortality.

C Some people who love old-fashioned country sausage are fortunate enough to live in the country where they can make their own—as we do. **C** But not everybody who knows what real farm sausage is, lives in the country 🍀 🍀

C That is why our family is in the sausage business and why, for twenty-seven winters, we have sold all the sausage we could make. **C** Our plan of filling all orders the day they are received insures freshness. Low express rates and the fact that our farm is near the depot make quick shipments easy 🍀 🍀

C We are still using the same recipe we began with: choice pig pork, home ground spices, salt, and nothing else. While we make and sell much more than we did at first, it's the same sausage 🍀 🍀

C Most grocers now sell it, and the plan of giving the grocer a "standing order for regular deliveries" has proved a good one for our friends. Where grocers can't supply, please write us. Our packages are net weight. Write us for more facts about our sausage and other facts about our country cured, hickory smoked hams and bacon.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE



MILO C. JONES
JONES DAIRY FARM
Box 622
Fort Atkinson 🍀 Wisconsin

THE FRA Magazine for a year, plus the Roycroft Dictionary—Two Dollars!

A NY good Roycrofter who is not in possession of a copy of *The Roycroft Dictionary* has dropped considerable gaiety out of his existence. Life is a sort of dull, drab affair anyway, and occasionally the thing turns turtle on us, thus preventing us suffering too much from introspection 🍀 🍀

The Roycroft Dictionary has been defined by William F. Gable, Book Gazabo-at-Large, Merchant Prince and Royal Roycroft Rooter, thus: *Roycroft Dictionary*: 1. A lexicon of laughter. 2. The only truthful Dictionary issued since Samuel Johnson gave his opinions of the Scotch in the First Dictionary. 3. A Dictionary dynamo.

A copy of *The Roycroft Dictionary*, sturdily bound in boards, and printed from large type, is given gratis with a subscription to *The Fra Magazine*.

Two Dollars is the stipend that secures the good stuff for a year.

The Dictionary can be sent to one address, the Magazine to another, if so desired.

..... Fill in the Coupon

To The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

I enclose Two Dollars for the good stuff, meaning *The Fra Magazine* for one year, and *The Roycroft Dictionary* gratis, as a premium.

Name

Address

Foreign Postage, Canada excepted, Seventy-five cents

Do You Enjoy Poor Health?

Health in the young is a gift; but after the first fine flush of youth, it is an achievement. ¶ It is like education—in fact, it is a form of education. You have to work to get it, and you have to work to keep it. ¶

¶ Health is an eternal balance—a moving, pivotal point—a gyroscope that is constant only when it is in motion. ¶ Walking is a constant falling, with a continuous recovery.

¶ Health is not a matter of drugs and chemicals. The recipe is, play, work, study, laughter, love, mixed in right proportion. But these things have to be fused with food, drink, air. Then we have to be clothed and housed.



¶ Congenial mental and physical occupation is the first big requisite.

¶ You can not energize vicariously and win in this health game.

¶ To be sane, sensible, strong, patient and efficient are very necessary requirements in this game of life. It's a poor place for weaklings!

¶ Doctors in the past have usually devoted themselves to curing us when we got sick, removing a troublesome organ, if necessary, to save our lives, and let us go through life on one cylinder, while the world lifts astonished, unmanicured hands that we should run at all—bless my giblets!

¶ Now comes a physician who teaches the Science of Prophylactics and shows us how to pass up doctors, like the chauffeur who, after reading

Autology, passed two Fords and a Cadillac. ¶ All this Dr. Edmond R. Moras does in his epoch-making book, *Autology*—literally the "Automatic Life"—where day after day the Supreme Intelligence breathes into our nostrils the breath of life.

¶ Dr. Moras has written a little book entitled, *A Guide to Autology*. This little book—the *Guide*—is a range-finder that locates for you the good ship *Autology*, loaded to the gunwales with appetizing ideas.

¶ The *Guide* is sent gratis to any *Fra* reader who applies. If you have mannerisms, but no style, and twinges instead of thoughts, you need a little of the quintessence of Moras, or Tincture of Commonsense, so as to put you *en rapport* with the Unities. ¶ But if you are well, strong and happy all the time, don't bother—you evidently know all there is in the *Guide*, whether you know you know, or not. ¶ However, if occasionally you are given to physical floppiness, and realize you are not a Conquistador, then, as before gently intimated, you had better reballast your bean with a few ideas from a great physician who writes his prescriptions in English. ¶ The address is:

EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Hand-Bags of Modeled Leather

*For the woman who seeks a distinctive addition to afternoon
or shopping costume*



Modeled in Lily-of-the-Valley
Design. Size, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches.
Lined with moire silk. Has
inside pocket and cardcase.
Price, \$6.00



Modeled in Fuschia Design
Size, $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Price, \$12.00
Size, $7 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Price, \$10.00



Modeled in
Conventional Rose
Design
Size, 5×5 inches
Leather-Lined
Price, \$4.00



Modeled in Buttonwood Design
Size, $8\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ inches
Price, \$15.00

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THERE is a simple
dignity of design
in these bags. The
marvelous color
effects are attained
by the use of gold in
the staining.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



Modeled in Empire Design
Leather-lined. Has inside
pocket and coin-purse.
Size, $7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Price, \$10.00
Size, $8 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Price, \$12.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Books for Travel Reading



Little Journeys

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

If you are planning to travel during your vacation or to stay at home, and still enjoy the joy of travel without fatigue, read books which entertain and at the same time educate.

¶ You will find entertainment and instruction in Elbert Hubbard's **LITTLE JOURNEYS**—being brief excursions to the homes of men and women whose lives are of interest to all. These **JOURNEYS** show best Mr. Hubbard's kindly touch of humor, happy insight into every-day affairs, and gift for making trivialities reveal their human importance.

There are **LITTLE JOURNEYS** to the homes of Artists, Musicians, Philosophers, Great Lovers, Orators, Authors, Businessmen, and Famous Women.

Read what a few good Roycrofters and great have said about Little Journeys

John Brisbane Walker :

I know many well-educated men who got their first taste for good literature by reading Hubbard's **LITTLE JOURNEYS**.

Rabbi Henry A. Wise :

LITTLE JOURNEYS are a most valuable introduction to men whom we should all know.

Joseph D. Oliver :

I am not only buying Mr. Hubbard's full set of books, but am also reading them.

To the boy who would win out, I say, "Always and forever, read **LITTLE JOURNEYS**."

George Bury :

To seize the vital facts in history, and tell them briefly and well, is an art.

And this art is Hubbard's.

Sir William Van Horne :

Like all other good people—or fairly so—I read **LITTLE JOURNEYS**, but not for a sedative.

Send to us for descriptive booklet of bound volumes in the new Miriam binding.

The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA :: NEW YORK

SOME THINGS YOU WILL FIND AT ROYCROFT WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, N. Y.

¶ A commercial venture where business and beauty blend.

¶ A group of workshops surrounded by old apple-trees, shrubbery, flowerbeds, spacious playgrounds.

¶ A hotel built and equipped with furniture made by the people who own the place.

¶ Workrooms in which there are over a thousand original drawings, paintings, sketches, carvings, bronzes, fashioned in joy by Roycroft workers. Shops where light, heat and power are supplied from a central power plant built and operated by the concern that has its own electricians, carpenters, blacksmiths, plumbers and machinists.

¶ Upwards of five hundred workers—men and women—every one of whom has a Savings-Bank Account, a thing which probably can not be truthfully said of any other factory in the world.

¶ A factory that has a music-room in which the mural paintings are worth more than five thousand dollars.

¶ A corporation that has a dozen pianos for use of its helpers and guests; that has a brass band, an orchestra, a baseball-team, saddle-horses, automobiles, a park of over a hundred acres, a farm of three hundred acres—Holstein Cows, Duroc Pigs, Plymouth-Rock Chickens, Pekin Ducks, Bronze Turkeys, Persian Lambs, Black Sheep (a few), Guinea-Hens galore.

¶ A working library of over ten thousand volumes.

¶ A library of several thousand rare books and deluxe bindings, the books being printed, illumined and bound by Roycroft workers, the value for bindings alone running from Ten Dollars to Five Hundred Dollars each.

¶ A place where the word "Commercial" is never used as an epithet, and where the phrase, "menial task," has no meaning; where industry, economy, health and high ideals prevail; where love, labor, art, work, and religion join hands for a common good.

¶ Walks and talks, lectures and recitals, spelling-bees and debates, music, and then some more music.



Child's Rocker No. 020

Width, 16½ inches
Depth, 15 inches
Back, 18½ inches

Child's Chair No. 088

Width, 13½ inches
Depth, 13 inches
Seat, 10 in. high
Back, 15 inches

These two chairs are made especially for the Kideens. They are "creep-up-close chairs," for when daddy tells the "Sandman story." All the characteristics that go to make Roycroft Furniture distinctive are embodied in them ❧ ❧

They are strong, well-finished, well-balanced, durable and artistic. Made of quartered oak; leather seats.

They will be sent to you, securely crated, F.O.B. East Aurora, for Twelve Dollars. Yes —BOTH OF THEM.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA

NEW YORK



HE IS READING

Pig-Pen Pete

Elbert Hubbard's wonderful Animal Book!

THE

Roycroft Dictionary

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Address

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, N. Y.

Pillars of Light



We are constantly striving to make our shops and grounds more beautiful and more attractive. We spend thousands of dollars in this way every year. The money goes for a great multitude of things. Buildings must be kept freshly painted. New walks laid—new walls and fences built. Flowers and hedges cultivated and cared for. Grass kept cut. Trees looked after and protected against the ravages of time. Improvements and alterations made. From this expenditure we get no direct returns. It comes under the head of "expense." We do a little every year, and leave the rest for another time. This year, in addition to the many small jobs that came up for attention, we installed a number of Union Metal Lamp Standards.

¶ Before, we saw as through a glass, darkly—but now, face to face. These beautiful Pillars of Light guide the Chosen People into the Promised Land of Roycroft. They are an asset—not an



Design 1741C

expense. You should hear the complimentary remarks our guests have made about them.

¶ These lamp-standards made in Canton, Ohio, by the Union Metal Manufacturing Company, are fashioned in the Greek style, and trace a pedigree straight to Phidias and Ictinus, who designed the friezes for the Parthenon. They speak eloquently of the glory that was Greece in the golden prime of Pericles.

¶ Someone has said that only that is beautiful which serves. Union Metal Lamp Standards, judged by this dictum, must be given a rating of AAA I. They are extraordinarily beautiful, and they give a light that is soft, mellow, diffused. The Roycrofters selected these standards only after looking the market over long and carefully. We are satisfied that we have the best that money will buy, and we are content.

¶ For "light" literature, specify Circular C-200, describing the full line of prize winners.

The Union Metal Mfg. Co.
Canton, Ohio

The Song of Myself

Old Walt tooted his B-flat pretty powerful, but then, you have to, in these days of Klaxon and Kumpany.

¶ I want a job, and I have the grit and the gump-ton to make good. ¶ Paregorically speaking, I have, up to this writing, warmed the bench, serving in the occasional capacity of pinch-hitter, and usually "breaking up the game." I aim to earn a regular berth, and am anxious to sign a contract. ¶ I can qualify as ad-writer and general facility man for some good business that requires a judicious and energetic booster. A place, though, where Friend Salary and I can advance hand in hand. ¶ They say opportunity knocks, and I want a Knockdown. Can you help me?

Address W. G. T., FRA Promotion Bureau, East Aurora, N.Y.

FARM-MANAGER

SUCCESSFUL farm-managers are still pretty rare. Here is one who seems to have the qualifications—and then some. He is 28, healthy, ambitious and single. Uses the Prophylactic daily, and smokes in moderation. Holds a diploma from the Minnesota Agricultural School, and has put in six years at hard work, gaining practical experience as herdsman and general farm-manager. He knows buying and selling, and admits a partiality for the Holstein breed. Only a purely business proposition will be considered, such as organizing a large farm with a view to putting it on a money-making basis. Prefers a good future to present emolument.

Address BOX 8, ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, ROYCROFT, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE



She's telling her all about **PIG-PEN PETE**
—Elbert Hubbard's wonderful animile book,
just printed.



PIG-PEN PETE

OR

Some Chums Of Mine

The New Book by Elbert Hubbard

PIG-PEN PETE is the story of a dog with a litter-ary attachment—having been adopted by a sow—together with twenty-two other merry tales of dogs, cats, chickens, guineas,

horses, mules, cows, calves, birds, rabbits and—lobsters! Ali Baba is sore! Mr. Hubbard has omitted mention of his dog—a yard-long, bred-under-the-bureau specimen of canine casualty called Manuscript (because he is dog-eared and always comes back!—doggone it!). ¶ The stories are full of fun and frolic—whimsically told in Elbert Hubbard's inimitable way. But there is an undertow of love for all living things and a strong appeal for the consideration of our dumb brothers. ¶ The book is a literary gem—a typographical joy—a library acquisition of which to be proud. ¶ Price, in Pig Grain, Semi-Flexible Leather Binding, TWO DOLLARS. ¶ A Deluxe Edition of One Thousand, hand-illuminated, bound in Art Pig, FIVE DOLLARS each.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

RECREATION

Established 1893

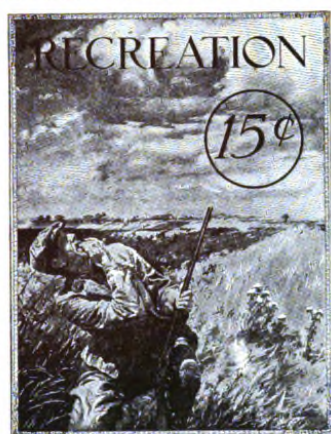

 15¢

Out
September 20th

BUY IT

\$1.50
a year

READ IT



Leading Features October Recreation

When the Snipe Come Down
Hitting Big Game
Keeping Baseball Clean
The Proposed Rocky Mountain Park
Shoals, Sharks, and the "Mary D."
Hunting in the Wind River Mountains
The Big Blue Bill Flight
The Professionally Trained Bird Dog
The Outdoor World Publishing Company

Charles B. Morss
Edward C. Crossman
Ban B. Johnson
R. B. Marshall

The Kingfisher's Feather
Afoot Over the North Carolina Appalachians
Seattle to Skagway by Canoe
Hunting Moose on the Upper Fraser

2 Duane Street, New York

THE commercial conquest by Europe of the tropics of Africa, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific will be recounted by future historians as the monumental achievement of this age. That development is still in progress. It consists in applying the methods of a high civilization and scientific industry to great tropical sections which have remained undeveloped.

There is one dominant reason why the American tropics have not participated in the


stupendous progress of all other tropical sections, and that reason is this: Instability of their governmental conditions has estopped the capital and the enterprise of the world from undertaking the development of their wonderful tropical resources. For this state of affairs the United States is largely to blame. Our national sins are not those of commission, but of omission. We have paid no attention to the welfare of our tropical neighbors, for the purely selfish and ignorant reason that we did not consider the matter worth our while. ¶ It has not yet dawned on our political leaders that our tropics are a great but unused asset.

We are so accustomed to the careless or wilful destruction of forests and other of our own natural resources that it is a matter of slight interest to us whether our tropical neighbors make a specialty of anarchy or of productive peace. We will one day learn, as financiers have already learned at their bitter cost, that each civilized nation shares in the prosperity or distress of all other nations. We of the United States pay our share of the losses in the periods of lawlessness which blight Mexico

and other tropical republics. The revolution, equally with the hurricane which destroys crops in the adjacent tropics, adds to the cost of living of the dwellers in every city, village, and section of the United States. On the other hand, any enterprise or any statesmanship which increases the productivity of these tropical sections adds directly to the assets and welfare of all of the people of the United States. The United States is and always will be the chief market for the agricultural products of these tropical nations. The United States should supply to them in return the innumerable much-needed products of its factories and mills, but even the share of this trade which we now hold will be lost unless we meet this situation with intelligence and sympathy.

—Frederick Upham Adams.

I AM not jealous of any progress or growth, no matter how huge the result, provided the result was indeed obtained by the processes of wholesome development, which are the processes of efficiency, of economy, of intelligence, and of invention.—Woodrow Wilson.



MELVILLE CLARK

APOLLO

Player Piano

Yes—the Apollo does cost us *both* a little more—
But the pleasure of listening to its almost faultless reproduction of a musician's playing *more* than justifies the slight additional initial cost.

The musical and mechanical perfection of the Apollo has given it a standing second to none in the world.

A letter from you will bring proof from us that you'll never begrudge the little increase in price of the Apollo over the average player piano. Full details of the six exclusive patented features of the Apollo will be included.

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES — 402 FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO
NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS — 113 WEST 40th STREET

POETRY is simply the most beautiful, impressive and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance.

—Matthew Arnold.

It is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier—more blessed, less accursed.

—Carlyle.

For · Cut · Flowers · and · Growing · Plants

Vases · and · Jardinieres · of · Hand-Wrought · Copper

FLUTED-EDGE FERN-PAN



Diameter, 8 inches
Height, 3 inches
Price, \$2.50

The flower - holders
are happy ideas of
cheerful artists, ma-
terialized in hand-
wrought copper. All
have grace of form
and beauty of color-
ing

JARDINIERE



Diameter at top, 10 inches
Diameter of bowl, 10 inches
Height, 11½ inches
Price, \$10.00

SHAFT VASE



Height, 10½ inches
Diameter, 6½ inches
Price, \$5.00

JARDINIERE



Diameter, 10 inches
Height, 11 inches
Price, \$6.00

LIMOUSINE VASE



A beautifully finished hanging Vase
hand wrought. Price, \$2.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Cash

We pay full value in cash for watches, diamonds, gold, silver, platinum, or any jewelry, new or broken, in any quantity. We also buy any discarded false teeth, with or without gold. All transactions strictly confidential. We can save you about one-half on any diamonds, watches, or jewelry you want to buy. Our method of buying tells the tale. Ask for catalog.

Liberty Refining Co., 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A Ten-Acre Truck-Farm

IN CENTRAL FLORIDA WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT FOR LIFE. IF YOU HAVE A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GET ONE, AND MAKE IT PRODUCE AN INCOME FROM THE START.

Address: S. W. FREEMAN, Delaware Water Gap, Penna.

A GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME FOR YOU!

—maybe! You see, it's THIS way: I've just run across a Kitchen Device that has COME TO STAY —something every housewife will go crazy over. Am organizing a company to advertise it nationally, selling by mail and through agents. Want two or three men with me in the thing —people of A-1 connections, who will send their credentials in answer to this ad and give as many particulars as they'll ask. Don't answer unless you have brains plus the bullion. You must be prepared to invest from \$10,000 to \$25,000 cash.

AD-MAN DAVISON
FINANCE BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MO.

Watches

at the inside Factory Price. You save the Dealers' profits on eternally accurate Elgin Watches, Factory-New—timed, tested, warranted. Write for our Watch Talk which lets you in on the ground floor and helps you select a watch that will satisfy you a lifetime.

SUTTON WATCH CO. 208 Keller Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

For Sale! TWO PRIVATE CAMPS

equipped complete, with all necessities and some luxuries—motor boat, canoes, tent, piano, etc. Camps are located on Lake Chesuncook, forty miles north of Kineo, in the northern part of the State. Maine is the camping paradise of America. Photos, descriptions and price sent on application of parties interested. Address

RALPH L. GRAY :: CHESUNCOOK, MAINE



HE HAS JUST READ

PIG-PEN PETE

Elbert Hubbard's new and wonderful Animal Book. *The Fra and Pig-Pen Pete*—\$2.00

The Roycrofters
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Roycroft Furniture

HERE is a genuineness about all Roycroft furniture which is a result of an earnest intent to produce furniture with simplicity of design, strength and character in its construction, and durability in its use. Roycroft furniture costs more than many other makes, but it is worth all we ask for it. If you are truly interested in having some real furniture, and do not already possess our complete catalog of dining-room, living-room and bedroom furniture, send us twenty-five cents in stamps and we will send you the catalog at once.

The Roycrofters
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE

Modeled-Leather Articles for the Suit-Case

DESIGNED TO BE EQUALLY USEFUL ON THE DRESSING-TABLE

MANICURE-CASE

Modeled in Spanish cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Fitted with best imported instruments. Size, open, 6 x 10 inches. Price, \$10.00



Price, \$10.00

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE



Price, \$5.00 *

Size, closed, 6 by 6 inches

IN ALL THESE CASES, THERE IS A PERFECTION OF MODELING, COLORING AND WORKMANSHIP NOT TO BE SURPASSED

TIE-CASE



Price, \$8.00

Size, 7 by 19 inches closed
Lined with ooze-morocco
Place for six stickpins

STICK-PIN AND CUFF-BUTTON CASE



Price, \$3.50

Modeled in Spanish cowhide and lined with ooze-morocco. Size, open, 4½ x 9½ inches. Price, \$3.50. These cases are suitable additions to the traveling-bag and also desirable on the dressing-table

JEWEL-BOX



Price, \$6.00

Size, 1¾ by 4 by 4 inches

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, N. Y.

Roycroft Hand-Wrought Copper Serving-Trays

These copper serving-trays will give your luncheons and teas just the desired touch of novelty



Price, \$5.00

SERVING-TRAY WITH TWO HANDLES

Diameter of Tray, 15½ inches



Price, \$3.00

SMALLER SERVING-TRAY

WITHOUT HANDLES

Diameter of Tray, 12 inches

Serving-Tray without handles (not shown). Diameter, 14 inches. Price

\$4.00



Price, \$1.25

FRUIT-TRAY

Diameter of Tray, 8 inches

CRUMB-TRAY AND SCRAPER



Price, \$3.00

Copper Crumb-Tray, 4 x 8 inches

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

"Quality" Circulation



We are reminded, now and again, that the word "quality," used as an adjective, in connection with "circulation," is a bygone. The combination has been done to death, so they say. The term "Efficiency" is another example of a good thing done to a Washington Crisp.

We gather from statements and reports that "quality" circulation is deemed desirable only when linked up with "quantity." The whole question turns on what we mean by "quality" and "quantity." That the terms are relative in their significance no one will have the heart to deny. Quantity may mean two million, in the case of a deservedly popular weekly publication. Again, a trade-paper may have ten thousand subscribers, and be accounted a top-notch advertising medium. ¶ "Quality" circulation is still sought after by the advertiser who is concerned with securing results. An advertisement that is read by five hundred intelligent people is assuredly guaranteed a higher percentage of prestige than the same announcement when given absent treatment by a hundred thousand folks of the hit-or-miss blend. Concentrated circulation is the factor that gives trade-papers and class magazines their value as advertising media.

THE FRA and *THE PHILISTINE* are not trade-papers; but in a certain sense they may be regarded as class publications, inasmuch as their appeal is of necessity restricted to people of a distinct type. Readers of *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE* are by that very token set apart from the great mass who fletcherize the popular magazines, so called.

The Roycroft Magazines are essentially of the non-popular type. We print no fiction whatsoever, and no illustrations, save in the advertising pages. The articles, one and all, partake of the character of the editorial. People who delight in the Sunday Supplement and the saffron journals would not be interested in the average *FRA* or *PHILISTINE* article. Naturally, certain things can be advertised in *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE* more profitably than others. The point is that these magazines reach a class of people who are "different," in the sense that they constitute a sort of specialized clientele. These people prize and appreciate quality. ¶ We have unusual facilities for producing effective typographical arrangements. Elbert Hubbard writes special copy on occasion and our rates are right. ¶ The busy Fall and Winter months are with us—perhaps you had better write us now and find out how we can co-operate with you to our mutual advantage.

A D V E R T I S I N G D E P A R T M E N T

THE ROYCROFT SHOPS

EAST AURORA

NEW YORK STATE

Chalmers-1915 "Light Six"



Chalmers "Light Six" 6-passenger Touring Car,
\$1725, Fully Equipped f. o. b. Detroit

The Real Quality of a Car Shows in Its Good Looks

Stand on the main thoroughfare of any city. Watch the many makes of cars as they flash by. Most of them pass without notice from the people in the street. Then comes some thoroughbred of motordom. People turn to look. You hear them say, "What car is that?" or "Isn't that car a beauty?"

You probably have paid that tribute to the motor car thoroughbreds yourself.

And if you happen to be the owner of such a car, you have felt a glow of pride—the just pride every one feels in possessing a superior and distinctive thing.

A motor car advertises your judgment. If people don't admire it, you soon tire of even the highest priced car. But if people in the street stop to praise its grace and beauty; if your friends tell stories of its fine performances; if your wife's friends laud its comfort, then you are glad to say, "That is *my* car."

And such a car is the 1915 Chalmers "Light Six."

Here is a car that has striking smartness and beauty. Owners of other cars praise the sweep of its molded oval fenders. Passersby stop to enjoy the grace of its perfectly blended lines. Experts delight in its silent, vibrationless power—its rare "lightness of foot."

And now we offer you the 1915 "Light Six" with a new and distinctive body—the 6-passenger touring car.

The distinctive Chalmers design body—amply roomy for six people—is fitted with unusually wide doors. The tonneau is equipped with Pullman disappearing seats. The upholstery is deep and luxurious.

Mechanically, the larger "Light Six" Touring Car is the same as the 5-passenger model of which over 4000 have been delivered to owners since May.

The "Light Six" has been proved in more than 3,000,000 miles of service. It is the one 1915 car with an aggregate mileage great enough to prove beyond doubt that it has strength for every emergency, power

to spare, and the easy riding qualities of cars costing much more.

We offer the 6-passenger Touring Car—as we do all Chalmers cars—as a real quality car, comparable with cars of much greater cost. This new "Light Six" is not sold on price alone; but on quality—unusual value at an extremely low price.

You *can* buy a car of this passenger-capacity for less money. But the difference you pay to get a Chalmers will be returned to you in the added pleasure and satisfaction of owning a car of whose looks and performance you can always be proud.

If you pay less than Chalmers prices, you must be satisfied with less than Chalmers quality.

You will better appreciate that fact after you have seen and ridden in the 1915 Chalmers cars. Your local Chalmers Dealer will give you the Chalmers Test Ride at your own convenience. He is now showing the 1915 "Light Six" and 1915 "Master Six" in several styles. Don't fail to see the new Chalmers models.

1915 "Light Six"—5-passenger Touring Car, \$1650; 1915 "Light Six"—6-passenger Touring Car, \$1725; 1915 "Light Six"—2-passenger Coupelet, \$1900; 1915 "Light Six"—5-passenger Sedan, \$2750; 1915 "Light Six"—7-passenger Limousine, \$3200; 1915 "Master Six"—5-passenger Torpedo, \$2400; 1915 "Master Six"—7-passenger Touring Car, \$2400. Fully equipped f. o. b. Detroit.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send me literature on the 1915 Chalmers "Light Sixes" and the "Master Sixes."
Name _____
Street _____ Town _____
State _____ FRA



To Be Published Monthly

The demand for ALL OUTDOORS has forced the change from a quarterly to a monthly. The October issue is now on sale.

It contains the condensed federal and state game laws. Stories and pictures in wonderful variety. Duck shooting. Deer hunting. Tennis helps. Golf hints. How to do things out-o'-doors. How to keep well. Everything brief. Everything readable. Large pages. Large pictures.

On sale at all newsstands, 15 cents. Or better, use the coupon and be certain of a full year of enjoyment.

ALL OUTDOORS, Inc.,
145 West 36th St., New York

I enclose one dollar for one year's subscription to ALL OUTDOORS.

Name

Address

OH, somebody poisoned the emperor's dog—yea, gave it of arsenic more than a pound; at dawn it was lying out in the fog, its legs in the air and its tail on the ground. The emperor muttered, "This insult, by jing, most certainly calls for an ocean of blood; and now I will climb on the frame of the king who handed my bow-wow a poisonous spud." The emperor summoned his three million men, and told them to scrap while the scrapping was fine; the king, much offended, emerged from

YOUR LANGUAGE TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

Grenville Kleiser (famous speech specialist) is giving a wider scope in life to hundreds of earnest men and women through his "wholly different" Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency.

ENLARGE YOUR STOCK OF WORDS.

Learn to use the right word in the right place. A limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited power and authority. Grenville Kleiser will give you a supreme command of words.

WRITE LETTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND STORIES THAT MOVE MEN TO "DO THINGS."

The Kleiser Course will give you the fundamentals that lead to success in any style of literature. It teaches the kind of English expression that awakens attention and compels action.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME OR BUSINESS.

There is scarcely any stronger impetus towards promotion and individual progress in business than the ability to express yourself in concise, grammatical English. The Kleiser Course will make you a bigger, more successful man by giving you this power.

BE A MAN OF CULTURE AND POWER.

Good English is the "hall-mark" of a gentleman. It enables you to enter good society and to feel at ease in the company of cultured people. The Kleiser Course in Practical English will awaken latent powers and ambitions. Not only will it give you a command of language, but it will develop personal magnetism, powers of concentration, will power, and build up a personality which will command recognition and advancement. It requires spare time only, and is free from involved rules.

Write to-day on a post-card for full information and free booklet "How to Become a Master of English."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 180 New York

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS—giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
143 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



his den, and called for his soldiers, and got them in line. Ah, then there was war, and the sickening thud, and there was a soul-searching chorus of groans; and travelers waded through rivers of blood, or twisted their ankles on hill-ocks of bones. The homes of the people made excellent fires, and women were widowed without their consent; and children were waiting in vain for the sires whose blood for a bow-wow was foolishly spent. And when it was over, and legions were slain, a horse-doctor looked at the emperor's Spitz. "The beast was n't poisoned," he muttered, "that is plain—the dog was a victim of fits."—Mason.

A MAN'S love for his wife and children, or those dependent upon him for support, is measured by the amount of life-insurance he carries.—Charles R. Steele.

THE Pessimist is the individual who, when he sees Virtue at all, weighs it by avoirdupois; but given a morsel of Vice, he makes a grand rush for the jeweler's scales—and his findings never yet have lacked a herald to proclaim them.—R. M. Nichols.

DURING the hearing of the case in which Doctor Joshua Sweet, a member of the faculty of the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, has been charged with wanton cruelty to dogs after vivisection, Judge Bregy is reported to have said, "No one has a right to inflict pain or torture on a dog for the purpose of obtaining scientific information." And he added, "Scientific purpose does not excuse cruelty." Judge Bregy made these uncompromising statements in his speech to the jury after hearing the passionate plea on behalf of the rights of science, made by the man on trial and by a number of prominent members of the University of Pennsylvania.

FORESEE and I forefeel the time when, under good citizenship in the real sense, an Americanized continent shall contemplate and inspire an Americanized world. Not a world or continents under single or similar control, but with governments moralized and spiritualized with the principle of liberty, equality, justice, and opportunity, regulated by righteous law and inspired by a righteous people, loving

right, hating evil, helping the weak, restraining the strong, and restoring humanity to the plane of human brotherhood, whereon it shall walk hand in hand with the Divine Fatherhood. If this be an error, as I believe it is not, it is an error which I revere. If this be delusion, which I think it is not, it is a delusion on which I hope my dying eyes may look with faith in the conviction that it shall yet enwrap the world within its angelic form.

—Hon. St. Clair McKelway.

DEATH TO STEEL NEEDLES

THE SONORA JEWEL MULTI- PLAYING NEEDLE

A RELIABLE AND IMPROVED SUBSTITUTE MARKS THE
BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE STEEL NEEDLE

BECAUSE IT

Eliminates the Necessity of Changing after each playing
Plays on all makes of Disc Phonographs
Improves on the Tone-Quality of the record
Reduces to a Minimum the Scratch and any Imperfections which may exist
Increases the Life of the record
Gives New Life to used records
Permits Different Tone Volumes without the aid of other attachments
Is Guaranteed for three Months

FIVE years ago the Sonora Phonograph Company introduced the first perpetual Jewel Disc Record made in the United States. Since that time, by continual efforts, wonderful improvements have been made. Encouraged by the success of this record and the needle used thereon, and realizing the trouble, annoyance and damage which the use of steel needles causes to disc records, we have now perfected this Jewel Needle, which eliminates the necessity of changing after every record and still does not injure the delicate grooves of the record, as the use of the steel needle does, and at the same time greatly improves on the tone.

All owners of talking machines dislike the requirement of changing the needle after each playing and the SONORA JEWEL MULTI-PLAYING NEEDLE will be welcomed by them all.

Every owner of a talking machine will want one or more of these needles, and with the SONORA JEWEL MULTI-PLAYING NEEDLE it will be "Once a User, Always a User."



Patents Pending
Price, \$1.00

SEND US YOUR TRIAL ORDER FOR ONE OF THESE NEEDLES
ENCLOSING ONE DOLLAR AND BE CONVINCED

Write for new catalogue of phonographs and prices to

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION, Mfrs.

GEO. E. BRIGHTSON, Pres.

57 READE STREET

NEW YORK

PIG-PEN PETE

A double portion of Picturesque, Pleasing and Piquant Palaver by *Elbert Hubbard*, in Collaboration with Pygmalion.

Cast your bread to Pig-Pen Pete, and it will be returned to you, after many days, a Ham Sandwich. ¶ This collection of animal stories throws Teddy da Roose and Thompson Seething into a deep purple shade, from which they will not



readily return to a Place in the Sun.

¶ The stories are based on truth. They reek with the curious quality called "human interest," though the dramatic "personæ" are not "humans."

¶ The book is bound to please—that is to say, in Semi-Flexible Pig Grain. Don't be a Pig-Headed Pig-Skinflint—come across now. The price is cheap at Two Dollars **\$ 2 0 0**

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, Erie County, New York State



The Little One - der Attachment for Talking Machines

Instantly put on or taken off.
Eliminates scrape or scratch. "Restores lost chords and takes the wreck out of records."
Get one on approval. No money required with order. If you keep it—send us only \$1.00.

A. S. B. LITTLE SOLE MAKER and PATENTEE
1400 So. 5th St., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE GIFT FOR HER



Pearl String 16 inches long
At Your Jeweler's \$10

LA TAUSCA Perles de Ceylon

The most sought of all gems—priceless oriental pearls, perfectly reproduced. Always in fashion. Appropriate on all occasions. If your jeweler cannot supply you, write us to have your order filled. Send for Free booklet.

Other La Tausca Qualities from \$3.00 per string to \$100.00 per string

THE LOW-TAUSSIG-KARPELES CO. PROVIDENCE, R. I. or NEW YORK, N. Y.



ARE YOU
SCOUTING FOR
A HUNDRED-
POINTER?
I KNOW HIS
ADDRESS.

Elbert Hubbard



STATEMENT OF THE OWNER- SHIP AND MANAGEMENT OF The Era Magazine

Published Monthly at East Aurora, New York
(Required by Act of August 24, 1912)

Editor *Elbert Hubbard*
Managing Editor *Elbert Hubbard*
Business Manager *Elbert Hubbard*
Publisher *The Roycrofters (Incorporated)*

Owners (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock): *Elbert Hubbard, Elbert Hubbard II, Miriam Hubbard, and Alice Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y.*

WHO SAID "JOB"?

WAS IT YOU, Mr. Manufacturer? Or you, Mr. Businessman? Whoever it was, here is the man that can fill it. He is all that you have learned not to look for in employees of the better sort. Honest, loyal, faithful, earnest, ambitious, aggressive, yet refined. He is only twenty-eight, so his past record is mostly in the future. What there is of it will bear inspecting. It is not so much a question of emolument—now!—as of congenial employment. But with prices soaring into the cerulean, salary is, after all, a rather real consideration with any commonsense male man.

¶ All of which is in the nature of an introduction. Candidate has good references from former employers and other responsible businessmen. For facts and details, address *W. G. A., the Man for your Money, care THE FRA, East Aurora, N. Y.*

PHLOX — Garden Beauties

SAVE A PLACE IN YOUR GARDEN FOR
HARDY PHLOX

handsome, showy flowers always found in the old-fashioned garden. Because of their hardiness and ease of cultivation, Phlox are perennial favorites. Especially adapted for planting on rockeries, and in borders and groups. We make a specialty of Phlox—300 varieties. Also, Iris and Delphinium. Our list is free. Send today.

W. F. SCHMEISKE

Dept. F, HOSPITAL STATION, Binghamton, N. Y.

Look Ahead

BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT the gift of prophecy, horses still haul your produce, your materials, deliver your goods, and make your emergency trips. If you could see beforehand the saving in time and money and routine labor, and the natural growth in your business and profits that an **INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCK** would mean for you, you would buy one tomorrow. As it is, you may see your potential results if you will look into the fortunate experience of the many thousands of business men of all lines who have in their service



International Motor Trucks

Why are there more **INTERNATIONALS** in use than any other make of motor truck? Because it is a good truck of medium weight, medium capacity, medium price, built for all light hauling and rapid delivery, for the average business. Because it is light, yet sturdy and strong; powerful, but simple and easy to manage. It runs for twenty-four hours "straight" when necessary. It costs nothing when not working. It costs little more than a horse and wagon for up-keep, yet goes three times as fast and far. ¶ The **INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCK** may solve your transportation problems. Find out all about its simple engine, solid rubber tires, the various styles of body to suit any business. Find out what it will do for you. Write us for catalogues and full information.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

160 HARVESTER BUILDING

(INCORPORATED)

CHICAGO U S A



Prose-Poems and Selections from the Writings and Sayings of Robert G. Ingersoll

BOB INGERSOLL has come into his own. Time was when his doctrines were denounced as dangerous. This is not so to-day—happily we are become liberal-minded.

In these days of Individualism, Feminism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Ingersoll's writings appear in the light of prophetic vision and should be read by every thinking man and woman.

His selected writings are now available in one moderate sized volume of 426 pages, illustrated with half-tone frontispiece portrait, bound in boards with cloth back; price \$1.50. ¶ For the purpose of introducing Ingersoll's works, the following

Special Offer

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With each order will be sent gratis (1) a portrait of Ingersoll, with signature in facsimile, reproduced in photogravure and printed by hand on Japanese paper—an excellent library decoration; (2) *The Birthplace of Burns*, reproduced from the original hanging in the Burns Cottage at Ayr, Scotland; size, 13 x 9½ inches; (3) miscellaneous circular matter, descriptive of the Dresden Edition of Ingersoll's writings. All this will be forwarded, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of remittance with order.

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The Heart of the Heating Plant

This perfect device enables one to have a fixed temperature throughout the house, both day and night. It automatically opens and closes the drafts and dampers, keeping the fire burning sufficiently to maintain exactly the degree indicated.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

WITH TIME ATTACHMENT

At bedtime a lower temperature is indicated for the night, and the time attachment is set for a change at, say, 7 a. m. At the morning hour thus set, the indicator automatically and silently moves back to 70, and the rooms are warm at the time of rising. Ends worry and constant attention. Insures comfort and health. Saves fuel. Has universally become a requirement of every modern home.



Model No. 47
1-day clock



Model No. 60
8-day clock

Used with any heating plant.
Installed and guaranteed by
the heating trade everywhere.

Write for booklet

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR COMPANY

Factory and General Offices

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A Nut-Set of Hand-Wrought Copper

THIS picture can give a good idea of the size, shape and design of the Roycroft Nut-Set. The glint and gleam of the hammered copper are hidden in the black and white of the printed page.

The bowl and plates are fine examples of copper craft.

The service-spoon is of antique design. The nut-picks have German-silver tips. The pleasure of a feast of nuts will be multiplied if this charming nut-service is used.

The price for the complete set is \$10.00. The different parts can be purchased separately at the following prices.



PRICE, \$10.00

Bowls	\$3.50
Nut-Picks, German-Silver Tipped, 21 cents each, six	1.50
Nut-Plates, 75 cents each, six	4.50
Nut Service-Spoon	1.50

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Roycroft Pecan Patties



FROM huge kettles in the Roycroft Candy-Kitchen is poured a toothsome mixture of pure maple-syrup and pecan-nuts. Maple-syrup of the first run and new-season pecan-nuts are the ingredients used.

This happy combination, after boiling just the right length of time, is made into dainty patties.

The patties are wrapped separately in waxed papers and packed neatly in attractive boxes.

A special box will be mailed to any address for One Dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA :: NEW YORK STATE

A Fit Accompaniment for the Afternoon Teakettle



PRICE, \$20.00

Chafing-Dish of Hand-Wrought Copper

THIS INCLUDES STANDARD, TRAY AND ALCOHOL-BURNER OF COPPER, AND EARTHEN CASSEROLE OF FRENCH WARE.

The Roycrofters
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Roycroft Lamps of Hand-Wrought Copper

These lamps are equipped for Electricity. They have the necessary qualifications for satisfactory illumination, and they have charm and individuality as well.



Height of lamp, complete, with shade, 22 inches. Diameter of shade, 20 inches. The shade is fitted with riveted mica panels.

Price, \$30.00



This lamp is tall and graceful. Especially suitable for a low table. Height, 18 inches. Shade, 7 inches in diameter, aluminum-bronze lined.

Price, \$10.00



Sturdy, dependable and good-looking. This lamp is 14 inches high. The shade is 8 inches in diameter and is aluminum-bronze lined.

Price, \$12.00

The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora State of New York

“**QUEED**”
and “**V.V.’S EYES**”
of which 400,000 copies already have been sold

If you learned to love “Queed” and have lost yourself in the joyful pages of “V.V.’s Eyes,” Harrison’s new novel, “Angela’s Business,” is for you. It begins in the October



METROPOLITAN

“The Livest Magazine in America”

“Angela’s Business” repeats all the charm and humor of the earlier books. But this time Mr. Harrison has written a love story so original and ingenious in its plot—and so important—that you will follow it with the piqued interest of a riddle. And it will set women readers by the ears.

A young author starts out, with all the enthusiasm of youth—and lack of experience—to solve the great mystery of

Woman and her Destiny. At the very outset of the quest, he himself falls headlong into his problem and all because of two real women, whose contrasted types send his heart groping as well as his head. Of course he falls in love; of course he wins a woman. But—what kind of woman is the right kind of woman? A great American story of today is “Angela’s Business,” told with the charm of Locke and the shrewd insight of Bernard Shaw.

In the October METROPOLITAN—on all good newsstands—15 cents



Here are a few of the interesting features in the October METROPOLITAN:

Really big fiction by Booth Tarkington; W. W. Jacobs; Larry Evans; Earl Derr Biggers, and the first of a series of great double-barreled detective stories by Max Pemberton and G. K. Chesterton.

Live Features

“The Correspondent and the Englishman,” by John Reed (METROPOLITAN’s war correspondent now in Europe).

“The United States of South America,” by Granville Fortescue.

“What I Saw in Liège”—an eyewitness’s story.

Six big art pages of rotary gravure.

THE FRA



■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2




CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE
President University of Wisconsin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat
with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

—SHYLOCK THE JEW

 HE English are a great race,
and they admit it. Also, we
admit it.

We love England and admire
the English, our kinsmen once removed.
Drink waes hail to Hands across the
Sea! We will eat with the English,
drink with the English, talk with 'em,
walk with 'em, and consort with 'em,
but damme, Brother, there are two
things we draw the line at—we will not
wear their bally bloomin' clothes, you
know—or buy their shoddy shoes! ♣
So we have William Marion Reedy, who
holds the Mirror up to Nature, denoun-
cing the villainous combination in good
round terms. Bill spent a month in
England recently, seeing the sights and
making memoranda. On the return trip
he writes feelingly, as follows:

"I noted that most of the men and
nearly all the women were wearing
English clothes. The men's clothes were
good as to stuff, but abominable as to
fit. London tailors can't fit. They can
make a pretty fair stagger at our over-
coat, but there they stop. So, too, I
can't say much for London-made
women's gowns, as shown aboard ship.
American girls were wearing English
shoes, and that rather detracts from
them, for the English shoe is a sloppy
affair at best. It spoils the effect of the
dancing on deck. A girl with slippers

gaping at the side and at the heel is
rather distressful to look upon."

America leads the world in the pro-
duction of fine footwear. Let the fact
be stated. A few years ago we were
importing shoes. The tide is turning,
and the time is at hand when American-
made shoes will be shipped to the four
and far corners of the globe.

So buy your bale of cotton and be sure
you wear shoes made in the U. S. A.
They cost less, look better and wear
longer. I will go further and say that if
you want shoes that will afford you a
maximum of comfort and satisfaction,
at the same time proclaiming your
good taste and bump of commonsense,
get Coward Shoes, made by my good
friend, James S. Coward, in Manhattan,
which is New York.

This is Coward's forty-ninth year on
the job, as boss shoemaker to their
majesties, the American man, his wife
and children.

I have a pair of Coward scuffs that
have seen ten years of hard service at
the front. They are like the brook that
Tennyson tells about—shoes may come
and shoes may go, but these "go on"
forever ♣ ♣

Every *Fra* reader should send for a
copy of Coward's book picturing the
many Coward models for tired and
fretful feet.

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich Street

New York, N. Y.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

A Time To Rest!

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

“To everything,” said the Sage, “there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time to war, and a time of peace.” The Prophet might have added—a time to work, and a time to play; a time to labor, and a time to rest.

The moral is obvious: *Specialize*. When you work, put your heart in it, and lose sight of the Seth Thomas. Forget the golf engagement you have on with Jondée at the Country Club.

“Push The Button-and Rest”



Royal Easy Chairs
“THE PUSH BUTTON KIND”

By the same token, when you rest, wallow in it. Only by specializing can we hope to attain ninety-nine per cent efficiency in this little game of life.

I am more than ever of this opinion since scraping acquaintance with the

Royal Easy Chair

The chap who wrote that *Rest is Rust*, never learned the luxury of relaxation. If he had, he would have revised his slogan to read, *Rest is Royal*.

Unquestionably the ROYAL is the most comfortable and reposeful Easy Chair ever devised by mortal man. It is now possible to loll in the lap of luxury, despite the cost of High Living.

The striking feature of the chair is its push-button device, by which it is instantly converted into a long lounging-chair, complete with foot-rest.

You push the button—the chair does the “rest.” Foot-rest does not act with the push-button.

There is only one objection to the ROYAL—it is so confoundedly comfortable that you hate to make room for the next lucky party. It thus encourages monopolistic traits and tendencies, in direct violation of the Sherman Act.

Made in a thousand and one styles, some one of which will surely fit your fancy. As a lounging-chair *par excellence* and *corpo di Baccho*, there is nothing equal to the Royal.

“The rest is silence,” said Hamlet, and he referred to the Royal.

Be a Royalist and learn the Royal Road to Real Repose. Literature is to be had in abundance—don’t be “chary” about sending for it. The address:

ROYAL CHAIR COMPANY
STURGIS, MICHIGAN



LIMBERT'S HOLLAND-DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS FURNITURE

To build a home is an experience; to furnish one is an education. Sure!

❑ To build a home makes a pessimist; to furnish one, a lunatic, unless you do it *a la Limbert*.

❑ Furniture reflects the taste of the individual—it mirrors the mind.

❑ The home beautiful is the home that is harmonious, where everything is a symphony of color, proportion, symmetry.

❑ "Limbert's" has become a name to conjure with, by reason of their helpfulness in solving furniture and furnishing problems.

❑ And their product is all furniture of character *plus*, made by experts, backed by the Limbert guarantee—the pride of the possessor and the envy of the noncogibund.

❑ A beautiful Style Book will be gladly mailed to you, free, on request.

❑ And say, you ought to get a pair of those miniature Dutch wooden shoes for 20 cents—just for an ornament.



Charles P. Limbert Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Address Dept. 285 - - - - - Holland, Mich.

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It is important likewise that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another.

The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism.

tional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates.

But let there be no change by usurpation, for though this in one instance may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.—*George Washington*.

I would rather make my name than inherit it.—*Thackeray*.

A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power by dividing and distributing it into different depositories and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes.

To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitu-

THE Bull Moose stands halfway between hell and the iron works, the devil and the deep blue sea. Thus he can swim or eat live coals, as the case requires, be a woman or a man at will. In the North he is a dissatisfied Republican, in the South a disgruntled Democrat. In Louisiana one might call him old Sugar-in-the-Gourd, in Pennsylvania the He-Goat of High Tariff. In Roosevelt he is masculine, in Perkins feminine and in Pinchot neuter. All things by turns and nothing long, his votaries worship at the shrine of Teddy of the Forked Tongue and the Tiger Heart, whilst Teddy rides him for all he may be worth. ¶ During fifteen years, all sawdust and spangles, it has been nip and tuck between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt which could bawl "reform" the loudest, preach "uplift" the slickest—the one parading as "the prince of peace," the other prancing at Armageddon, fighting the battles of the Lord—the two of them turning the political arena into a circus-ring and teaching the young to grovel at the shrine of the knife-swallower, the bearded lady and the tattooed man.—*Col. Henry Watterson.*

THE lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum.
—*Honorable Carroll D. Wright.*

THE Lord shall sever the sea!
And open a way in the wilderness,
To faith that follows, to feet that press
On, into the great To-be!
The Lord shall sever the sea.
—*Mary A. Lathbury.*



With a Victrola every home can enjoy the world's best music

The Victrola is the "open sesame" which admits you to the enjoyment of all the music of all the world.

It reveals to you in their grandeur the musical gems of the ages. It brings to you the art and personality of the most famous singers and instrumentalists. It presents an endless variety of melody and mirth to suit your every mood.

That is the charm of the Victrola, and right in your own home you can have ready access to this inexhaustible supply of musical riches and enjoy them at your pleasure.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200.



Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,
Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines
with Victor Records and Victor
Needles—the combination.
There is no other way to get
the unequalled Victor tone.



Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or oak

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Interstate Insurance Solved by Postal Life





Receives business from every State—direct

Pays claims in every State—promptly

THERE are 260 legal reserve life-insurance companies in the country, all operating through agents, yet only 33 of these companies do business in the State of New York.

Similarly, of the largest four New York companies—"the giants," so-called—not one does business in Texas; two of them do not enter Wisconsin, and the fourth does no business in ten States.

The States will not let agents solicit business unless their companies take out licenses, pay so-called "occupation" taxes, and submit to other State exactions, which some companies can not, or will not, do.

The Postal Life, a New York company, complying with all the strict requirements of that State, is the only insurance institution that receives business from every State in the Union, thus enabling everyone to arrange insurance direct.

The POSTAL is, in quite a true sense, an interstate institution, and it can transact an interstate business, because it is a non-agency company; it employs no agents and does not send them into the various States.

It is therefore exempt from the various expensive requirements applicable to companies employing agents and agencies. Postal policyholders get the benefit.

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: Old-line *legitimate* insurance—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: Standard policy reserves, now more than \$5,000,000. Insurance in force, more than \$45,000,000.

Third: Standard policy provisions, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

See How Easy It Is

In writing simply say: *Mail me insurance particulars for my age as per THE FRA for November.*

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your Full Name.
2. Your Occupation.
3. The Exact Date of your Birth.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Postal Life dispenses with agents; you get the benefits of the agent's commission because you deal direct.

Postal Life Insurance Company

Wm. R. Malone, President

35 Nassau Street, New York

Net Cost Low in the POSTAL

because

1st. Commission Dividends corresponding to agent's commissions, less the moderate advertising charge, go to Postal Policyholders the first year.

2d. General-Commission Dividends and Office Expense Savings, covered by the

9½%

guaranteed dividends, go to Policyholders in subsequent years.

3d. Beginning at the close of the second year, Contingent Policy dividends, based on the company's earnings, will further reduce the cost each year after the first.

of this country, they are impeding its progress by asinine tinkering and paranoic excursions in their antiquated work-train.

Recently there has been introduced in Congress a bill that seeks to prevent the solicitation, by any company, of life-insurance by mail in any State where that company has not been licensed to carry on business.

This means that the right to use the mails may depend on the laws or rules enforced by the several States. It also means that any insurance-company which does not seek a license in any State can not use the mails at all, no matter how honorable its business methods may be.

If an insurance-

THE spectacle of Nero fiddling while Rome burned has its parallel in the moral and mental attitude of some of our legislators. Instead of realizing and utilizing the unique opportunities now offered to this country; instead of straining every nerve and applying every ounce of energy towards the realization of its possibilities, they are frittering away time and chance in peanut propositions and insidious class legislation. Instead of lubricating the business machinery

company, or any other company which does business by mail, is resorting to fraud, it is now liable to be barred from the mails.

If it is doing a legitimate business it should not be barred from the mails, or limited in the use of them.

The mail-order business of this country is many millions of dollars, annually.

Some of the biggest business houses here are mail-order houses; and they have established an intimacy between merchant and customer

that is mutually beneficial. Mail-order business is a national economy—also a national asset. Its bearing upon the matter of postal rates and postal deficits is very considerable. It eliminates undue profits and gives the purchaser the benefit of direct dealing. In the case of life-insurance, only one company in America conducts its business exclusively through the mails.

This company is under the jurisdiction of the New York State laws regulating life-insurance writing. Its object is to provide a sound life-insurance policy, minus agents' commissions. It is simply cheaper insurance with the middleman's profits eliminated. It is obvious, therefore, where the shoe pinches. The opposition to the company is limited entirely to rival companies and their agents. And so through the medium of Representative Magna Carter, who has introduced this bill in Congress, they hope to prevent this company from doing an honest and legitimate business, by closing their only avenue of trade—the United States Mails.

Between the sale of insurance policies and that of merchandise I see no appreciable difference.

Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL.



Anyone Can Have An Indomitable Will

It has long been known that the will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—by indomitable exercise and use. The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstances.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life.

"Power of Will," by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., M. S., is a scientific course in Will-Training which has helped over 85,000 people. This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 29 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

For Master-Men

"Power of Will" provides the shake-up that ninety-nine out of every hundred people need. Master-Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, ex U.S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christensen of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis, formerly of Burroughs Adding Machine Company—and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them—read, use and praise "Power of Will."

Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down and out." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a good to old and young alike. It has re-awakened ambition in men and women who have been turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambitions into consummation.

Is YOUR Will Dormant?

Look back upon your life. Once upon a time, no doubt, you dreamed great dreams of what you were going to make of yourself. Are they accomplished now? Why are they not accomplished? Is it not because you lacked a strong, powerful, dominating, inflexible WILL? You allowed others to control and influence you to their ends, instead of controlling others yourself. You let insignificant daily incidents everlastingly turn you from your purpose. Gradually—like so many of us—you allowed this God-given faculty of will to become scotched and DORMANT in you. Dr. Haddock has a message for you—a real message of emancipation, from the blinding human curse of indecision and blind habit—a message which every man from 20 to 60 years old should get.

Send No Money—Examine Book First

The price of the book—although it is really a complete course in Will-Training—is only \$5.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon below, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn this page.

Pelton Publishing Co.

1711 Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

What Readers Say

"The first thing I happened upon when I opened this book was 'Some diseases of the imagination' and I tell you that chapter alone is worth ten times the price of the book. I wish such a volume had come into my possession 25 years ago." *Thos. J. Linnear, 270 Precinct Ave., San Francisco.*

"It is the greatest book I ever looked into. The testimonials regarding it are inadequate as to its merits. It has started me already—though I have read only a few chapters." *Rev. A. Turkington, Manchester, Ohio.*

"One of the greatest books ever written." *Emil H. Rosack, South Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada.*

If you had all the Correspondence courses on the market and if you studied them for ten years you could not succeed in mastering the system discovered and laid bare by this twentieth century genius." *Wm. W. Long, Cleburne Springs, Ark.*

"The book backs up every statement and claim made in my advertising." *J. Munton, 2110 Broadway, Oakland, Tenn.*

"I find that this book is really more than you claim it to be and I consider that I have received a bargain." *H. R. Johnson, Dynamite Trust Co. of New York, N. Y.*

"I shall not call this a 'book'—but a universal key to the latent talents of the human mind." *P. E. Benson, Accountant, Bank Building, New York City.*



1711 Pelton Publishing Company Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" without charge. I agree to remit \$5.00 or return the book if I do not.

Name _____

Address _____

Both are for the public benefit, and this fool "regulation" and "class legislation," which traces its parentage to jealousy and selfish interests, must be tabued. The mails belong to U S !

ANY government is free to the people under it where the laws rule and the people are a party to those laws, and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy or confusion.

—William Penn.

World's Greatest Typist
Types Her Opinion
of the
Underwood
the machine she and all other champions
used in establishing their records

I attribute my success as a speed operator to the Underwood machine. I have tried all known makes of typewriters, but it is the Underwood which writes with a flash and most accurately.

Margaret B. Owen
World's Champion Typist
Record on an Underwood
125 net words a minute for one hour

Underwood
"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

While within the mighty domain of Pan America viewed in its broadest sense the flags of twenty-five different nations float over independent or dependent territory, Pan America in the scope of the Pan-American Union means the twenty-one republics having their capitals in the Western Hemisphere. Canada and other European dependencies are not as yet members of the Union, although nothing in its policy or purpose is intended to be antagonistic to Europe. The republics of the Union, it is interesting to note, are almost equally divided between North and South America. In the North American division are eleven: the con-

THE Pan-American Union comprehends an international constituency vast in area, fascinating in opportunity, and limitless in possibilities. Pan America, or that major portion of it which maintains the Pan-American Union, includes twenty-one independent governments. It expands over twelve millions of square miles. It provides homes for one hundred sixty millions of human beings. It conducts an annual foreign trade valued at the grand total of five thousand millions of dollars.

tinental countries, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Salvador, the United States, and the island countries of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. In the southern continent are ten: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela.

Every one of these is a land of the future. Each, in greater or less degree according to area, has latent natural wealth and material

resources awaiting development at the hands of capital and labor. Some are far ahead in the world's commercial and economic competition. The majority are in the infancy of their possibilities. All have characteristics which give remarkable evidence of future growth and prosperity. Not one has excessive population; nearly all desire immigration. The crowded conditions of many European and Asiatic countries are nowhere to be found. None is afflicted with the decadent influences which almost handicap civilization's attempts at progress in some parts of the Old World.

—John Barrett.

O H, the old farm days!

How the fragrance of them still lingers in my heart! The Spring with its sugar-making and the general awakening about the farm, the returning birds, and the full, lucid trout-streams; the Summer with its wild berries, its haying, its cool, fragrant woods; the Fall with its nuts, its game, its apple-gathering, its holidays; the Winter with its school, its sport on ice and snow, its apple-bins in the cellar, its long nights by the fireside, its voice of fox-hounds on the mountains, its sound of flails

in the barn—how much I still dream about these things!—John Burroughs.

THE ballot is an educator, and women will become more practical and more wise in using it.—Professor Edward H. Griggs.

LIFE-INSURANCE is a step toward the abolition of poverty; a check to hazardous speculations; a business proposition to all who patronize it.—John G. Whittier.



YOU simply dip your Conklin in any inkwell (as shown in illustration), then press the "Crescent-Filler," and there you are with your pen full of ink. Full on the inside, mind you, not smeared on the outside to soil your fingers.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

Non-Leakable

is the *only* fountain pen with the "Crescent-Filler." That's the way to *know* a Conklin. Look for the "Crescent-Filler" when you buy a pen—it identifies the *original* self-filling fountain pen, used by over a million people.

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CONTROL of the sea" really means nothing. The nation which tries to rule the sea in an imperial sense and to the injury of other nations would be simply a dangerous nuisance. The sea must be an open highway for whoever is minding his own business. That this is not true today, and that commerce is paralyzed by war, is a survival of evil conditions when piracy was a legitimate business. Highway robbery at sea is no more tolerable than highway robbery on land, nor is it made more

mainly to destroy other navies. It can not do much else of importance, for in these days of torpedoes and mines a warship dare not venture near a hostile coast.

As to the second proposition, the rivalry of commerce is not settled by war. It would be a world misfortune if it were. When the great malady has passed, the life organs of civilization begin their normal functions again. In commercial wars there is nothing to gain and no way of holding it if there were. Trade does

acceptable because a nation conducts it and the helpless private individual is its victim. The list of German merchant-vessels, private ventures, tramp ships who come back to Europe not having heard of war, brought in day by day by British cruisers, must be humiliating to right-minded Englishmen. The capture of these ships causes great personal distress, and it has not the slightest bearing on the purpose or the result of the war. If to control the sea means to lead in peaceful commerce, that is quite another idea. Such control as this goes to the nation that has most to sell and most skill in selling it. The navy of a nation is built

not follow the flag, nor even the wake of victory. War, in general, is futile, because it rarely accomplishes either its pretended purpose nor even its actual one. War against war may reach some definite results, as the present conflict apparently insures the integrity of Belgium. What collateral unintended good or mischief may be involved, only the Fates can tell. We may be assured that the mischief will be incalculable, but to refuse to fight after the attack on Belgium would be to abandon the fabric of international law. It would set aside Grotius in favor of Napoleon and Bismarck.

The present conflict means immense losses to German trade and equal damage to British commerce. The trade of the world should have kept better guard over the "armed peace" which has so long pretended to be its protector. It was taken unawares, and the reckless haste which has brought on this war, and the responsibility for that haste, must rest with the Kaiser. Commerce is its own creator, asking only security and demanding no other help from governments. This it now fails to obtain. It is said that the director of the Hamburg Com-

pany left London last week broken-hearted. The two largest fleets in the deep-sea trade are those of the Hamburg Company and the Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd of Bremen. These have grown because they deserved to grow. They have built themselves up by attention to business and by devotion to the interests of passengers and shippers. Their activities have stimulated British trade and not injured it. It is mischievous folly to see in commerce only a cutthroat rivalry between competing nations.

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—David Starr Jordan, in *"Harper's Weekly."*

All true science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow creatures; and it ends in the love, not the analysis, of God.—*Ruskin.*

anted and is protecting its citizens from the violence of others, and is prohibiting them from practising violence against others and with that end in view from carrying concealed weapons. Any man who thinks realizes that this war was caused by the policy of armament that was adopted and pursued by the governments now engaged in the war.—*J. K. Turner.*

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong.—*Lincoln.*

WHEN the smoke of battle is cleared away and the dead have been interred decently, and the parties to this terrific and expiring gasp of militarism meet with the rest of the civilized world to settle the terms of peace, if the future is to be benefited by the terrible price that is being exacted, something must be done to make it as unpopular for nations to go about with a chip on their shoulder as it is for the individual.

Civilization has long recognized that the days in which each man was permitted to depend upon his own strength and strategy for his personal safety have passed, and through its social organizations has guar-

IN Japan the highest compliment to an artist is to say he paints with his soul, his brush following the dictates of his spirit. Japanese painters frequently repeat the precept: "Our spirit must make our hand its servitor; our hand must respond to each behest of our spirit."

The Japanese artist is taught that even to the placing of a dot in the eyeball of a tiger he must first feel the savage, cruel, feline character of the beast, and only under such influence should he apply the brush. If he paint a storm, he must at the moment realize passing over him the very tornado which tears up trees from their roots and houses from their foundations. Should he depict the seacoast with its cliffs and moving waters, at the moment of putting the wave-bound rocks into the picture he must feel that they are being placed there to resist the fiercest movement of the ocean, while to the waves in turn he must give an irresistible power to carry all before them. This is one of the marvelous secrets of Japanese painting, handed down from the great Chinese painters and based on psychological principles—matter responsive to mind.—Henry Bowie.

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—President Hadley of Yale.



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done in the past by their predecessors. For we punish ourselves, not them. We are not committed to a perpetuation of a coddling process by giving the railroads a lift out of the hole at this time. The community does not benefit by letting the railroads stew in their own juice. There's President Bush of the Missouri Pacific. He says the roads can't get money abroad or at home because the manipulations of some roads destroyed the faith of investors. But for that shall we let the roads go to pot and smash? The roads should be given a chance to get on their feet—or their wheels. A raise in rates will be widely distributed among the

A LOT of people who have been in the habit of reading the *Mirror* don't like my advocacy of the national government making rate-raising concessions to the railroads. Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. The fact is that I don't want to wait for everything before we do anything. I believe any help that will start the railroads buying and equipping will help business generally. And more business right now is of more importance than punishing present railroad-operators for things

consumers who are now almost in the plight of having nothing to consume. A small raise should make a great deal of business, in the revival of which the rate raise would be little felt, and if felt, borne with for its expediency. And after business has got back to normal we can discipline the railroads, when they will be better able to stand it, when discipline won't mean destruction, and regulation ruin. This may not accord with any of the prevalent gospels of reform, but it's the thing that will

help to pull the railroads and everybody through what promises, or threatens, to be a very hard Winter.—*William Marion Reedy.*

WHAT I am trying to do is not to make people think my way, but rather to destroy mental ossification, in which the victim reaches the point where he can neither change his mind nor realize the fact that however right he may think he is he may still be wrong. A mind which can not be changed is static, and nothing is static that is alive. Activity is life, and every mind should be active. A man with a mind unchangeable, unalterable in the presence of acknowledged error, is dead in

a mobile carcass. When it finally ceases to move, all rejoice at the termination of the long period of mourning in his much-delayed funeral.

I hold that all the knowledge we have is human knowledge, and that when we talk of a divine or supernatural understanding of things we are either indulging in an entertaining pastime or are overstepping our bounds. I have tried to explain things in a common-sense way within the scope of human intelli-

drink tea—because they *like* it. It's the English way-of-making-it that counts. *Some* Americans have English servants to make their tea for them, but with the

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you can always have an English servant in your home, to serve you perfect tea.

☞ With a "BOB" you merely put in the "makings"—tea-leaves and fresh boiling water; the Tea Bob does the rest; an air-float automatically lifts the tea-leaves out of the liquid when the leaves are perfectly drawn.

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gence, and I hold that nobody by any possibility can step outside of human intelligence. This ought to be a self-evident truth, or even a platitude, but in spite of it people fall for the delusion of possessing a more than human understanding.—*J. W. Beckman.*

The love of rural life, of honest work, the habit of finding enjoyment in familiar things, is worth a thousand fortunes of money or its equivalent.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



"How many musical compositions have you written?" inquired the admiring young lady, of the long-haired virtuoso.

"It would be difficult to say off-hand," replied the L-H. V. "I only know that I have composed *scores*."

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Musicians of "note" have been coming to Roycroft for years, but if any one had told me that you could buy the best sheet music for the price of a ten-cent smoke, I would have passed him by on the other side. My impression has always been that sheet music came high.

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Health, Wealth *and* Happiness

Is the chipmunk's health a-failin' ?
Does he walk or does he run ?
Does the quail set up and whistle
In a disappointed way ?
— James Whitcomb Riley.



AN seems to be peculiar in the Animal World in this, that he enjoys poor health.

If a person is sent to the penitentiary it is because he has broken the laws of the land, and he is disgraced.

But if he is sent to the hospital, it is because he has broken the laws of Nature.

And when he comes back—if he does—he gives an organ recital. Quails do not have nervous prostration, and chipmunks do not fall into a decline. They follow Mother Nature intuitively.



But man, in degree, lost his intuition when he took on intellect. And the intellect is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. By the use of the intellect a man can deceive even himself, proving that black is white, and blue an optical illusion.

For instance, the majority of highly educated physicians believe that it is wise, just, right and altogether lovely to scarify the body of a perfectly healthy child, and then rub into the scarification pus from the sores on a sick calf. This operation gives the child a disease, which is supposed to make him immune from another.

The fact that this operation lays the patient open to tetanus—one of the most fatal diseases known—is nothing to your highly cultured physician; he keeps on doing it, and absolves himself by singing, "Everybody's doin' it."

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Cut the cowpox! Abas the bromide! Auskerspiel the dope and drugs! Let's each work properly as we should, use plenty of pure water inside and out, and read AUTOLOGY, that great book by Doctor Moras.

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These potatoes are a new variety, the biggest and best ever.
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☞ The whole thing was so beautiful, so complete, so satisfying, so artistic, that we just said, "Why not make one thousand more boxes just like it?"

☞ It was a big job all right, but the boys turned them out—and one of them has been reserved for you.

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CORONA
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

is a favorite with all sorts of folks.

The CORONA is built for strength and speed. This little machine, weighing only six pounds stripped for action, responds nobly to the stimulus of thought, putting you *en rapport* with your flow of ideas.

Complete information will be given gladly on request. Send for Booklet No. 12. ¶ Are you interested?

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., Groton, N. Y.

141 W. 42d Street, at Broadway, New York
Agencies in the Principal Cities of the World

Buy a Bale of Cotton

ON a recent trip to the South I was much impressed by the fact that many planters are in distressing need of funds. ¶ A year ago when I went through the same district, in all the principal towns there were cotton-buyers from various parts of the world.

Today a planter may drive ten miles or more to market, and no buyers await. Disappointment, sorrow, misery, is his portion. His family may be with him—they have planned about the things they will buy for the children. Alas and alack, no one is buying cotton now! Or perhaps a shark offers him five cents for a product worth double.

A year ago cotton was as stable as wheat. The buyers were paying around thirteen cents, and the shining gold was handed over immediately the cotton was sampled and weighed up. ¶ The individual who buys a bale of cotton, today, at ten cents a pound, investing fifty dollars, will have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that his money goes where it will do good. Also, he has the assurance that he has made a safe investment.

At the close of this war, which famine will

dictate shall be short, there will be an immense demand for cotton, and America will have to supply it.

The Roycrofters have correspondents in all towns and cities in the South, and are prepared to take care of any orders for cotton that may be entrusted to them.

If you want us to buy a bale of cotton for you, send check for fifty dollars; if you want two bales send one hundred dollars; if five, two hundred fifty dollars.

We will then select some particular district in the South where we know the money is especially needed, and our friend there will buy the cotton for us, pay the planter, place the bale in the nearest warehouse, get a warehouse receipt, and send this to us, when we will send the receipt to you.

Later, when you get ready to sell your bale, advise us, and we will follow your orders. ¶ We will perform all this service without charge. Your commissions will have our prompt attention. **BUY A BALE OF COTTON!**

ELBERT HUBBARD,
East Aurora, N. Y. Banker.

Distinctive Christmas Gifts

DESK APPOINTMENTS OF HAND-HAMMERED COPPER

COMBINATION INKSTAND



Price, \$6.00

4½ by 9¾ inches

This stand has a tray for pens, boxes for pens and stamps, and an inkwell.

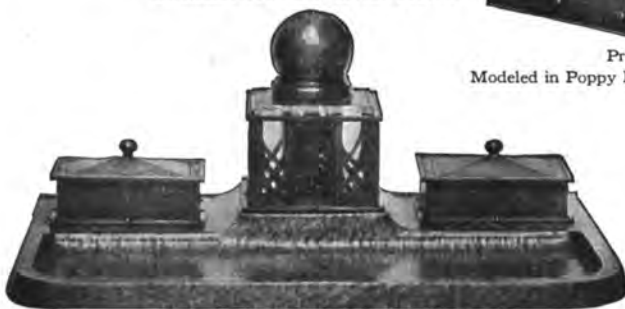
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This inkstand is built around a cut-glass inkwell, held in a filigree of copper, into which is set a modeled panel. The base measures 8½ by 13¾ inches.

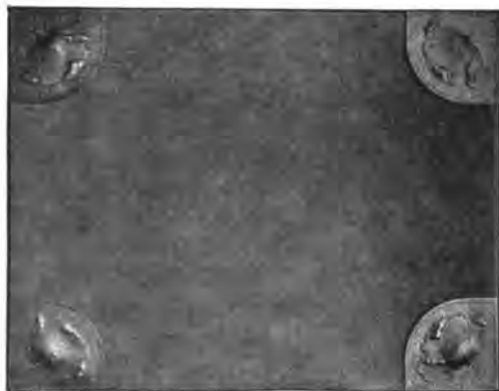
DESK-PAD WITH COPPER CORNERS MODELED IN POPPY DESIGN

STATIONERY-RACK



Price, \$5.00

Modeled in Poppy Design. Height, 6¼ inches.



Size, 19 by 24 inches

Price, \$7.00

Desk-Pad, with Plain Copper Corners, 16 by 22¾ inches, \$5.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

MODELED-LEATHER DESK-SETS *with* HAND-HAMMERED COPPER ACCESSORIES

PEN AND PENCIL HOLDER



Price, 75 cents

DESK-SET, MODELED-COWHIDE CORNERS



Pad, 12 x 17 inches Price \$3.50

Pad, 16 x 23 inches Price \$4.50

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COPPER INKWELL



Price, \$2.00

Diameter, 3 3/4 inches

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Price, \$1.00

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Price, \$1.00

Size, 3 1/2 x 11 inches

DESK-SET, MODELED CORNERS, ENGLISH CALF



Price, \$6.00

Pad, 12 by 17 inches, with individual hand-blotted and penwiper

THE ROYCROFTERS & EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

Chalmers "Light Six"



\$1650

Sales Records for Seven Years Fall Before This Car

Each year Chalmers sales have mounted higher—more Chalmers cars have gone into service—as more people came to know what “Quality First” means.

In this our 7th year the Chalmers “Light Six” has surpassed all preceding records.

It is our fastest selling car.

The Big Reason For This 7th and Greatest Success

Chalmers cars have always given big value for the money. But the Chalmers “Light Six” at \$1650 is a greater automobile value than we have ever before offered.

It is, we believe, a greater value than any maker has ever offered at anywhere near the price.

The Demand Compelled Us To Build More of These Cars

The public was quick to recognize in this car the “overvalue” that we who built it knew was there. And the demand created by the road performances of the Chalmers “Light Six” compelled us to start a second factory order a full two months earlier than we had anticipated.

4,000 owners are now enjoying the uncommon service this car gives. Over 3,000,000 miles of roads they have found it supremely easy-riding and easy-driving.

They have found it a car they are proud to tell their friends of. It is a car whose very appearance excites interest.

Chalmers cars have always been good looking cars. They have been cars of striking style and smartness. But this “Light Six” with its different kind of beauty is a better looking car than any we had yet produced.

See For Yourself the “Overvalue” In This Car

Go to the nearest dealer and inspect this great car at close range. Then you won’t be one of those who are today saying, “I wish I had seen this car before I purchased.” Ask the dealer for a list of Chalmers owners. Get their unprejudiced story of what they think about the Chalmers “Light Six.”

The new issue of Chalmers “Doings” with a beautiful color cover and photograph and full information about the complete Chalmers line will be gladly mailed at your request. Write today.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



Quality First

We have thousands of letters from Chalmers owners. Almost without exception they praise Chalmers cars. If you could read them all, we know you would buy a Chalmers car. But we can't reproduce them all, for lack of space. Here is one which is so typical of the endorsements of Chalmers “Quality First” principles, as expressed in nearly all the letters we have received from owners, that it is worth your careful reading. This letter was written by a representative business man of Fort Worth, Texas. Read it.

Fort Worth, Texas, August 17, 1914.

“What's all this talk a man hears about overhauling an automobile every-so-many thousand miles?”

“Three years ago we purchased a Chalmers car. We bought that car because we had confidence in its builders.

“With the exception of the three weeks in a paint shop, our Chalmers has been in daily service, rain or shine, 365 days in the year, and our odometer today reads a fraction less than 30,000 miles.

“Our engine has never been taken down; our transmission, clutch, and differential housings have never been opened; the engine has never stopped except when we stopped it; it has never failed to start when we wanted to start it; in all our distance of travel we have yet the first time to be obliged to raise the hood on the road; our car has never been pushed nor pulled an inch; we have never had it in a shop for repairs.

“The car today runs with the same eagerness, the same silence, develops the same power as it did the day we drove it off your salesroom floor.

“Our experience with this car demonstrates that what a user gets out of an automobile depends upon what the manufacturer puts into it. The acid tests of time and mileage have demonstrated to us that Chalmers cars are quality cars, built of quality material, by quality workmen in quality shops.

“The success you have made is success that you have earned.”

By (Writer's Name on Request)

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 14

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY: MANKIND ARE MY FRIENDS; TO DO GOOD IS MY RELIGION.—Paine

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

A Family Feud



IN Kentucky, several years ago, Breathitt County was the scene of a family feud between the McCoys and the Hatfields. It began with something about a line-fence.

Remarks were exchanged.

Then shots were fired.

Accidentally, old man McCoy was hurt.

Then the sons took it up, and old man Hatfield died.

Ambushes followed, in which McCoys perished.

The family honor was at stake. Cousins enlisted. Second cousins were told they must declare themselves. Postmasters were shot, sheriffs were waylaid, judges intimidated, preachers silenced. Property-rights were disregarded. Murder was rife. The courts were powerless. ¶ Not until the State stepped in, disarmed everybody, and landed the ambitious participants behind prison-bars, was human life safe and the orderly procedure of the courts possible.

An echo of the Breathitt County feud occurred in Virginia when the Allens shot up a courthouse and killed judge, prosecuting attorney, bailiff and witnesses, and put the blind goddess to sorry flight.

Will the friends please bear in mind that said McCoys, Hatfields and Allens were not "low-down white trash," nor ignorant mountaineers.

¶ They represented the best families in their respective districts. They were people with property, and they possessed influence. They sent congressmen to Washington, elected judges and sheriffs, named county officials.

¶ They were not illiterate. Also, they were church members—even if not Christians. And a good deal of their shooting was in churches, or in the vicinity of churches, schools and courthouses.

Each and all represented the aristocracy in their respective districts. All considered themselves above the law, otherwise they would not have taken the law into their own hands, and disarranged the machinery of the courts with their six-shooters whenever the law threatened to interfere with their own fond desires.

These feudists were not in the majority in their respective bailiwicks; they simply took

command, and the majority of the people being peace-loving, hesitated about expressing themselves, hoping that soon the clouds would clear away.

Living Up to a Reputation

LARGE and small are comparative terms. The passions that dominated Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Torquemada, Napoleon, are not unlike those that palpitate in the brain and breast of a village boss, or a county feudist, who, having killed his man, gets a reputation that he has to live up to.

And, by the way, any man who has killed another, and escaped "the chair" or the scaffold, is always proud of his record.

I know an eminent and able attorney in California who in times of stress has a way of reaching toward his hip-pocket and exclaiming, "I lived too long in Arizona to be scared by such as you."

This is merely the language of a good man who has tasted blood.

Once, in the South, at a peaceful Chautauqua, an excited Colonel who introduced me explained to the opposition in the audience that he held himself "personally responsible." And often even if an orator has no notches cut in the butt of his revolver, he may tell you that his father fought four years, and rode up to the bridle-reins in blood, and if necessary, etc., etc.

The Proper Perspective

IN degree, now that we have regained our breath, we have found the range on the European situation.

That is, we have gotten the perspective.

And the consensus of the best minds seems to be that it is a family feud—a feud lifted to the nth power. ¶ All of the crowned heads of Europe are related by ties of blood or marriage, just as were the chief families in Breathitt County, Kentucky.

The Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of England, each and all write to each other—or did—and begin each missive, "Dear Cousin."

They are as well acquainted as if they lived in adjoining towns, and went a-cousining. They know each other's tones, looks, habits, weaknesses, and hate like villagers who have engaged in a county-seat war, or wrangled as to whether the new station should be at the West end of town or at the East.

Each declares that it was he who compelled

the railroad company to make Number One and Number Two stop on signal.

King George the Fifth and Emperor William are grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

George is the eldest son of Victoria's eldest son.

William is the eldest son of Victoria's first-born child. And the fact that this firstborn was a daughter makes no difference—her son is heir to the throne of England. Oho, and also, Ach Mein Gott!

That William's grandmother was Queen Victoria, and that he is the eldest child of her eldest child, anyway, is a good talking-point, as we say in law.

Also, it is a deal better logic than William's reason why his troops are now in Belgium. The Czar of Russia is not a grandson of Victoria—but he is something just as good. He is married to a daughter of Queen Victoria's third child. And the Czar himself is a son of a sister of the wife of the late King Edward the Seventh.

Queen Victoria was more than a queen—she was a womanly woman of great commonsense, commonsense that deserves to rank as wisdom. She knew history, geography, foreign affairs, diplomacy. ¶ Her superb motherly qualities made her prize peace, love industry, economy and the great simple home-body virtues without which civilization can not endure.

And these qualities of uprightness, sincerity, honesty, industry and economy are the things that have made it possible for the drum-taps of the British nation to circle the globe and greet the morning sun.

Yet these virtues are not Briton, so much as Teuton. The Engs, the Saxons, the Jutes, the Danes, the Norse, came from the Baltic. ¶ Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, was a German, and German was the language of the royal household.

When the present Kaiser was a lad of seven, Queen Victoria held him on her knees, and with her grandmotherly arms about him spoke to him in German, and told him that some day he might be King, and if so he must ever use his influence for peace and industry, for these things meant happy homes, smiling farms, busy factories, helpful schools; while war meant waste, want, disease and death.

And William remembered enough of the advice so he referred to it on a visit to England thirty years after.

The Spirit of the Feud

BY nature and training William is a soldier, and he has ever been a war-lord first, and a businessman second, and then only at intervals. No monarch has ever been so much photographed, and all these pictures reveal the fighter—belted, booted, bespurred, ready for slaughter. The man's instincts are as inflammable as celluloid.

Being a politician, he has allowed industrialism to grow and evolve. But all the workers were compelled to be also soldiers.

In science, music, philosophy, invention, Germany has set the world a pace. In the handicrafts she is superb; in industry and economy she has given us an example beyond compare. For the Germany of Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Hegel, Haeckel, Humboldt, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, Froebel, we have a profound regard.

King William officially declares that Russia, France, England, and "the people over the sea," are jealous of Germany's achievements. And this in a certain sense is true. Success is sure to excite jealousy.

But this does not mean that the jealous ones must be subjugated, suppressed, destroyed. Jealousy is always an acknowledgment of power, and as such is complimentary.

The Kaiser's statement that "war must come," because the world was jealous of Germany, is Breathitt County reasoning. And straightway William proceeds to shoot up the world, instead of using his vaunted power to encourage peace, progress and safety.

The Rights of Neutrals

THE Kaiser knew, when Austria declared war on little Serbia, that Russia would protect her child.

Austria could have referred her differences with Serbia to arbitration, and William, if necessary, could have compelled her to mediate at the Hague or elsewhere.

But Austria demanded the right to deal with Serbia's criminals and take over Serbia's courts—a demand to which no civilized nation would or could accede and preserve its identity. Germany backed Austria up in her demands. France sympathized with Russia in protecting Serbia.

Straightway William declares war on both Russia and France, and endeavors to throttle France by marching across Belgium, using Belgian cities and forts as a base of supplies.

¶ When the Kaiser marched his armed hosts into peaceful, neutral Belgium, he knew perfectly well that England would come to Belgium's rescue, as she had agreed to do if Belgium's honor was violated.

It was exactly as if a hostile country should attack Canada and use the city of Portland and the State of Maine as a base of supplies. The excuse that "war events made it necessary" to trample Maine under foot in order to get at Canada, would not be accepted. Also, the offer to recompense for all damages would be an insult, just as much as if gentleman bandits should ask the use of your front parlor in order to shoot up the First National Bank across the street.

Of course England protested against Germany violating Belgium's neutrality, and will protest to the limit of her power.

For industrial Germany, the Germany of art, industry, science and music, we pledge our hands and hearts and reach out our arms in friendliness, sympathy and love.

But for the spirit of the War-Lord, the spirit of the Middle Ages, the spirit of dictation, domination—"I am responsible only to God"—never!

The End of the War-Lord

SHOULD Germany in turn overcome France, Russia and England, the Kaiser's troops will take Canada, for Germany needs room for expansion—Canada, fairest and finest of all Great Britain's colonial possessions. The Kaiser will have to do this in order to insure peace, for England must be shorn of her power both on land and on sea.

Canada has more square miles in America than has the United States. Four thousand miles of border-line separate us from Canada. If the Kaiser takes possession of Canada, he will transform the long border into a fighting front.

However, this is not to be.

The fear that civilization is now rocking in its fall is without justification.

The war will progress from horror to horror, and with it the protest, disgust and anger of the people will deepen.

More and more will the folly and foolishness of war permeate the whole world. As men suffer more they will see more clearly; and when this war ends it will be the end of war. We are not witnessing the success of the War-Lord—we are beholding his suicide.

The Exclusive Set



WHEN a businessman attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impecunious son of the earth is struck by lightning, and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to the Other Side of Town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once, know them no more forever. They do not say good-by—the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the Social Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone—faded and swallowed up in the misty past; that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty; that past of youth and hope; and the end for which they toiled and longed for has come. The golden gates have opened; they have moved to the Other Side of Town.

Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more (say in Buffalo) make hot haste to live on Delaware Avenue; in Pittsburgh, it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid Avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth Avenue; in New York, Uptown. And in these social migrations, there is something pitiful; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will; and to be forced back by Fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime.

When a rich man—say in Albany, Syracuse or Boston—loses his money and his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard-tables, his club, his solid plate; he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty-five dollars a week, and his wife is doing her own work; and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school.

Ah, me! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble!

The Women of the Exodus

ON questioning a good many men who have taken part in the Social Exodus, I find that the responsibility, Adam-like, of the change is thrown entirely on the woman: "My wife was dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters, ever weighed in the scale. But then a man is seldom aware of the motives that move him; we are wont to deceive ourselves and hide behind pleas of many hues.

The women of the Exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth Avenue was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke, or the neighbors' children so very, very rude.

And in various instances these worthy mothers, following the examples of their husbands, unload the responsibility on their children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley, she could not stand it here," or "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awful dull."

And right here let us note this prevalent fact: the first effect of college life is often a desire to separate from the old companions—a drawing away from the plain and simple; a separation from the mass and a making of cliques; an unfitting for life's commonplace duties, and the forming of a condition that makes riches a necessity and their loss a calamity.

Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? Encourage the workers in art, and use your money to decorate and beautify, but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make hot haste to put distance between you and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build no spite-fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such sights; give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.



Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on the earth and reasons for staying here so long. Not so the Great Souls. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manners affirmative.

A Great Economist



At the last convention of the National Chamber of Commerce of the United States, twenty-two men made speeches.

¶ But of all the oratory spilled on that occasion there is only one address that is now being commented upon and quoted.

¶ Doctor Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin, made a distinct impression on his auditors.

He has definite ideas. He reads history, and he therefore knows a lot of things that will not work. He is not a dabbler, an experimenter, a dilettante reformer or a partisan pompadour professional politician. He is not hotly intent on securing applause and votes. He is not a party leader in his State, or out of it.

He is a working man, a teacher, and the general manager of one of the world's great universities.

It is a democratic university. The students who attend the University of Wisconsin go to college—they are not sent.

For the most part they are the sons and daughters of people in moderate circumstances. Many of them pay their way by earning money.

Doctor Van Hise's heart is in his work, and his principal work is that of a teacher. His sympathies are with his students, and their success in life is his warm desire. In their achievements he takes a justifiable pride.

The Greatest Study in the World

DOCTOR VAN HISE believes that Economics is the greatest study in the world.

¶ Economics is merely the science of the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Doctor Van Hise believes in co-operation, that is, in the organization of a great number of men working together for a common end and a common purpose.

Organization in economics means the production of commodities at a minimum of cost with a maximum of quality, all to the end that all parties concerned shall thrive.

Doctor Van Hise claims that nothing has been gained or can be gained by dissolving the trusts.

In every instance the interference of Government in an endeavor to dissolve trusts has resulted in an increased cost of production. Instead of lowering prices they have been increased and the ultimate consumer pays the bill.

"Trust-busting is an error, a mistake, a blunder, and has added to the burdens that the working man has to carry," says Doctor Van Hise.

In England and Germany co-operation without limit is lawful. In America we have endeavored to make organization criminal. Doctor Van Hise proposes a single amendment to the Sherman Law. This amendment is very simple, easily understood, and carries with it no uncertainty or doubt. It is this: "A combination in business shall be unlawful when detrimental to public welfare—not otherwise—and the burden of proof shall remain on the accused."

Regulating Co-operation

DOCTOR VAN HISE claims it would be comparatively easy for any corporation to show the relative cost of production under organization, as compared with cost of production where factories consist of small units.

¶ With all the activity of politicians to dissolve big combinations, no sustained effort has been made by the Government to ascertain the relative cost of production in big business as compared with little business.

This is a vital thing to ascertain, and it should not be difficult.

The fact is, however, that politicians are not primarily intent on the good of the people at large. For the most part they are out simply for the good of the party, and each one is endeavoring to hold his office, or desires to secure a better one.

Doctor Van Hise suggests the creation of an Interstate Trade Commission that will regulate co-operation, to the end that fair profits may be made, and that the public may gain from the increased efficiency, so that wages may be bettered and the general condition of the wage-earner be put on a surer, safer, saner basis.

Doctor Van Hise is not so much interested in helping the rich, as he is in increasing the opportunities of the poor, and bettering their economic, moral and mental status.

He is a citizen of the world, not of a State or a city.

The Test of Organization

THE present conditions of uncertainty are immoral ☞ ☞

One big offender is singled out for persecution and nine hundred and ninety-nine smaller ones escape. Who will be seized upon no one knows ☞ ☞

Here we get a condition of haze and fog that permeates the entire business world. Nobody knows whose turn it will be next. It is a very serious thing to have the power of the Government under which you live turn upon you with intent to increase your expenses, disrupt your plans, destroy your market and possibly put you out of business.

Doctor Van Hise believes that the co-operation of farmers and labor-unions is right, and should be legalized by being put on a par with all other business enterprises.

Doctor Van Hise thinks that it would be a very great gain if farmers should combine and market their products at a profit, instead of all being hotly in competition with one another.

☞ The success of the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange might be cited. Here is a combination of about seven thousand farmers who by banding together are enabled to market their products at a profit, where otherwise the public, the railroads, and the growers would suffer.

There is nothing in organization itself that is wrong. In the past men have at times combined for bad purposes, but at the same time organization has brought us civilization. The test should always be: Is this organization benefiting the public at large?

A Continual Readjustment

IT should be borne in mind that society does not exist for the protection of either this business or that; that every business must prove its worth, and although big business may, in certain instances, destroy small concerns, yet this is a part of the price of progress.

☞ The steam-railroads put the stagecoach out of business. The telephone killed the business of the American District Telegraph and Messenger System.

Now the telephone is replacing the telegraph.

☞ The use of concrete has destroyed the business of the men who owned stone-quarries, and the old stonemason has had to look elsewhere for a job.

The cafeteria and the "Help-Self" restaurant are undermining the Waiters' Union.

When trolley-cars took the place of the horse-railroad, it was for the people who raised horses and owned horses to seek another market, or go into some other business.

Civilization can not pause to take care of the lame ducks. Progress is a continual readjustment ☞ ☞

Trust-busting, so far, has all been in the interests of the little businessman, but if the little businessman can not supply the public commodities as cheaply as the big businessman, then he has got to give way and readjust himself ☞ ☞

The motto must always be: "The greatest good to the greatest number."

Doctor Van Hise is of the opinion that the businessman now who insists on standing pat and blocking progress, who fights regulation and will not frankly face the new economic conditions, is the man who is making for Socialism and giving the I. W. W. their ammunition.

A little stiffening of the vertebrae just now is what big business requires.

The world should be educated to the fact that big business means bettering the commodity and decreasing the cost of production.

Organization means increased payrolls, better opportunities for promotion, old-age pensions, parks, playgrounds, school-gardens, libraries, sanitation, pure water, fresh air, the electrification of railways and factories to the end that the smoke nuisance shall be mitigated or abolished, shorter hours and a general increase in human opportunities all along the route ☞ What Doctor Van Hise is working for is a nobler race of people, and this nobler race can come only through a better understanding of economic law.

And economics, it must not be forgotten, is the science of the employment of human energies in supplying human wants.

Work is the great civilizer, and happiness comes through effort.

Doctor Van Hise's plan is sane, sensible, and nearer bomb-proof than that of any other reformer, theorist or politician now before the public ☞ ☞

Doctor Van Hise does not inflame class hatred. He does not foolishly accuse able businessmen of an endeavor to maltreat and mistreat their employees, and coerce the consumer. He does not believe that the railroads are the oppressors of the people, and that the

owners and managers of big business are engaged in a conspiracy to exploit society.

Doctor Van Hise knows perfectly well that the big businessmen of the United States, the creators, the transporters, the world-makers, are graduates of the University of Hard Knocks.

They do not belong to any one distinct class.

¶ For the most part they are men who want very little for themselves. They are economical and work tremendously hard.

They are playing the game.

They are in it, and they can not get out.

There is no such thing as liquidation and there is no such thing as ease or rest.

Success brings increased difficulties, and the more a man has the greater are his responsibilities to himself and the public.

To mistreat the public is to invite a competition that will wipe a man off the economic slate.

The modern businessman deals in friendship.

¶ This is his raw stock, and he invites the co-operation of his patrons to the end that all may thrive in every transaction.

Doctor Van Hise believes that a liberal policy toward big business and the railroads especially is eminently wise. The railroads should be paid for the service they render society.

To rob them, to confiscate their property and to force burdens on them, is eminently unethical and unwise.

Everything must be paid for. Nothing is given away.

When the railroads are prosperous they carry increased payrolls, and are the biggest buyers of lumber, steel, iron, copper, wood, wire, cement. Railroad-managers all have plans for building clear beyond their present economic needs. As fast as they get money, it is returned again to the public.

The man who wastes, the bounder, the grafter, is surely being spotted by the white light of publicity.

Such a man will have to mend his ways speedily, or get out of business.

Doctor Van Hise believes that publicity is the great panacea.

Supervision, full, free and frank, must be the rule. But this supervision must be by the wisest and most able economists in the United States, not by demagogues.

Doctor Van Hise does not believe in a government by experiment and hysteria.

Nervous prostration and hot calls to arms are not constructive.

We must be calm, logical, mathematical and conservative. The good that civilization has given us we must keep, the bad we must eliminate, and of all our business assets Doctor Van Hise believes that happiness, courage, good-will, animation and ambition are the most valuable.

To repress, stifle, thwart, and destroy these is to kill the very thing that makes for tangible progress.

We are traveling to the beautiful City of the Ideal. We are aware that we shall never reach it—but the suburbs are very pleasant.

The Fine Art of Dentistry



ABOUT two years ago, I met a dentist in a certain little town in Michigan who was much distressed because a rival had come to town and rented an office in the same building where my friend was located. The fact of this close proximity of a rival dentist struck terror to the heart of my friend, and he had gone home and explained it to his wife, who had rained tears of pity down his neck.

I just took a half-day off and explained to these two the real psychology of this case. I was to lecture in the town that night, and the fact that my time was worth about as much as that of a Berkshire barrow was one reason, perhaps, why I was so generous.

In any event, I knew the dentist and his wife were both dead wrong in their conclusions that there was anything very tragic in a new dentist coming to town and moving right up alongside.

"But," said his wife, "this new man is doing his work about a third cheaper than we have ever done it, and will not all of the trade go to him?"

And I said positively, "No." And this is about the sort of argument I gave them:

This is a rapidly growing town and there is work here, not only enough for two dentists, but for a half-dozen. The people in this community, or in any other community, do not look after their teeth as they should; and the

business of a dentist is not only to do the work for his customers, but to educate the people to the thing they should do and the thing they need. He creates a demand, and then supplies it, and the very presence of a dentist in a town brings the matter of dentistry up to the people, and places it before them.

Even among folks who know what they should do, the matter of looking after the teeth is postponed and pushed along. The motto is "*manana*" with us all.

The Industrial Tendency

THERE is a constant tendency in all kinds of business and trade to congregate. For instance, in Lynn and Brockton, Massachusetts, they all make shoes; in Fall River it is cotton prints; Sheffield, cutlery; Pittsburgh, iron and steel. There is an advantage and an inspiration in this congregating and getting together. It is not thought out or carefully planned, but it is one of the natural tendencies of trade.

I know of one beautiful little office-building in Indianapolis that contains sixteen dentists, and all of them are doing well. They advertise one another, stimulate one another, teach one another. There is no reason why dentists who are competitors in business should regard one another as enemies. I advised my friend to go and make a friendly call on the fellow across the hall, wish him good-luck and offer to loan him anything he wanted.

I once saw a sign on a dentist's door that read like this: "Enter without knocking, and remain on the same condition."

This is good advice, not only to the customer of a dentist, but to the dentist himself. Do not knock on a competitor. If you know the man does not do good work, you need not express yourself either one way or the other; and just remember this: that water rises to the height of its source, and if you are a good dentist, and know how to do the work, no one can get the trade away from you.

If one customer goes, you will find two new ones coming, and don't imagine for a minute that you can hold absolutely every customer you have. Some people are changeable, whimsical, finicky, nervous, and all any one can do in any business is to go ahead and do the work the best he can, and then leave the results to high heaven.

I advised my friend not to think of cutting prices for a minute to meet the other man. In

fact, I suggested that he meet the other man's cut by putting his own prices up and inserting a card in the local paper to this effect; then keep right on the even tenor of his way, and see what happened.

Co-operation

IT was over a year after this before I lectured in the same town again and called on my friend. I did not have to ask him how business was. I found that the coming of the new man had put him on his mettle. He had put in several new appliances; replaced the carpet in his reception-room with a rug, first putting down a hardwood floor; gotten rid of his old lace-curtains and of a rather fancy and tawdry tablecloth that covered his center-table. Instead, he had a Mission table and chairs, all showing the grain of the wood, and the cushions in all of his chairs were of leather. His half-dozen lithographs and chromos had been replaced with just two fine oil-paintings. Altogether, his office had taken on a new look, and the man himself had taken on a new lease of life. The competitor had given him a dose of Cosmic!

He had not lost any business whatever; and having increased his prices twenty-five per cent was making more money than he ever had before. He anticipated my questions and explained the situation. Then leading me out into the hall, he showed me the sign of a third dentist who had moved in, and they were all working together on friendly terms, and each making a good living. The town had increased in size, and the wealth of the people had increased, and, no doubt, the intelligence of the people had increased as well. And in this increased wealth and intelligence all had shared and profited.

Qualifications of a Good Dentist

IT is a very foolish thing to set a limit to the amount of a dental practise—just as it is foolish to set a limit to anything. The way business is growing in this country is something that the wisest of men never anticipated or guessed.

In this matter of prices it is well enough to realize that customers are not to be lured away from a dentist they like by any cut in prices by someone else.

The amount of money paid to his dentist by the average fairly successful businessman is insignificant, and whether he pays fifty dollars or one hundred dollars a year does not weigh

in the scale. The man who gets twenty-five dollars a week, with a family to support, may figure around on the matter of prices, and there are dentists who cater to exactly this kind of trade. They seemingly want the trade of clerks, waiters, carpenters, laborers, and people in moderate circumstances. The fact is, this dentist himself is this sort of man. He is a kind of Number Six person, and he attracts Number Six people. So he has a clientele of his own.

This is exactly so with lawyers or any other profession. Every lawyer attracts a certain quality of client. I know of a lawyer who never has a client who wears a hat over six and seven-eighths. He is surrounded by little, fussy, whimsical, scrappy, fearful individuals, and he ministers to these.

Then there are lawyers who only attract people of intelligence and wealth and quality. Do you suppose for a moment that the people who go to the big lawyer could be induced to take up with the little fellow on account of some cut in prices? On your life, no!

The dentist should be a man of brains, a man of quality, a man of dignity; he should know his own worth and emphasize it in his dress and in his manner of life.

A dentist should live well. By this I do not mean that he should attend the theater every night and go in for midnight suppers, but he should have everything he needs and requires, and he will have if he simply holds the right mental attitude. He will attract the people who pay, the people who appreciate and want the best. He will attract to himself the honor, respect and good-will of the community in which he lives.

Price-Cutting

THINK about the most absurd thing a dentist can consider is the cutting of prices. My experience is that it never increases the amount of a man's business. I have in mind a dentist who runs a large office. One fine day he realized that he was getting really more business than he could take care of, and inasmuch as he endeavored to give every customer a certain amount of personal attention, he decided he would not increase the number of men he had, but instead would increase the prices, and thus limit his business. This man was wise, but he did not prognosticate rightly when he sent out his new tariff showing an increase in prices. Instead of driving custom-

ers away, he found new ones coming right along.

When it comes to having your teeth filled, you do not hesitate between a two-dollar and a three-dollar filling. You take the three-dollar one, because the most of us know so little about the technique of anything that we judge of things by the price.

I am told by a worthy dealer in cigars that when a man swaggers in and asks for a twenty-five-cent cigar, he usually gets one out of the ten-cent box.

This does not prove anything except the fact that we judge things by the prices that are asked for them.

Every man is accepted by society at the estimate that he places upon himself; and no man in any line of business should advertise himself as a cheap skate. If he thinks he is, let him carefully conceal it and deny it, and swear an alibi, and eventually he will think better of himself.

Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high.

It is well for a dentist to take good care of his nerves, and not tackle a difficult job when he is a little out of sorts. And I have noticed this, that in instances where I am more or less perplexed, if I go and shave I change the current of my thinking. When you change your socks, you change your mind.

Often the simple fact of wearing a different pair of shoes in the afternoon from what you wear in the morning, putting on a different collar or tie, changing your underclothes—all these will have a direct effect in a psychological way.

It is a great thing, too, if there comes a little lull in your work, just to put on your Stetson and overcoat and walk around the block. You will come back taking a new view of life.

The Rewards of Service

THE particular argument, however, that I want to make is that no competitor can take away your business unless he really should. If you have anything to offer the world in the way of service, no man can steal it from you. You may give it away, and you may fritter away your time, but your life, your energy, your influence, are your own.

Next, the fact that the man across the hall will do work cheaper than you is not going to destroy your business. Your customers will stand by you just the same, and some of his

customers will come to you, knowing that you charge more. They will go to you in the hope and expectation that you are going to give them a better service. Then make sure that you do—or at least make sure that you make them think you do give them better work, by looking well to your manicure-set, keeping your own teeth in good condition, wearing clean linen. I have known of dentists who use perfume. But I think this is a mistake. Cleanliness and proper sanitation and right thinking are the things.

Most women size a dentist up by his linen; and when you lie back in the chair, about the only things you see are the hands of the man, and a discreet view of his cuffs. These things make or unmake.

I notice that most good dentists are pretty good talkers; and then, you have your patient at a disadvantage. Where he can not talk, it is pretty good policy for you to do the talking for him. This actually stops his mouth in a double way. If you keep talking, he can not. We may resent a barber talking, but the talk of a dentist is not on the barber plane. He is not discussing baseball scores or gossip, but he can give the patient a deal of good scientific information.

There is a certain dentist to whom I go twice a year regularly, and have my teeth looked after and cleaned up, because I like to hear what the man has to say. He has the latest in science and sociology, and always furnishes me a few new ideas. So we have a nice, jolly, little visit, and he usually soaks me anywhere from five to twenty dollars.

Fellowship

MANY dentists working alone become more or less disgusted with their business. The fact is, the business is all right, but the man needs company of his kind; and I would say it is a pretty good scheme for a dentist to have an assistant, or several of them, and do a certain portion of his work through the hands of others. This lets him get out and get the fresh air, and it is a wonderful thing to discover that you can get away from your office and find things going along all right when you come back. It reduces one's ego to the proper normal state.

The fact, too, of having an assistant gives you somebody to discuss your plans with, and by talking things over with some one else you make them clear to yourself. You can not dis-

cuss the inmost phases of dentistry with a layman. You have to have somebody who is pretty nearly as big as you are yourself. And I have noticed where there are two good dentists working together in an office in a small town, they will attract twice as much business as one. There is a sort of spiritual law that controls this thing.

Dentists work in such a small space—doing business in an aperture—they are prone to become narrow and whimsical and bigoted, because at the last—I suppose this will not be disputed—the dentist is only a man.

However, there are men who work with a microscope, as did Darwin, for many years, and many other big men who might be named, yet these men managed to get away from their confining work every day, out into the open, across the country, off the sidewalk, and thus they kept their vision broad and generous. I want every dentist not only to be a good dentist, but to be a big man as well, and get rid absolutely of all the little professional jealousies that are apt to corrode one's heart and sap one's zeal.

Dentistry is a new profession. It is just coming in, and it is an expanding profession. It is growing with the intelligence of the people; and the ability of people to pay, and their inclination to pay, I am fully assured, is on the uplift, and growing bigger and better every day.

God and Nature and Society are on the side of the dentist, and it is up to the dentist to be worthy of the honors that are surely coming his way. And these honors mean increased responsibility. There is no such thing as corraling honors, capturing them, and enjoying them. We keep things by giving them away. The dentist must give to society a splendid service, and this is what every strong, able, worthy dentist is doing. And the reward comes as a matter of course.

ALL success consists in this: You are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this. Interest a person in useful work and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos. Blessed is that man who has found his work.

Fear less, hope more; eat less, breathe more; hate less and love more—and all good things are yours.

Gustave Le Bon



USTAVE LE BON is the philosopher of instinct.

He belongs to that high dynasty of impenitent rebels founded by La Rochefoucauld.

His *Psychology of Socialism*, *The Crowd*, *The Psychology of Races*, and his *Psychology of Revolution*, which latter is his last book, have all been translated into English.

They are ruthless, unsentimental, and contain no panaceas for sick people. To be a thinker is one thing. To be a propagandist is another. They are antithetical propositions.

All thought aspires to nihilism; all propagandism aspires to fixity and permanency.

And the Thinker and the Propagandist can only effect a reconciliation where parallel lines meet—in the infinite, in the Never-Never Land of cosmic evolution.

Bergson and Eucken run drugstores. Gustave Le Bon runs a laboratory.

Le Bon rips curtains, masks and dominoes. He exposes, relentlessly and inexorably, races, individuals and "movements," and sets them in the gray light of Reality.

His analysis of the eternal Instinct-to-Sham is as merciless as is that of Jules de Cautier. He holds no brief for anything. He is not in favor of this or that; nor is he opposed to that or this. He sees; he records. His books fecundate with suggestions. Their style is simple, epigrammatic, fistic.

His irony lies in his logic, which in his case, as in the case of all of us, is merely the justification of his instinct, his prejudgment. His is the esthetic instinct. Pessimism and optimism are without meaning. They both demand a theory of ends. They imply the finite. The infinite may be conceivable. Porphyry, Spinoza and Emerson reached it. But the finite—a thing with a beginning and an end—is plainly inconceivable. Life is a play invented for Me. The rest is silence.

The Instinct-to-Vengeance

TO Le Bon all intelligence prevaricates. All mental attitudes are poses. All ideals that are called "intellectual ideals" are hypocritical. Instinct is the only psychological reality. And instinct is murderously egotistic. To

hide its inherent malignity it invents millions of masks. These masks are woven of logic and reason. Self-love and instinct are always rummaging about in the wardrobe-rooms of the brain for a disguise.

This psychological hypocrisy is itself an instinct—a detail of the instinct of self-preservation. Hence moral codes and philosophical and religious "justifications" for the most insane, absurd and perverse actions. Hence the ephemeral nature of all reasoning. Its role is pure expediency and utilitarianism.

When the instincts have done their work, the masks—or reasons—she wove are thrown away and another mask is substituted.

The beautiful reasons and theories on which the French people thought they acted during the Revolution were "faked" in order to justify their spoliation of the rich. Their right to bread, fuel, light, heat and the "good things of life" was inherent.

They sought to starve those who had starved them. They destroyed the things that had destroyed them.

Here they were moral, sublime, right, and the Reign of Terror was a superb celebration of the instinct to seek one's own at any cost. "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" had nothing to do with the Revolution. They were merely the moral tarpaulins that the Instinct-to-Vengeance put on when it went forth to do its work.

And it is the Instinct-to-Vengeance that is at the bottom of the war movement in Europe today. This spirit is always seeking an excuse to fight. Along the highways of the world the Instincts hurry with fagot and sword; but they send ahead an army of pamphleteers which distributes tracts that formulate and justify the everlasting urge. This army is Mind.

The Instinct-to-Lie, the irrational, the chimeric, the mystical—these are the bases of all human action. They are all, however, upon analysis, absorbed into the vital Instinct-to-Vengeance. This instinct is even metaphysical. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." This, taken in a popular sense, means that vengeance is alone the prerogative of God, and not of man. In its profounder sense it means that vengeance is at the heart of life, that vengeance is the dynamic principle in all motion. The word "redress" is the shibboleth of the ages: redress against Nature, redress

against the gods, redress between man and man. That word is forever on the lips of man. In legend and in fact it is The Word. Redress is the idealization of vengeance, and justice is its logical mask.

The desire to "get even" explains Moses, Mohammed, Ferrer, John Brown, Robespierre, Washington, Robin Hood, Napoleon, Joan of Arc, Karl Marx, Roosevelt and William the Second.

It explains every battle from Salamis to Vera Cruz. It was to "get even" that the lowly followed Christ. It was the instinct to "get even" that made Luther nail his proclamation on the church-door at Wittenberg. It was to "get even" that the North punished the South in the American Civil War.

The I. W. W. is an attempt to get even. Does Upton Sinclair, or Doctor Reitman or Alexander Berkman know anything of "justice"? Gentleman adventurers, all! Militants in England will never be satisfied with the vote. They want to get even with the male, this beast that has been seducing them with a dream of love in a cottage, all down the centuries.

It is to get even that Socialism has come into the world.

Chimera, That Mystical Beast

IN a mystical age the Instinct-to-Vengeance will wear a religious mask.

In a sentimental age it will wear a humanitarian mask.

In a scientific age it will wear the mask of logic.

Bibles go out of fashion, like everything else.

The "Holy War" of the Reformation, the "Holy War" of the French Revolution, the "Holy War" of Socialism—each has its bible, its paged and illuminated euphemisms to cover the naked intent of Instinct.

The Wittenberg proclamation, *The Declaration of the Rights of Man* and *Das Kapital* are the parables of humility on the lips of Social Vengeance.

Chimera! Another word that Gustave Le Bon insists on. Man has been defined variously. One called him a metaphysical animal, another a practical marauder. Le Bon insists that he is a sort of mystical beast. Man is a born poet. For a Euclid, a Newton, a Darwin, he cares not a rap.

But let him catch a glimpse of a Peter the Hermit, a Joseph Smith, a Mirabeau, a Napo-

leon, a Mary Baker Eddy, a Katherine Tingley, and he will desert office, field and wife and follow where the sacrosanct one leads him.

That is because man is a poet. He is a mystical, irrational being, and not a practical, reasoning animal.

The impossible, the supernatural, the absurd, move him to the depth of his being.

He follows Chimera over corpses, temples, crowns. Truth for the crowd lies in the emotions. Emotions are the brain of its instincts.

Aristotle, Hegel, Kant, Spencer, mean nothing to the masses; but preach to them a New Utopia, or tell them a tale of a mystical year to come by a simple "Be it enacted," and a hundred million ears are instantly a-prick.

That all trails to Utopia lead to an Armageddon where the Prince of Jesters is always the victor, means nothing to the race.

There is always another Beyond, always another Promised Land, always another Sawdust Trail.

The Vulcans of Mystical Belief never sleep in the Smithy of the Unconscious where the chimeras are fabricated.

Gullibility is a means of survival, and "social progress" is accelerated by the wonderful cock-and-bull romances of Rousseau, Marx and Bergson.

The Spirit of Sacrifice

LE BON'S theory of the French Revolution is that it was a mystical, sexio-religious crusade.

Blood-letting and saturnalias are incidental to all crusades of a mystical, religious type.

The anciently associated ideas of God and human sacrifice will never become wholly dissociated in the human mind.

All forms of worship, all forms of ecstasy, all notions of "social progress," smell of blood. Something must die, something must be "offered up," in order that man may continue his antics on a fussy little star.

During the French Revolution this ancient rite-instinct came to life in the Reign of Terror. The heads of thousands of aristocrats were offered up to the "progressive" gods of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

In the reign of terror which international socialism in its infinite wisdom will soon inaugurate, the offering will consist of those who belong to the capitalistic class.

We are still Egyptians and Aztecs, and we sacrifice before, during and after every battle.

¶ The first "Progressive" of whom we have any knowledge was Cain, whose sacrifice was rejected by the Lord and who in revenge slew his heaven-petted brother; Cain, the real progenitor of the French Revolution; Cain, the first Socialist.

When we get enough Cain voters, they will elect a Cain president, and a Cain Congress.

¶ Thomas Jefferson's democracy was founded on the fallacy that all men are industrious by choice, economical because they love to be, and truthful because it is their nature.

The Rule of the Mob

LE BON has the greatest contempt for the crowd, for the people. Democracy is the anonymous tyranny—more terrible, more vindictive, more vengeful than any absolute monarchy, where a head or heads may be reached with a bomb.

Democracy is the divinization of Opinion, and Opinion is always a Caligula.

The Crowd is the hydra that the Strong Man, the Superior Man, must either slay or cajole—or be slain by it. There is no incompetency like the incompetency of the majority.

There is no ignorance equal to mob ignorance. The great masses of mankind have not even risen to the level of being good servants.

They have never learned the first step that points to dominion—service.

Born to be graceless flunkys, the People aspire to Olympus.

Holding within themselves the seed of every tyranny, every absurdity, every hypocrisy, every diabolism, every form of slavery, they seek, by amalgamating and a closer herding, the miracle of transfiguration.

Bottom believes that a million million Bottoms will make him one of the elect. *Vox populi, vox Dei!*—was there ever a greater libel on the Lord!

Democracy, which is the aspiration to mediocrity, must always fail, because there is a psychological hierarchy as well as a physical, geological and esthetic hierarchy. Bad worships Better, and Better is enamored of Best.

¶ This is written in the tissues and the corpuscles of man.

Democracy must always fail because man is a religious animal—he worships instinctively what is above him—that which equals him has no power over him.

The ideal of the People is to be ruled and petted—but ruled at any cost. Hero-worship is vital. It is the esthetic escape of the illiterate and heavy-laden.

If the Hero does not rise at the bidding of the people, it will manufacture a god—sometimes it will be called Jupiter, sometimes Mohammed, sometimes Public Opinion.

There is the eternal necessity to divinize in some form the Instinct-to-Dependency.

But abstract formulas, like abstract deities, do not satisfy man for long. His gods must have a local habitation and a "record."

A democracy begins to totter at the very moment it seems to be successful.

The great undertow toward the concrete ruler is felt.

Every Feast of Reason ends in a Napoleon. Successful democracy means destruction of values—vast numbers of men out of work—and Roosevelt as a relief!

Every "free people" fosters a Porfirio Diaz.

¶ Every aspiration to throw off the yoke of authority ends in a Cæsar.

It is because each one of us is secretly a Cæsar, a Diaz, a Napoleon. Each of us is separately what we fear to create collectively. Democracy is as totally unsuited to human nature as is the Christianity taught by Christ.

¶ Democracy as applied by the beneficent Strong Man—a Frederick the Great, a Cromwell, a Marcus Aurelius, an Abraham Lincoln—well, is quite another thing.

THE first office-building school has been started in the Woolworth Building in New York City. The school was created to meet the ever-increasing demand for business and industrial training for young boys. This school was founded principally for office-boys, and its object is to teach them to perform their tasks thoroughly and intelligently, in order that they may attain to increased responsibility. The school is to be conducted at the expense of employers, merchants associations and other business interests. This school is a new step in vocational education, and is an indication that the reviled office-boy is coming into his own. Hitherto, the only efforts expended on him have been in trying to discover methods of keeping him from sleeping on the job. The new school which seeks to encourage him to attain efficiency and thoroughness is a good and commendable movement.

California Notes



WAR or no war; low tariff or stamp tax; gin-fizz or grape-juice, California is going to be the Mecca of the peace-loving world in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

On every hand you behold industry, animation, ambition, and a general cleaning-up, repainting, and refurbishing that plainly portend visitors.

Everybody is on his good behavior.

Street-car conductors thank you when you pay your fare; and yesterday when I was studying signs, a passing policeman touched his hat and said, "Pardon me, but can I be of service to you?"

If you ask a citizen the way to any certain point, the answer will probably be, "Why, I am just going there myself."

Courtesy as an Asset

YESTERDAY I toured the Panama-Pacific Exposition Grounds in an electric touring-car, personally conducted.

This vehicle seated just sixteen people, and every one had an upholstered chair, so you were not troubled by propinquity, which is delightful—or not—as the case may be. The charge was twenty-five cents, including the lecture. I heard of no one who had the temerity to call these cars "Rubberneck Wagons." The whole outfit was quite luxurious. The conductor gave us the history of the Exposition, explained its aims, pointed out items of interest, and told us the purpose of each building.

This lecturer was so pleasing in his address that we plumped at him a few questions concerning the history of California, and present European conditions.

He proved himself an armored cruiser with a cargo of information. One of the party was so pleased that he offered a dollar tip to our guide, which was smilingly declined.

Later I discovered the lecturer was an Assistant Professor of Literature at Berkeley, bracing up a modest income as Secretary Bryan does at Chautauquas.

In the Ferry-House at the foot of Market Street, when a boat is about to depart, there is an orchestration that plays some stirring air.

Frank Miller, at his Mission Inn at Riverside, is the man who took the "din" out of dinner and put the "rest" in restaurant; but the unknown who conceived the idea of announcing the arrival and departure of trains with music deserves, like Frank Miller, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the orchestration in the ferry-house struck up *The Star Spangled Banner* today, an old G. A. R. man in the crowd produced a silk flag on a cane, and every one stood up, including a score of Japs and Chinks.

It takes only a little thing to touch human hearts. That is one of the unique things of the times. We are getting friendly.

The Southern Pacific

ALL railroad-managers talk about courtesy now, but on some roads courtesy exists only in an academic way and as a pleasing theory.

That is, the employees all admit that courtesy is a good thing, but to get the technique is something else.

For instance, not long ago on a railroad that shall be nameless I heard a passenger ask a trainman the name of the town at which we had stopped. And the railroadman said, "Say, what's the matter with reading the name there on the end of the station?"

It was a fool question the passenger asked, sure enough, for there was the name in big black letters. But passengers having paid their fares have a few rights, and one is the right to propound needless interrogations. But I can't imagine a trainman giving such an answer on the Southern Pacific.

And if he did, and it ever got to the ears of the Division Superintendent, that flippant one would think a Zeppelin had dropped a bomb on him.

I know an old-time traveling man, who has carried a grip for thirty years. This man even today, when on a sleeping-car at night, never divorces himself from his trousers for fear of being routed out by an accident.

Also he insists on a lower berth, because if the car jumps the track and is turned over he will not be tossed about quite so much by unkind fate.

But look at this cold frigid fact and take heart: On the Southern Pacific not a passenger has been fatally injured during the past six years, and during that time it has handled more than two hundred million people.

Yes, Hezekiah, not a derailment or a collision, head on or tail end, in five years! And this road runs from Portland, Oregon, to New Orleans, and from San Francisco to Ogden. Besides, it has branches, which on the map look like sweet potatoes on a vine.

A great record! Safety and Courtesy are words that here loom large.

At Los Angeles I saw in the station a bulletin-board with thirty-six trains listed with hours of arrival. To save the trouble of marking up each train, the Depot-Master had one big sign which he hung on a hook, *All trains on time!* ☛ ☛

"How about that sign?" I asked.

He laughed and said, "Well, if one train is late I can't use that sign, but I've used it now for a week all right."

"Are you going to use it every day during Nineteen Hundred Fifteen?" I ventured ☛

"I surely hope and expect we will," was the answer ☛ ☛

The danger of railroad accident by derailment, or getting your head snapped off by a railroad employee, in California is infinitesimal.

☛ The men on the Southern Pacific who handle ice, filling the drinking-fountains, wear spotless white suits and white rubber gloves. A minor detail, of course, but symbolic!

The California Sunshine

AT San Diego I saw a rolling chair operated by a storage-battery. The whole invention is both novel and efficient. The marvel is that it is not in use on the Board Walk at Atlantic City.

This chair seats two persons, is rubber-tired, luxurious, and fool-proof. You start it by placing your foot on a button. When you take your foot off this releases the current and applies the brake. The limit of speed is three miles an hour. These chairs are rented at a very moderate charge, and are bound to be popular as savers of shoe-leather. Also they supply a unique experience in safe, restful and easy transportation. Hats off to the boys who sit up nights and invent useful and beautiful things! ☛ ☛

California is busy, prosperous and optimistic.

☛ When the merry bouncer in Chicago, New York or Boston orders "Widow Cliquot," the waiter brings him a California product, and truthfully explains, "Europe is n't in it a minute with California when it comes to purity, taste and flavor!"

Perfumes, dried apricots, prunes, raisins, figs, olives, hops, are all way up on the roof and going higher. California has a big crop of rye, and a bigger crop of beans. Sugar-beets are coming into their own; and buyers are out skirmishing with bags of shining gold.

Beans especially, being an army ration, are in demand at record-breaking prices.

In Ventura County I visited a bean baron who was harvesting his patch of sixteen hundred acres. His crop of combustibles was worth considerable over one hundred thousand dollars.

And down in lovely San Mateo County, that fairy-land where the modern Franciscan friars frolic, beautiful bungalows are being built as never before, and love and labor collaborate to make the landscape laugh with buds and blossoms, or blush with Stanford geraniums.

☛ When ugliness forgets itself and gives off the flash of the spirit it becomes magnificent.

Beautiful Back Yards



RECENTLY I visited the city of Davenport, Iowa, on oratorical errand bent, dispensing the kindly caloric.

And it so happened that I arrived on an early train—to be exact, six o'clock A. M. ☛ And rather than sit down and busy myself doing nothing, waiting for the "Committee," I took a walk around town ☛ My steps accidentally led me to a section of the city where lived mostly the "Common People, whom God loves," according to Lincoln, "otherwise he would n't have made so many of them." ☛ But suddenly it came to me that these were un-common people, for around their houses I saw a wealth of morning-glories, hollyhocks and sweet-peas that was rather unusual ☛ Then I discovered little houses evidently occupied by thrifty Germans, where both in front of the houses and back were vegetable-gardens, regular little farms. Then I walked through an alley and I found it free from garbage and noticed that the back yards were even finer than the front.

Women and children were watering the plants and flowers, and looking after the "truck."

The Beauty Contest

THAT afternoon I met my old college chum, Billy Korn, boss baker, and brother Rotarian. "How about all these flowers, Billy, I see in back yards?"

"Oh," was the answer, "that's the Beauty Contest—don't you know about that?" I did n't know, but insisted on being told. And the story is about like this: Some one at the Rotary Club of Davenport, at one of its weekly lunches in the early Spring, launched a suggestion. It evolved into an idea. The idea was to offer prizes for beautiful back yards.

Ideas are infectious—often contagious—occasionally explosive.

This idea "took." It captured the local newspapers and laid siege to the town. Conscription ruled.

Prizes were offered for beautiful yards. Prizes to girls and boys, prizes to grown-ups—prizes for vegetable-gardens, prizes for lawns, prizes for shrubbery.

The State Agricultural College at Ames was asked to co-operate. It replied by sending a man with two hundred stereopticon slides, showing what could be done and how to do it. People who wished to enter the contest were asked to make their entries.

Two thousand responded. Five thousand more went to work, but did not care to compete for prizes. Some boys and girls entered who did n't have flower and vegetable seeds, or even hoes and rakes.

Leave that to the Rotarians!

Ten night telegrams to Chicago seed-dealers and implement-houses brought tools enough and seeds enough to start a Dalrymple farm. A notice was inserted in the papers that no one need hesitate about entering the contest for lack of either tools, seeds or instruction.

Ames again came to the front and sent down a dozen husky Seniors to show 'em how. The huskies remained at the front for a week, and then discovered that their services were not really needed, as the neighbors were helping one another.

One girl twelve years old showed everybody in her block how to grow sweet-peas.

A professional photographer was engaged to take pictures of "before and after."

Prizes in cash and commodities were contributed by local merchants to the extent of three thousand dollars.

One prize of fifty dollars in gold went to a

colored man and his wife. Two hundred fifty boys and girls received from one to three dollars each, and all who had faithfully worked got something, even if only a ticket to a moving-picture show. ¶ The girl of twelve who had instructed the babies in her block, and the grown-ups, too, in the secrets of sweet-pea culture was voted a gold watch.

The Rotarians

WHEN the prizes were awarded, Charlie Kip, of the Burtis Opera-House, gave the use of his theater. It was packed to the doors. The band played, the children sang, the prominent citizens made speeches, and the professional photographer threw on a screen pictures of "before and after."

Is n't it better to go crazy on beauty, cleanliness, industry and order than to be swept off your feet with a mad desire to go to war? The Rotarians say, "Yes."

And so say we, all of us.

Davenport is a city of seventy thousand people. In it there are no slums. It was always neat, thrifty and beautiful.

Now it is doubly so. Good things are catching as well as bad. Ask the Rotarians!

The real problem of life is how to live rightly in the world, not how to get away from it.

War and Peace

There never was a good war, nor a bad peace.
—Benjamin Franklin.



NOTHING you prepare for, you will get.

Nations that prepare for war will find an excuse for fighting.

¶ The vast preparations for war that have been going on in Europe for the last fifty years have now reached a natural culmination.

Seven Christian Nations are today clutching at each other's throats in a mad, frenzied struggle for supremacy.

Murder on such a wholesale scale has never before been seen in all history. Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon are all thrown into a deep purple shade.

But when things get bad enough they cure themselves. The very intensity of this terrific struggle will make it short.

These fighting nations can not borrow money to continue their mad rage, and soldiers who are not paid and well fed, will not fight.

The Law of Compensation never rests.

There was no such thing as civilization until individuals ceased carrying arms, and agreed to refer their differences to the courts.

If Ohio and Pennsylvania have a misunderstanding, they do not go at it tooth and nail to destroy property—they have agreed on a way to adjust their misunderstandings.

The good sense of the world says today that nations should mediate and arbitrate.

The War-Lord spirit is an anachronism. And no matter what it was once, it today is a detestable thing.

Germany declared war on Russia because the Czar mobilized his army.

England declared war because Germany marched her troops without permission through the territory of a country with which England was on close and friendly terms.

If Russia had n't possessed that vast fighting-machine, she would n't have mobilized it.

And if Germany had n't had that half-million iron-shod soldiers, each fully equipped with the instruments of death, she would not have thought of marching armed men through the peaceful villages and smiling farms of Belgium.

War Preparedness

WAR preparedness leads to war. ¶ The coast-line between Canada and the United States, from the Saint Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about two thousand miles.

In the year Eighteen Hundred Twelve, there were forty-six forts, big and little, on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada.

At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time six thousand troops. Altogether we had on the Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this in the interest of peace.

¶ In one little battle we had with our British cousins, on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of twenty-seven, captured six British ships and killed three hundred men. A little before this the British destroyed ten ships for us and killed two hundred Americans.

¶ After the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve was ended and peace was declared, both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building warships.

At Watertown, Conneaut, Erie, Port Huron, Cleveland and Detroit were shipyards where

hundreds of men were working night and day building warships. Not that war was imminent, but the statesmen of the time said there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada things were much the same, and there were threats that Perry's famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," would soon be reversed.

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was acting Secretary of State, Richard Rush of Philadelphia; the other was Charles Bagot, Minister to the United States from England. Rush was of Quaker parentage, and naturally was opposed to the business of war.

Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know it was neither glorious nor amusing.

Rush wrote out a memorandum of agreement which he headed "An Arrangement."

The document is written on one side of a single sheet of paper and is dated April Twenty-eight, Eighteen Hundred Seventeen. Here is a copy:

"1. The Naval Forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side:

"2. On Lake Ontario one vessel, not to exceed one hundred tons burden, carrying not more than twenty men and one eighteen-pound cannon.

"3. On the Upper Lakes two vessels, of same burden, and armed in a like way.

"4. On Lake Champlain one vessel of like size and armament.

"5. All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war shall be built or armed along the Saint Lawrence River or on the Great Lakes."

This agreement has been religiously kept. Its effect was to stop work at once on the fortifications, and cause disarmament along the Great Lakes.

So far as we know, the agreement will continue for all time. Both parties are satisfied, and in fact so naturally has it been accepted, very few people know of its existence.

Here is an example that our friends in Europe might well ponder over. If those forts on the frontier had been maintained, and had the ships of war continued to sail up and down, it would have been a positive miracle if there had not been fighting.

Probably they would have forced us into a

war with England before this. We have had several disputes with Canada when it would have been very easy to open hostilities if the tools had been handy. Men who tote pistols find reasons for using them, and the nations that have big armies will find excuse for testing their efficiency.

If two countries can make an "arrangement" limiting the extent of armament, and this arrangement holds for a hundred years, can not nine countries do the same?

Then all that is needed is a few soldiers to do police duty

Nations can not afford to be savages, any more than individuals.

Mind alone is eternal! My faith is great: out of the transient darkness of the present the shadows will flee away, and the Day will yet dawn.

The Peasant Soldier

By James J. Montague

HE has no hope for conquest; he has no lust for power;

His bosom does not burn to share in triumph's glorious hour;

He bears no hatred in his heart against his brother man;

Unlearned he in strategy, or statesman's scheme or plan.

But when throughout the troubled land there rings the battle-cry,

Unknowing and unquestioning, he marches forth to die.

No prizes are there to be gained for his too common kind;

He wins no splendid spoils of war for those he leaves behind.

Whatever glory there may be the great ones of the earth

Will never yield to his mean kin, all folk of peasant birth.

But when he sees upon the hills the battle-banners fly

He marches calmly to his death—nor thinks to wonder why.

Be careful how you manage men, for the day is surely coming when, if you have not love and yet attempt to manage men, you will pay for your rashness with your life.

The Latest Discovery

By Alice Hubbard



WENTY-FIVE years ago a statistician published a statement of the fact that, pro rata of a class, the greatest number of inmates of insane asylums was farmers' wives.

This was all the statistician said, for it was not his business to suggest the cause, point a moral or adorn the tale with a remedy for the evil. He simply stated the fact.

The few women in villages and cities who read the announcement, and gave it a single thought, said: "Is n't that a strange thing? Farm women have all the peace and quiet that the beautiful country can give. What is the most interesting novel you have read lately? Are you going to attend Mrs. Leland's party this week?" Their lives were full of varied interests, small though they were. The insane country women, whose lives had been tragically uninteresting, were forgotten

A few doctors knew the cause of the insanity. But it was not their business to remove it. They were sent for to cure the patient.

It is not generally known that monotony, voluntary or compulsory, is the cause of much insanity

Farmers' girls continued to become farmers' wives. They carried the burden of monotony as far as they could, dropped it, were put into insane asylums, some of them; a few went to hospitals, and many welcomed the end of their uneventful lives. ¶ The farm and farmers received very little attention from the great, moving, active intelligence of the world.

The farmer was a man to ridicule. He was out of date and belonged to the ancient past

The farmers' boys who had energy left the farm and went to the city, because, first, they had energy and were restless, and second, because the farm had not interests enough to give expression to their energy.

It is difficult to teach a farmer a new trick, but not half so difficult as to cause him to forget the old.

Quick adjustment to new conditions comes to people whose minds are alert. New and varied surroundings make alert minds.

It was not one hundred years ago that Cyrus McCormick tried to interest farmers in an easier way to harvest their grain.

He gave a free demonstration of the use of his harvester. The farmers came on foot and on horses, looked, said the methods of their fathers were good enough for them, scoffed, and only a few young minds remained to give the great enterpriser even a little encouragement.

Youth wants new things, interesting things, absorbing interests, so the energetic youth left the farm.

The physically and mentally weak and those with little initiative remained on the farm, to seek the path which their forefathers trod. When to live was so difficult that men felt gratitude and gave thanks to a God of Wrath, if they had escaped starvation or destruction from the elements, anybody could be a farmer and everybody was. That is, every man plowed a little plot of ground, dragged it, sowed the grain with his hand, dragged it in, and then prayed that the crop should not be destroyed. But when each farm could produce just a little more than a living, the ambitious went out to discover the world.

What were the enterprising youths doing away from the farm? Sharpening their wits, putting their energies to a use where they got quick returns, inventing, manufacturing, carrying things from where they were plentiful to where they were needed.

The observing realized that the fundamental things must not be overlooked, that the production of foodstuffs was necessary, and that its transportation was second in importance.

When the railroad business began, its importance was evident.

Quick and comfortable transportation for man and produce! It rejuvenated the world. Life had new interests and many new interests. Experimenting in the difficulties and exacting work of building railroads and operating them was fascinating. To accomplish big results was a game that charmed and chained more men than any other that had gone before.

It developed and held for many years the finest intellects the world has ever known. Transportation! It ministered to the people. Everybody was benefited. The world began to live luxuriously. People could eat perishable fruits grown three thousand miles away.

Distance was annihilated. So was primitive ignorance.

Land in the West, which had been given away, or was occupied by squatters, now had genuine value.

Those vast herds of cattle and sheep, that ranged the plains, could be marketed in Chicago, Saint Louis, New Orleans, New York, London.

It was worth while to become a "cattle-king." Men who had big fortunes could make it pay to buy great tracts of grazing-land, develop big herds of beef-cattle and millions of sheep. And this was done.

But our population increased rapidly. Acreage Out West became desirable, valuable. And then the great tracts of land owned by cattle-kingdoms must be cultivated, if they were to be used even as pastures. The land had given gratis all it could.

The great herds, too, needed more care. It cost more to raise cattle than it had formerly.

The price of meat increased, then it increased more, and went higher and higher. Other foodstuffs followed this example. It cost more to live.

A terrible cry went up from rich and poor alike! "The high cost of living! Oh! Oh! Oh! Something must be done!" What could be done?

We instantly hark back to the desire for a patriarchal government when we are afraid of hunger or deprivation of any kind.

This cry was directed to the ears of politicians and government officials. And the Government announced that an investigation was about to be made.

And something did take place, but it was not what any one had expected.

The high cost of living was not reduced. In fact, its aviation has not yet ceased.

The investigating committee did not find what it promised to find. But it discovered to the people the small farmer.

The people found, not only the farmer, but his ignorance, the tragic conditions under which he carried on a nominal business. He was loaded down with a mortgage, he worked with such tools as he could get, using the same amount of intelligence that his ancestors had used. He had horses, fairly modern farm-implements, but barns with dark, dank, fearful, smelling stables. He fed what would keep his stock alive, but not to make it yield him

a profit for his labor. He still quoted as authority his sire and grandsire. He raised inferior grains and vegetables, blaming Providence for poor crops or no crops at all. The farmer himself was old at forty, rheumatic, melancholy and eloquent with complaints of hard times.

A few people realized that the human race depended on farm-products, that since this fact could not be denied nor a substitute for farm-products given to the world, it were wise to look into the farm problems and make of small farming a business.

Was it possible to get scientific knowledge into the mind of the farmer; to teach him its relation to the soil and its cultivation, how to cause the farm to give a bountiful harvest, and give more than a living for the farmer and his family?

Science in farming! Bookkeeping in farming!

¶ It was new. It was marvelous. It was foolishness!

Ask the railroad-builders and young college men who went as missionaries to teach and help, if the common farmers heard them gladly ☸ ☸

But finally the bookkeeping was carried to such an extent that each animal had an accurate account kept for it, and as a result of this bookkeeping the fiat went forth that each animal must show a bank-balance at the end of the year or lose its head. And then every field, every acre of ground was turned over to a practical Saint Peter, who brought to the farmer a just report of what that piece of ground had done and had not done during the year ☸ ☸

And then something was done to better the condition of each acre, and each animal, even to the hen.

The hen is no longer the epitome of stupidity. Everybody pays tribute to her, and respect, because she is an earner. We speak of a hen who earns money for her owner as a Business Hen. And any hen not so entitled, must lose her head. This is hen economics, for the study of women's clubs.

The best energy, the best brain, the best intelligence is now being turned toward this fundamental occupation, farming.

The Federal Government has made provision for the development of the farmer. Every State in the Union has made or is making provision for the development of the farmer.

No farmer in the United States is so poor or so obscure but, if he wills, he may have direct information from his State Department of Agriculture. He may have his perplexing questions answered.

Opportunity has come to the farmer. His business may rank in dignity and power with the professions, commerce, manufacturing.

His need and his opportunity for information are greater than any of these.

The Unidentified

BUT the farmer's wife! ¶ The most obscure of all obscure human beings of the earth is or was the farmer's wife.

When she married and went into her husband's house, she became almost as stationary as the tree that grew by his doorstep. It was an event when she put on her best clothes and went to church, unless she were a German woman and did the selling and marketing. But even there she had no identity. She was Farmer Schmidt's wife.

Man is a social animal, and without a reasonable amount of communication with his fellows he becomes abnormal, his interests become smaller and smaller, fewer and fewer. If the isolation continues, he sickens and dies.

The farmer himself had no thought of its being advantageous or disadvantageous to modify his wife's obscurity.

Farmers were orthodox and conservative in their religion as well as in their habits of work. "Let the women be silent in the church, arrayed in no gold or costly apparel. If a woman would know anything, let her ask her husband at home."

These commands were vital to the farmer. There was no democracy on the old farm.

Why it was necessary to repress and thus oppress woman they had neither the leisure nor the power to think.

The farmer girls usually married while they were young. There was little else to do. Their days of romance were few and not free from sorrow. There was work to do—heavy, hard work ☸ ☸

In the olden times, the wife brought to her husband's home her "hope chest," and her anticipations of romance were often worn out with these linens and house-furnishings.

Even progressive farmers stopped their progress this side of the house-yard.

The wife was expected to do the work of the house, and many times to help with the milk-

ing, the garden, and in Summer prepare food and comforts for the Winter.

She did all of her own work, cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, sewing.

Did she turn a faucet and let gravity pour water into a pail? And was there a sink that would catch the surplus water and carry it off into a safe sewer?

Not at all! She usually lifted every pail of water that was consumed in her household activities for scrubbing, cleaning, washing. She lifted it from a spring below the house and carried it up to the house, or with a great, picturesque well-sweep drew it from a well. Or possibly the picturesqueness was omitted and she pulled the water up or she pumped it. Most farmers' wives do this now.

She burned wood in her cook-stove.

An even fire? There is no such thing with wood. A dependable fire? That is an impossibility also.

"The stove won't draw." "The wood is green. What shall I do? And the men will be in for dinner in twenty minutes!"

It is wash-day. The babies must be in the kitchen where all of the operations of work are performed. The farmer's wife can be in only one room at a time. Beside, the part of the house that was heated, was heated by wood-stoves and she must feed the fire.

Did you ever enter one of those kitchens and smell the aroma, the blend of soapsuds, fried pork and boiling cabbage?

What did the farmer's wife eat and give to her family and the hired men to eat? Anything she could get for them. Potatoes, bread, salt pork, fruits which she could find in Summer; tubers, roots, dried fruit, fresh meat in the Winter.

It was no wonder the farmer's wife was obscure. She must be, naturally, for she lived at a distance from her neighbors, and her neighbors were farmers' wives. They had the same hardships that she had. If they met together, it was to enumerate and commiserate with each other concerning these hardships—sickness, their own and the children's.

She was not attractive. Why should any one seek her out? Who was there to seek her society or give her inspiration?

"And I, if I be inspired, will draw people unto me." We do not go to the obscure and oppressed except in pity.

If these pictures seem dark gray, leaden and

exaggerated, please take your first opportunity to ask the wives and daughters of farmers of thirty years ago, who lived miles from the village, many more from the city, who were isolated mentally and physically, and had no opportunities to really communicate with the outer, big world.

Newspapers reached such homes once, and later three times a week. There was no R. F. D., no telephone, no bicycle, no automobile.

Many intelligent boys came from the farm to the city. When they developed and grew prosperous, they relieved the monotony at home if Mother and Sisters still lived. But that did not help solve the farm problem. That was individual charity, pauperization. It made the "poor farmer" still poorer as a prospect for a business.

But American men and women who have awakened to the need to solve the farm problem, realize that, without solving the farmer's wife's problem, no problem is solved. Widower farmers and bachelor farmers are pitiful failures.

The farmer can not succeed alone. His home partnership is more complete, more intricate than is the marriage in any other class of people. The interest of the farmer and the farmer's wife is one. The business success depends upon their combined interest in the soil and its cultivation; in their knowledge of crops, of how to produce crops that are advantageous for them to use and market. This entails practical knowledge of science applied to soils, crops and animal life.

Most important of all, the woman who lives on the farm must know the laws of life. She must know what is required for health and maintenance of health, what her family shall eat, drink, wherewithal they shall be clothed, how much and what recreations are necessary.

¶ Of all the places on earth where great individuality and self-reliance are required, the home on the farm is most in need. The woman in that home is the natural center of inspiration and power. But farm women have been more nearly denatured than any other class of women. Abjectly dependent, they have become depressed, discouraged.

And yet, ideals, great purposes, desires, and ambitions trace a direct lineage to a mother in a farm home.

It is possible that farming can be a fairly

prosperous business. It must be that, for the products of the small farms are indispensable. Their value among marketable products must be placed in right relation to luxury, phantasies, ephemerals, novelties, extravagances for which much money is paid.

We take great pains in matching shades, tints and colors. We are very particular that shoes and lingerie shall be à la mode, but we let the grocer, fruiterer and butcher select our food. When the right relation of values is established in the minds of people, the price of excellent, wholesome food will be more than it is now. And when it pays to raise superior farm-products, the farmer and his wife will evolve through doing such quality of work.

What? A farmer's wife receive money for her work? Money! That substance which is now foreign to her, of which she sometimes hears but never sees?

Yes. Absolutely so. The woman who lives on the farm will soon have identity and then money. ❧

The cost of living now is not high enough. We do not place the correct value on it.

Benevolent Supervision

BUT look! In the East there is a new light of hope.

The United States Department of Agriculture is co-operating with various agricultural colleges, to return to farm women their birth-right—opportunity for life, a degree of liberty and happiness. The plan is matured whereby ten or more farm women or farm men may form home classes in domestic science and in agriculture. ❧ They may receive textbooks, lectures, lantern-slides, libraries and cooking equipment necessary to successfully carry on this work. This is indeed bringing the university into the home. Forty years ago, Bishop Vincent carried a torchlight into every community. In many farm homes this glimmer of light grew into a gleam.

Farm women, girls, boys and men were born again through the influence and by following the course of study marked out by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Congress.

❧ It brought illuminating history, science, art, poetry and practical subjects within the reach of every one who had desire.

Now certain men and women have made a Public Opinion which has caused the Federal Government and the States to give opportunity to those who most need it.

The fundamental principles of life have not changed. The human race can not be refined nor progress any faster than its fundamentals of life develop. The farmer's wife is as necessary to a nation as is the farmer. She is now being educated in her own home.

In East Aurora, Erie County, New York, it was my very great pleasure recently to see Katherine Mills, one of the teachers of farmers' wives, actively engaged in the work of teaching farmers' wives to cook.

Miss Mills was born and reared on a farm. She has received a technical education in domestic science.

To see more than a hundred women with hungry, eager minds, writing down recipes, taking notes on everything this teacher said, was a picture of human interest not to be forgotten. These women put into immediate practise every one of the instructions which the teacher gave.

Best of all, they were awaking to life's opportunities.

Does n't this look like progress? Does n't it seem as though the hard times, the dark ages, were passing away, even though they are fighting in Europe?

We have started at the beginnings when we use our brains to make conditions to develop better brains and character.

So, here's hoping that the high cost of living will increase, and increase and still increase, until the farmer's wife is not only fully discovered by others, but until she has found herself. ❧

When women on the farm have the opportunities for living, then the girl of ambition and intelligence can afford to make her home on the farm, where there is opportunity to develop herself, from the nature of the conditions, more fully than anywhere else.

THE wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort or navy—he loves men too well; no bribe, or feast or palace, to draw friends to him; no vantage-ground, no favorable circumstances. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute-book, for he has the law-giver; no money, for he has value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the Creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Message to Men

From "The Dry Goods Economist"



THESE are days when men are men. The real men of America are going about their affairs—they have given up their vacations, they are on the firing-line of big business, and their courage and patriotism are in evidence every hour of the day. ¶ They are not lying down—they are standing up, and they will maintain and improve our place in the sun of commerce and industry.

The way to locate the real men of business these days is to listen to their talk and to see how they act.

The real men of business have not pulled down the flag; they have not quit advertising; they have not called in their salesmen; they have not locked the factory-door.

Yes, they have in many instances "pulled their belt-straps a little tighter." They have perhaps curtailed a bit here and there as they mobilized their working forces and reserves—and gained greater efficiency thereby.

But haul down the flag and lie down?

Never!

Let us look about.

A nation of a hundred million people with an untrammelled working organization and the smallest per-capita burden of military expenses in the civilized world.

The nation with the greatest internal trade and self-contained in having practically every essential of life within its domain.

The nation that has length, breadth and thickness in its resources, with its own coal, its own iron, its own grain, its own forests, its own cotton, and with absolute freedom of internal commerce.

We have a flexible fiscal system that has made financial panic impossible.

The ingenuity of the American, always best displayed in a time of stress, will find a substitute for every needed article that enters into our daily life and which we formerly secured from Europe.

We will continue to buy from England, France and Germany all the things that we need which they can send to us.

We will sell to the world all the things that we

grow and make which the rest of the world can buy from us.

There are some men whose middle name is "Cancellation."

They have run to cover after 'phoning, wiring and writing the people they deal with to "Stop Everything."

The quitter who stops his business campaign recklessly is the man who trades recklessly. He is the anti-conservative. He lacks poise and balance, and he will be the first to go under when pressure comes.

The Power of Peace

THE trade-routes of the world are being redrawn.

The great continent to the South of us beckons and says, "We want you to take our hides, our cattle, our coffee, our rubber, and we will buy your textiles, your machinery, your shoes, your hardware, your oil and all the other things that you make that we need."

The machinery of distribution is the requirement of the moment—and we are making rapid progress.

The Panama Canal is open; cargo-ships of great capacity are passing through the great waterway.

The West Coast of South Africa is at our doors.

¶ The wheat of California, the lumber of Oregon, have a new pathway to the Atlantic. The greatest blessing that civilization has known in a decade comes to us in the year that brings to Europe its saddest blow.

We deplore the war—the greatest cataclysm created by man that the world has known. For this is a man-made war—and as men started it, so will men end it.

Where do we stand?

We have goods to sell—and competition largely eliminated. The gods of war have given us a large monopoly of the surplus of the needed things of life.

We will put idle men to work in vocations where there will be a new demand for what we can make that peaceful nations want.

We will advertise to the world that American men are going to prove in this year of years that the American type of civilization is triumphant.

The American nation now has the opportunity to prove its position as the world-power—not the power of armed might, but the Power of Peace.

This publication is ready to aid every real

merchant and manufacturer who nails his flag to the mast of progress and patriotism.

The advertisers in this and every issue of this publication are flying their flags.

The advertisement of a business is the outward, visible sign that it is alive.

When the advertising flag disappears, he who hauls it down admits that he was a merchant of yesterday. We are dealing with men of today and tomorrow.

The American men of today who see the true trend of things are mobilizing for a great forward movement—a movement that is fraught with great opportunities and great victories, and our victory will be just as great as we deserve to have it, for the nations of the world are all our friends; and even though Europe fight with the right hand, we will grasp the left and prove our position as the friend of all and the enemy of none.

Join with us in this new conquest of the world, that we may be acclaimed the real victors when this war is over—victors through the arts of peace.

This is the time for Commercial Courage

Through the Self alone are we able to realize the existence of God.

End of Armament Rings

By H. G. Wells



IN this smash-up of empires and diplomacy, this utter disaster of international politics, certain things which would have seemed ridiculously Utopian a few weeks ago have suddenly become reasonable and practicable. One of these—a thing that would have seemed fantastic until the very moment when we joined issue with Germany and which may now be regarded as a sober possibility—is the absolute abolition throughout the world of the manufacture of weapons for private gain. Whatever may be said of the practicability of national disarmament, there can be no dispute not merely of the possibility but of the supreme necessity of ending forever the days of private profit in the instruments of death. That is the real enemy. That is the evil thing at the very center of this trouble.

At the very core of all this evil that has burst at last in world disaster lies this Kruppism, this sordid enormous trade in the instruments of death. It is the closest, most gigantic organization in the world. Time after time this huge business, with its bought newspapers, its paid spies, its agents, its shareholders, its insane sympathizers, its vast ramification of open and concealed associates, has defeated attempts at pacification, has piled the heap of explosive material higher and higher—the heap that has toppled at last into this bloody welter in Belgium, in which the lives of four great nations are now being torn and tormented and slaughtered and wasted beyond counting, beyond imagining. I dare not picture it—thinking now of who may read.

One Universal Resolve

SO long as the unstable peace endured, so long as the Emperor of the Germans and the Krupp concern and the vanities of Prussia hung together, threatening but not assailing the peace of the world, so long as one could dream of holding off the crash and saving lives, so long was it impossible to bring this business to an end or even to propose plainly to bring this business to an end. It was still possible to argue that to be prepared for war was the way to keep the peace. But now every one knows better. The war has come. Preparation has exploded. Outrageous plunder has passed into outrageous bloodshed. All Europe is in revolt against this evil system. There is no going back now to peace; our men must die, in heaps, in thousands; we can not delude ourselves with dreams of easy victories; we must all suffer endless miseries and anxieties; scarcely a human affair is there that will not be marred and darkened by this war. Out of it all must come one great, universal resolve: that this iniquity must be plucked out by the roots.

Whatever follies still lie ahead for mankind this folly at least must end. There must be no more buying and selling of guns and warships and war-machines. There must be no more gain in arms. Kings and Kaisers must cease to be the commercial travelers of monstrous armament concerns. With the *Goeben* the Kaiser has made his last sale. Whatever arms the nations think they need they must make for themselves and give to their own subjects. Beyond that there must be no making of weapons in the earth.

The Imperialism of Berlin

THIS is the clearest commonsense. I do not need to argue what is manifest, what every German knows, what every intelligent educated man in the world knows. The Krupp concern and the tawdry Imperialism of Berlin are linked like thief and receiver; the hands of the German princes are dirty with the trade. All over the world statecraft and royalty have been approached and touched and tainted by these vast firms, but it is in Berlin that the corruption has centered; it is from Berlin that the intolerable pressure to arm and still to arm has come; it is at Berlin alone that this evil can be grappled and killed. Before this there was no reaching it. It was useless to dream even of disarmament while these people could still go on making their material uncontrolled, waiting for the moment of national passion, feeding the national mind with fears and suspicions through their subsidized Press. But now there is a new spirit in the world. There are no more fears; the worst evil has come to pass. The ugly hatreds, the nourished misconceptions of an armed peace, begin already to give place to the mutual respect and pity and disillusionment of a universally disastrous war. We can at last deal with Krupps and the kindred firms throughout the world as one general problem, one worldwide accessible evil.

The Great Anti-Militarist Power

OUTSIDE the circle of belligerent States, and the States which, like Denmark, Italy, Rumania, Norway and Sweden, must necessarily be invited to take a share in the final resettlement of the world's affairs, there are only three systems of Powers which need be considered in this matter; namely, the English and Spanish speaking Republics of America and China. None of these States is deeply involved in the armaments trade; several of them have every reason to hate a system that has linked the obligation to deal in armaments with every loan. The United States of America is now, more than ever it was, an anti-militarist Power, and it is not too much to say that the Government of the United States of America holds in its hand the power to sanction or prevent this most urgent need of mankind. If the people of the United States will consider and grasp this tremendous question now; if they will make up their minds now that there shall be no more profit

made in America or anywhere else upon the face of the earth in war material; if they will determine to put the vast moral, financial and material influence the States will be able to exercise at the end of this war, in the scale against the survival of Kruppism, then it will be possible to finish that vile industry forever. If, through a failure of courage or imagination, they will not come into this thing, then I fear if it may be done. But I misjudge the United States if, in the end, they abstain from so glorious and congenial an opportunity.

Let me set out the suggestion very plainly. All the plant for the making of war material throughout the world must be taken over by the Government of the State in which it exists; every gun-factory, every rifle-factory, every dockyard for the building of warships. It may be necessary to compensate the shareholders more or less completely; there may have to be a war indemnity to provide for that, but that is a question of detail. The thing is the conversion everywhere of arms-making into a State monopoly, so that nowhere shall there be a penny's worth of avoidable private gain in it. Then, and then only, will it become possible to arrange for the gradual dismantling of this industry which is destroying humanity, and the reduction of the armed forces of the world to reasonable dimensions. I would carry this suppression down even to the restriction of the manufacture and sale of every sort of gun, pistol and explosive. They should be made only in Government workshops and sold only in Government shops; there should not be a single rifle, not a Browning pistol, unregistered, unrecorded and untraceable, in the world. But that may be a counsel of perfection. The essential thing is the world suppression of this abominable traffic in the big gear of war, in warships and in great guns.

Armaments and the State

WITH this corruption cleared out of the way, with the armaments commercial traveler flung down the back stairs he has haunted for so long—and flung so hard that he will be incapacitated forever—it will become possible to consider a scheme for the establishment of the peace of the world. Until that is done any such scheme will remain an idle dream. If there is courage and honesty enough in men, I believe it will be possible to establish a world council for the regulation of armaments as the natural outcome of this war.

First, the trade in armaments must be absolutely killed. And then the next supremely important measure to secure the peace of the world is the neutralization of the sea. It will lie in the power of England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and the United States to forbid the further building of any more ships of war at all; to persuade, and if need be, to oblige the minor Powers to sell their navies and to refuse the seas to armed ships not under the control of the confederation. To launch an armed ship can be made an invasion of the common territory of the world. This will be an open possibility in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. Already human intelligence and honesty have contrived to keep the great American lakes and the enormous Canadian frontier disarmed for a century. Warlike folly has complained of that, but it has never been strong enough to upset it. What is possible on that scale is possible universally, so soon as the armament-trader is put out of mischief. The age of armed anxiety is over. Whatever betide, it must end. And there is no way of making it end but through these two associated decisions, the abolition of Kruppism and the neutralization of the sea.

Our happiest moments are when we forget ourselves in useful effort.

Superhuman Men

By Annie Besant



As we turn the pages of history, we find civilization after civilization succeeding each other. Students of ancient literature, students of those old books which have come down from a past which seems to us perchance hidden in the night of time, have found records of civilizations mighty and great, apparently permanent and secure, but which have so utterly passed away from ordinary human knowledge that in modern days men disbelieved in their existence and thought the stories in the ancient books were but legends, fables created by national pride in order to glorify their own past, not records of historical facts, not pictures of civilizations that really existed on our earth.

These ancient books, it is true, were corrob-

rated now and again by what is called occult research. Men and women who had developed in themselves certain powers not yet general in our race have claimed that by the exercise of those powers they could read records of the past existing as pictures in subtler matter than the physical, as men with physical eyes can read the printed page. Until quite lately those records have been scoffed at by the foolish, have been ignored by the learned; but, during the last half of the Nineteenth Century, a new light came into the arena of human thought, and antiquarian research, spreading far and wide and digging deeply, began to unveil fragments whose existence could not be denied—fragments of ancient civilizations. Step by step as archeology advanced, step by step as excavation succeeded excavation, it was found that that physical research was confirming the legends of the ancient literature, was verifying many a statement made by occult research—stories of such a one as King Minos of Crete, stories of such a one as Menes of Egypt, stories running back to ancient Babylon.

Those were brought to the light of day, not in ways that could be challenged, not in forms that could be denied, but in matter solid enough to knock a man down with; so that one could be sure that it existed, in libraries made of ancient tiles which had long outlived their makers, in fragments of ancient architecture from city after city buried one below the other, and each succeeding city shut off from its predecessors by ruins, by solid earth which intervened between each pair. In these ways, ever being confirmed by new investigations, by these physical methods which appeal to the physical mind of men, the existence of those old civilizations was proved, and none now ventures to deny that well-nigh endless past of civilized man.

The Doctrine of Evolution

ONE thing came out strongly, a surprise to the thinkers of the last century. Quite naturally, the great doctrine of evolution applied to human history resulted in a certain theoretical building up of the past which appealed to the human mind and seemed logical and even necessary. We read of the growth of civilization; we were told of families of savages who joined together into tribes, of tribes who linked themselves together into communities for mutual assistance and defense,

of communities building themselves up into nations, and so on, step by step, millennium after millennium, until from barbarism civilization arose—just as in the corresponding domain of religion the ideas of the savage, the animistic ideas of the barbarians, were held to be the origin, the source, of all the religions of the world.

But, however natural that view was, it was found not to square with facts. None had discovered in the excavations of the past those infant civilizations whose remnants might naturally have been looked for, building up step by step in successive excavations. Savages have been found, cavemen have been discovered, villages built on piles have been found, but between those and the civilizations there is no steady advance or link which science has discovered.

Savages exist today side by side with great civilizations, they existed also in the past, but between them no bridges have been found. On the contrary, it has been seen everywhere, as facts have been accumulated, that what Bunsen has declared to be true of Egypt only is true also of all the great civilizations of the past. He declared of the civilization of Egypt that it had no origin which human wit could find, that it seemed to spring upon the stage of history complete, as Minerva burst from the head of Jove. It was thought at first to be a marvel and a wonder, to be unique in the history of man, but every great civilization apparently shows the same marvelous characteristic, that it appears as a mighty civilization.

Even though traces of a child-people can be found under the great rulers and teachers of the past, more and more through the twilight in the dawning of history, great figures stand out, grandiose and mighty, out-topping the contemporary people, the rulers, teachers, and the guides of men; they, the founders of the mighty civilizations; they, the architects of the marvelous buildings; they, the teachers of the child-humanity, the superhuman beings who are the builders of civilizations and of religions in our world.

Plenty of civilizations have been traced through the period of their decay—a significant fact; none has ever been traced through its building up from the savage state into the state of the highly organized and civilized nation.

World-Teachers

AS we look at these great civilizations and see how the masses of the people in them were as children intellectually and spiritually, but children ready to be taught, children willing to be guided, loving, not hating their superiors, and reverencing, not being jealous of those who knew more than themselves; as we see that unrolled in the story of the past, two great types appear: the ruler and the teacher in these most ancient states, builders of races, builders of sub-races, builders of nations and polities, teachers who give forms for the eternal truths of religion, shaping them in different forms according to the needs of those to whom they gave this ever-new presentation of ancient truth.

The ruler, the typical man, is concerned with the building up of the outer civilizations, with the shaping of social polity, with the laying down of laws by which the people must develop, must evolve; he has to do not only with racial types, not only with national policies, but also with the great seismic changes which go side by side with the evolution of new races.

The great ruler is connected with the racial type. His task to build out of a previous race the new race which is to succeed it in leading the evolution of humanity; his task to prepare, for the new race he has builded, the continent, on which that race shall develop, to which in time it shall be led, in order that its evolution may proceed. Without delaying on the interesting geological questions of the existence of a great physical continent to which the name of Lemuria has been given, or the great Atlantic continent known as Atlantis, we find that the world as it is today is the work of a great builder, the builder of the outer evolution as well as of nations, and of social organisms, and to him the name has ever been given from which "man" is derived, the word *Manu*—the man, the typical man, the thinker, inasmuch as thought is that which differentiates the human being from his lower brethren of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Side by side with that we find the World-Teacher, as we often call him, the Supreme Teacher, concerned largely with the subdivisions of the great race, concerned with the presenting of eternal truths in a new form fitted for the new sub-race which is gradually emerging out of its predecessors.

The Great Plan

ONE thing comes out strongly and clearly as we try to take a large and rational view of human history: that there is a plan which underlies it, a plan according to which the race is builded not suddenly, not by leaps and bounds, but in a definite order. Just as the architect plans a building and then it rises, stage by stage, according to the plan, so do we find in that great building of humanity stage after stage arising, quality after quality superadded, a definite building, not a sudden creation, and the plan of the building—evolution —•••

For example, take what has gone on within what you acknowledge as history, the gradual peopling of Europe; take the coming into Europe of that great race the descendants of which are called the Latin peoples today—we call them the fourth sub-race, or the Celtic—entering into Greece, spreading over the whole of the South of Europe, traveling Northwards, then for a while into Scandinavia and across from Scandinavia by Scotland—by Britain, in fact—into Ireland, peopling every land, just as a wave sweeps over a beach, peopling the great continent of Europe with a race in which emotion predominated over intellect, and beauty was the expression that was sought and art the heritage of the sub-race.

Think of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, with their splendid architecture and their magnificent sculpture; think of their successors in Italy, of the great schools of Italian painters, remembering that art includes forms of every kind, not only in the outer shaping of wood or stone or brick, but in that subtler shaping of form to thought which we call art in the literary expression, in poetry, in prose, in all the perfection of the literary excellence which is even today the pride of the Latin races. Think of the Frenchman, how the French thinker expresses himself and how the French nation judges the thinker. You will never find a thought accepted by the mass of the French people nor by its judges and critics, unless the form is as perfect as the thought is good; failure in thought is almost more pardonable than failure in form, for where thought always seeks to express itself in beauty, literary perfection is a necessary condition of the success of the thought expressed —•••

Compare that with the Teutonic, the sub-

race that followed on the Celtic, where science represents to that race what art was to its forerunner. Realize that in the Teuton it is the mind that is seeking for full expression by knowledge rather than by form. Contrast the expression of the German and the English with the French expression in science and you will find that both in Germany and in England the thought, however strong, is often clumsy in expression, obscure in presentation, but that the peoples of both countries look rather to the strength and the virility of the thought than to the perfection of its artistic expression in the form.

The Sixth Race

JUST as you have seen a fourth sub-race and a fifth sub-race, so a sixth sub-race is issuing. There the quality to be developed, built on to the emotions, built on to the mind, is that higher quality, intuition, that is beginning to assert itself even in the philosophy of our time—that intuition which sees rather than reasons, which knows by direct vision rather than by following a chain of logical argument, that which is the power of the spirit rather than the power of the mind or of the emotions. That is the next quality to be builded, to be the characteristic quality of the sixth sub-race of humanity.

Looking thus, you find that religions follow a corresponding order; you find that each sub-race has its own religious note, which is as different as its note in emotional or mental expression. You see how in the first great sub-race that made India its habitation, the idea of mutual duty of every member of the social organism was the keynote of the religion that was given by the great teachers to their people. You see the survival of that organism in forms too rigid, and therefore evil, in what is known as the caste system of India; but while you may see that now it is doing much of harm to the progress of the people, you are bound, if you are rational, also to see that that keynote of the social order will have to return in a higher form, in a higher civilization, and that the sense of mutual duty and mutual obligation is the one binding force by which the nation and the community can live.

And then, if you trace the second sub-race which lived on the borders of the Mediterranean, you see that to which in these modern days we give the name of magic, the use of the human body to influence the subtler worlds

by finding out the correspondences between man, who is only the microcosm, with the mighty macrocosm in which he lives and of which he is the reflection in miniature. If you pass on from there to Persia, it is the note of purity which rings out above all others. If from there you go to Greece, beauty is the keynote, as in Rome law is the highest note struck by the civilization. Then you come to the Christian faith, with its cry of self-sacrifice, and the Mussulman repeating the note of the earlier teaching of the Hindu, of God, the One without a second, that the ancient Hindus proclaimed ❧ ❧

The One Eternal Religion

IF you have eyes to see, you realize that all these are notes that make up the perfect chord of the one eternal religion, which is the knowledge of God because man is himself divine; and because the Theosophists, and above all the occultists, see in all human religions but partial expressions of one great series of spiritual truths, therefore to every people they speak through their own religion and not through a religion which is not theirs. The Theosophist would no more think of teaching the Hindu through the Christian forms than he would dream of teaching the Christian through Hindu forms; any more than he would try to speak to a French audience in English or to an English audience in French. To every man according to his own tongue; to every man according to his own faith. There is but one religion, with many facets; and the perfection of religion is to see the unity in diversity among them all, and that comes from this great teaching—Brotherhood—always one Teacher for all the world's faiths through thousands and thousands of years.

The idea that such superhuman beings had much to do with the affairs of men is no new idea. In Christian antiquity you find the thought put forward that over every nation there presided a great angel. Read the way in which Origen speaks of the angel guardians of nations and of the world. The idea in the East was a little more complicated. So far as I know—but there I may be wrong—I do not think that in Christian antiquity you can find the idea that saints as well as angels shared in the guidance of our mortal world; but in the East, while they recognized what here would be called the ministry of angels, speaking of them

as the shining ones, so often mistranslated "gods"; while they recognized their work in many grades as the older Christians recognized the ministry of the nine great orders in the angelic host, they joined side by side with them the men who had attained perfection, those who had passed the great fifth initiation, men who have finished the ordinary human life, who have passed beyond the cycle of births and deaths known as reincarnation, who have reached that point of overcoming of which the Apocalypse speaks when it declares, of him that overcometh, he "shall be a pillar in the temple of my God and go forth no more."

"Divine Men"

THOSE who have overcome, not for their own gain but for the helping of humanity; those who are liberated spirits, who have bound themselves in the bonds of the flesh by love and not by compulsion; those who are divine men, who have perfected the human cycle of evolution, it is they who share with the angelic host the guidance of evolution in the world in which we are; for this world is not lonely as it rolls through space, nor confined only to the men bound still to the wheel of births and deaths. The spiritual world interpenetrates the physical, as every religion has declared; superhuman beings move amongst us and take their part in the affairs of men. If you care to read a record in written books, take some of the old Hindu books and read how these perfected men visited the courts of kings in order to see that kingdoms were well governed and royal duties were honorably performed ❧ You may read how such a mighty sage and saint, known as superhuman by the powers that he possessed, would visit the court of the king, question the king as to the condition of the people, ask him whether he is seeing that every grade of the people is supplied with all that it needs; whether the craftsman has materials ready to his hand; whether the agriculturist is well supplied with seed for the future harvest; whether the widows of his soldiers who have died in battle and the orphans left behind are carefully guarded by him; whether he is seeing to the education of his people, and taking care that all the grades of the nation are performing their appointed duties. You may read this in page after page, in story after story ❧ ❧

Although no longer visible, they walk among

men still; the work they are striving to do is more difficult today, for it is against the battling wills of men and the resistance of the developing mind. In those days, readily was their guidance accepted and, therefore, they walked openly among the people; but it was necessary for human evolution that the mind should develop with all its power of challenge, with all its demand for proof, with its resistance to authority, with its refusal to obey where it did not understand. Do not be mistaken and think that this is evil; nothing is evil which helps forward the evolution of man. The time came when the child-state had to end for a while and the developing youth of the mind must have its way. So the guardians drew back from sight, but never from labor, and worked unseen and unhampered by the growing conditions of humanity, but with the same heart of love, the same brain of wisdom as in the elder days. It is they who pull down empires and build them up, who bring about equilibrium between nations, and do not allow a single set of national ideals so to triumph over the world that all others shall give way before them. It is they who gradually build up a great empire and give to some sub-race the ruling of the world; it is they who are giving to England today the possibility of the mighty part that she may play in the advancing humanity of the time, of world-empire mightier than any empire of the past, to be based not on the submission of conquered peoples, but on the freewill allegiance of self-governing but united communities. That is done today, not by direct order from the mouth of the recognized superior, but by the subtler working on the ambitions and the passions and the thoughts of men. The opportunity is given and if rejected passes away to some one else who is able to grasp, is able to utilize it. It is because of that that many of us feel today that the fate of the future lies in the balance; whether this fifth sub-race of ours will rise to the sense of its responsibility, will know that power means duty and not oppression, and so will make a mightier rule than has ever been known in the stories of the past. But it is these greater ones behind who really pull the strings to which our statesmen and our rulers dance obediently, and, in the pulling, educate the people and so help forward the general evolution of the race.

The Divine Will

NOW suppose for a moment that that Theosophical idea commended itself to you as throwing light on history—which on many points of the rising and falling of empires is obscure and unintelligible—if you can take the thought that behind all the powers that rule there is a mighty divine will working through human imperfection with the help of superhuman agents, then you can look on all the troubles of these times as evidently working out to a foreseen end; you can see in the unrest and the distress not the breaking up of a civilization, but the instability that belongs to growth and that is to be guided to progress, and you will begin to realize that if outer forms decay it is because the living spirit within them is growing too large for the garments that clothed it in the past, and we may feel secure that, as a nation does its duty, new forms will evolve fitted for its greater manifestation, and so the building up of the race will continue as it has continued through so many changes in the past.

You are what you think, and to believe in a Hell for other people is literally to go to Hell yourself

For Love of Animals

By John Galsworthy



He had left my rooms, and were walking briskly down the street towards the river, when my friend stopped before the window of a small shop, and said, "Goldfish!"

I looked at him, I must say, doubtfully; I had known him so long that I never looked at him in any other way.

"Can you imagine," he went on, "how any sane person can find pleasure in the sight of those swift things swimming for ever and ever in a bowl about twice the length of their own tails?"

"No," I said; "I can not—though, of course, they're very pretty."

"That is, no doubt, the reason why they are kept suffering."

Again I looked at him; there is nothing in the world I distrust so much as irony.

"People don't think about these things," I said. "You are right," he answered; "they do not. Let me give you some evidence of that: I was traveling last Spring in a far country, and made an expedition to a certain woodland spot. Outside the little forest inn I noticed a ring of people and dogs gathered round a gray animal rather larger than a cat. It had a sharp-nosed head too small for its body, and bright black eyes, and was moving restlessly round and round a pole to which it was tethered by a chain. If a dog came near, it hunched its bushy back, and made a rush at him. Except for that it seemed a shy-souled, timid little thing. In fact, by its eyes, and the way it shrank into itself, you could tell it was scared of everything around. Now, there was a small, thin-faced man in a white jacket, holding up a tub on end, and explaining to the people that this was the little creature's habitat, and that it wanted to get back underneath; and sure enough, when he held the tub within its reach, the little animal stood up at once on its hind legs and pawed, evidently trying to get the tub to fall down and cover it. The people all laughed at this; the man laughed too, and the little creature went on pawing. At last the man said, 'Mind your back legs, Patsy!' and let the tub fall. The show was over. But presently another lot came up; the white-coated man lifted the tub, and it began all over again.

"What is that animal?" I asked him.

"A 'coon."

"How old?"

"Three years—too old to tame."

"Where did you catch it?"

"In the forest—lots of 'coons in the forest."

"Do they live in the open or in holes?"

"Up in the trees, sure; they only gits in the hollows when it rains."

"Oh! they live in the open? Then is n't it queer she should be so fond of her tub?"

"Oh," he said, "she do that to git away from people!" and he laughed—a genial little man. "She not like people and dogs. She too old to tame. She know *me*, though."

"I see," I said. "You take the tub off her, and show her to the people, and put it back again. Yes, she *would* know you!"

"Yes," he repeated rather proudly, "she know me—Patsy! Presently, you bet, we catch lot more, and make a cage, and put them in."

"He was gazing very kindly at the little creature, who on her gray hind legs was anxiously begging for the tub to come down and hide her, and I said, 'But is n't it rather a miserable life for this poor little devil?'"

"He gave me a very queer look. 'There's lots of people,' he said—and his voice sounded as if I'd hurt him—'never gits a chance to see a 'coon'—and he dropped the tub over the raccoon. Well! Can you conceive anything more pitiful than that poor little wild creature of the open, begging and begging for a tub to fall over it, and shut out all the light and air? Does n't it show what misery caged things have to go through?'"

"But, surely," I said, "those other people would feel the same as you. The little white-coated man was only a servant."

He seemed to run them over in his memory. "Not one!" he answered slowly. "Not a single one! I am sure it never occurred to them—why should it? They were there to enjoy themselves."

We walked in silence till I said, "I can't help feeling that your little white-coated man was acting good-heartedly according to his lights."

¶ "Quite! What are the sufferings of a raccoon compared with the enlargement of the human mind?"

"Don't be extravagant! You know he did n't mean to be cruel."

"Does a man ever mean to be cruel? He merely makes or keeps his living; but to make or keep his living he will do anything that does not absolutely prick to his heart through the skin of his indolence or his obtuseness."

"I think," I said, "that you might have expressed that less cynically, even if it's true."

¶ "Nothing that's true is cynical, and nothing that is cynical is true. Indifference to the suffering of beasts always comes from over-absorption in our own comfort."

"Absorption, not over-absorption, perhaps."

¶ "Ha! Let us see that! Very soon after seeing the raccoon, I was staying at the most celebrated health resort of that country, and, walking in its grounds, I came on an aviary. In the upper cages were canaries, and in the lower cage a splendid hawk. It was as large as our buzzard hawk, brown-backed and winged, light underneath, and with the finest dark brown eyes of any bird I ever saw. The cage was quite ten feet each way; a noble allowance for the very soul of freedom! The bird had

every luxury. There was water, and a large piece of raw meat that had n't been touched. Yet it was never still for a moment, flying from perch to perch, and dropping to the ground again and again so lightly, to run, literally run, up to the bars to see if perhaps—they were not there. Its face was as intelligent as any dog's—"

My friend muttered something I could n't catch, and then went on:

"That afternoon I took the drive for which one visits that hotel, and it occurred to me to ask my chauffeur what kind of hawk it was. 'Well,' he said, 'I ain't just too sure what it is they've got caged up now; they changes 'em so often.'

"'Do you mean,' I said, 'that they die in captivity?'

"'Yes,' he answered; 'them big birds they soon git moulted, and go off.' Well, when I paid my bill I went up to the semblance of proprietor—it was one of those establishments where the only creature responsible is 'Co.'—and I said:

"'I see you keep a hawk out there?'

"'Yes. Fine bird. Quite an attraction!'

"'People like to look at it?'

"'Just so. They're uncommon—that sort.'

¶ "'Well,' I said, 'I call it cruel to keep a hawk shut up like that.'

"'Cruel? Why? What's a hawk, anyway—cruel devils enough!'

"'My dear sir,' I said, 'they earn their living just like men; without caring for other creatures' sufferings. We do not shut you up, apparently, for doing that. Good-by.'

As he said this, my friend looked at me, and added:

"You think that was a lapse of taste. What would *you* have said to a man who cloaked the cruelty of his commercial instincts by blaming a hawk for being what God had made him?'

¶ There was such feeling in his voice that I hesitated long before answering.

"Well," I said, at last, "in England, anyway, we only keep such creatures in captivity for scientific purposes. I doubt if you could find a single instance nowadays of its being done just as a commercial attraction."

He stared at me.

"Yes," he said, "we do it publicly and scientifically, to enlarge the mind. But let me put to you this question. Which do you consider has the larger mind: the man who has

satisfied his idle curiosity by staring at all the caged animals of the earth, or the man who has been brought up to feel that to keep such indomitable creatures as hawks and eagles, wolves and panthers, shut up, to gratify mere curiosity, is a dreadful thing?'

To that singular question I knew not what to answer. At last I said, "I think you underrate the pleasure they give. We English are so awfully fond of animals!'

The reformer is a savior or a rebel, all depending on whether he succeeds or fails. He is what he is regardless of what men think of him.

Public Enemies

By Walt Mason



F you build a line of railway over hills and barren lands, giving lucrative employment to about a million hands; if you cause a score of cities by your right-of-way to rise where there formerly was nothing but some rattlesnakes and flies; if when bringing joy to others you acquire a little kale, then you've surely robbed the peepul and you ought to be in jail

If by planning and by toiling you have won some wealth and fame, it will make no odds how squarely you have played your little game; your success is proof sufficient that you are a public foe—you're a soulless malefactor, to the dump you ought to go. It's a crime for you to prosper where so many others fail; you have surely robbed the peepul, and you ought to be in jail.

Be a chronic politician, deal in superheated air; roast the banks and money barons, there is always safety there; but to sound the note of business is a crime so mean and base that the fellow guilty of it ought to go and hide his face—change the builder's song triumphant, for the politician's wail, or we'll think you've robbed the peepul and we'll pack you off to jail.

Live so as to get the approbation of your Other Self, and success is yours. But pray that success may not come any faster than you are able to endure it.

NUMISMATIC TREASURES



E. GILHOUSEN of Los Angeles, California, has been collecting coins and medals for thirty-three years. Now he has the most unique and valuable private collection of numismatic treasures in the world.

History is the record of events, and coins may be said to be its corroborative evidence.

Coins are chronological records. They give to us the pedigree of royal houses—interesting portraits of famous figures in history.

¶ They mark the evolution of religious beliefs. Greek coins, especially, are interesting studies of allegorical characters personified.

¶ Coins preserve to us examples of sculpture, art and architecture—even surpassing their models in wealth of detail and skilled craftsmanship.

Hence, numismatics, or coin study and collection, is a delightful companion to historical reading and research.

Petrarch was the first collector of coins, but his collection was poor compared with Gilhousen's.

Gilhousen's collection numbers over twenty-five hundred pieces—all of rare beauty and rich in reminiscences and historical interest ❧ ❧

To mention just a few: A Sixty-Ducat Gold-Piece of Sigismund

III, King of Poland and Sweden in 1621. This remarkable coin is the largest and finest gold coin in the world. Its estimated value is \$10,000.

Here are gold coins of Darius the Great, coins of Apollo, struck for the City of Syracuse B. C. 346, and one of the two largest gold Papal coins in existence.

There are gold coins showing the bust of Caesar; of Tiberius at the time of Christ; of Constantine, Charlemagne, Ferdinand and Isabella; John III (Sobieski) of Poland, who saved Europe from the Terrible Turk.

The beautiful platinum coins of Russia find a place; the gold, silver and copper coins of England and Scotland; the "slugs" of California and American coinage from the earliest pioneer times ❧ ❧

To the collector who is looking for rare coins—for perfect specimens of the highest numismatic worth—here is a unique opportunity; for Mr. Gilhousen has decided to dispose of his collection ❧ ❧

¶ Not a coin or piece is plugged, defaced or marred. Most are "proof coin"—marvels of distinctness, delicacy and coloring.

¶ They tell the tale of the ages clearly and beautifully.

Mr. Gilhousen will be glad to give you detailed information, data, terms, etc.

Write him, stating your requirements. Address

C. E. GILHOUSEN, 1136 South Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.



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APOLLO
Player Piano

Melville Clark's Apollo has *always* sold for a little higher average price, both wholesale and retail, than any other player piano on the market.

Give us your name and we'll give you full particulars of the six exclusive, distinctive features that *justify* the price.

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES—402 FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO
NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS—113 WEST 40th STREET

IRRRESPONSIBLE motherhood is always a sin, with or without marriage. Responsible motherhood is always sacred, with or without marriage.—*Ellen Key.*

THE olive-branch is the symbol of peace and good-will.

Its leaves crowned the brow of the victorious Roman conqueror.

To receive the wreath of olives was the chiefest joy of the Olympian victor.

therefore, will make haste to replenish her store of olives and olive-oil.

Somewhere in our columns you will find the firm—Geo. Callahan & Co. They are the folks to help you.

SWEET recreation barred, what doth ensue but moody and dull melancholy, kinsman to grim and comfortless despair; and at their heels a huge infectious troop of pale distemperatures and foes to life.—*Shakespeare.*

Olives were the synonym of domestic plenty and national prosperity.

Olive-oil became an important article of diet with the Orientals—a grateful substitute for butter, palatable and nutritious.

Also, it was a much-appreciated aid to beauty.

A Greek axiom has it: "A long and pleasant life depends on wine within and oil without."

Olives and olive-oil have become an established table delicacy and culinary aid in this country.

Europe supplies us with vast quantities. But the terrific clash of European nations has caused scarcity of laborers in the harvesting of this important crop.

The prescient housewife,

AN employee should never be reduced. If he can not make good in the position he is holding, after he has been given the assistance of the management and a fair trial in test of his ability, then he is too expensive a man for any position. Reduced, he would be more than human if he did not try to block the progress of the man given his place, and stir up discontentment within the department.—*Charles U. Carpenter.*

WHATEVER is done now I feel sure that in the end we must deal with our commerce upon the hypothesis that most of the men who conduct the business of the United States are honest, and that when we impose regulations forbidding things which in and of themselves are not morally wrong, we must work them out through some other governmental function than a grand jury.—*Albert B. Cummins.*

ONE of the best educations any boy can have, both from a cultural and a general purpose standpoint, is a first-class course in agriculture and economics. Boys with such an education and with a real desire to follow



The European War

has created a great demand and unlimited commercial opportunities for those who know Spanish, French, German or Italian.

Take advantage of the war situation! Better your position and increase your salary. Extend your business. Establish export trade with South American countries. Prepare for your trip to Europe and the battlefields. Equip yourself to read foreign books and papers and enjoy your travel. Brush up on the language you studied at college and make it of practical use. You can acquire a foreign language, easily and quickly, in your own home, during spare moments, by the

Language-Phone Method

Combined with Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or for hours at a time. Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.

The method is endorsed by members of leading colleges: Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Minnesota, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, St. Joseph's, U. S. Military Academy.

Special terms to owners of talking machines. Our records fit all machines. Write for free "Treatise on Language Study," particulars of free trial and easy payment plan.

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Look and Wear Like Diamonds

A Marvelous Synthetic Gem Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain 60 glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere In U. S.—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Address

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The names of places of interest you visit, autographs of people you photograph, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative, the date—all these things add to the value of every picture and can now be written permanently on the film at the time of exposure.

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

No. 8A Autographic Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in., \$22.50
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is the Philosophy of the Universe which explains things by showing how their principles work.

THE TOUCHSTONE shows how to build and preserve perfect health, vigor, strong eyes, luxuriant hair according to the practice of those who have won them.

Health is but a part of THE TOUCHSTONE, which is the Roycroft Philosophy of Life. Elbert Hubbard counseled its publication. Emerson Efficiency Institute pronounces it a book to marvel at—"invaluable."

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J. W. BECKMAN

RENSSELAER INDIANA

agriculture have splendid opportunities ahead of them in farm management for themselves or others, or in farm demonstration work. Such work will bring good returns and open up many profitable opportunities. There are hundreds of men all over the country, and there are going to be many more of them—owners and men contemplating development of large tracts of land—who will pay fine salaries to capable young men prepared to manage or develop them.—*B. F. Harris.*

Special Announcement

By ELBERT HUBBARD



THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME is a new institution ❧ ❧

The Roycroft Shops were founded twenty years ago. The enterprise has grown steadily and surely.

Various new departments have been added from time to time, as circumstances seemed to require.

For instance, the Roycroft Inn was inaugurated in self-defense. Visitors came this way with appetites like grasshoppers, and needed accommodations ❧ We took care of them in private houses, until they got to coming in swarms, and then the Inn!



HERMAN G. WAHLIG, M. D.

G. Wahlig, a physician of experience and a man of character. Doctor Wahlig is more interested in health than in disease. He is a fine specimen of the goods himself.

He is an out-of-door man—athletic, strong, able, sensible, friendly, with the ability to work, study, laugh and play.

If you need rest, and require a change of surroundings, with all that Roycroft suggests, and all the help that I can give you—plus the services of a skilled commonsense physician—write us. ¶ Address

Herman G. Wahlig, M. D.

Director "THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME"

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Thomas Jefferson used to entertain ten thousand people a year at Monticello. They literally ate him out of house and home, and pushed him up close to the Commissioner in Bankruptcy. Thomas Jefferson should have started a hotel.

Among the visitors at the Roycroft Inn have been many who needed physical culture. Some needed not only a trainer, but medical care.

With these we did the best we could. There was the medicine-ball, walks afield, horseback, and health talks. Dozens of folks who came on crutches walked away without them—and some ran for office.

All were benefited, just by right diet, exercise and cheerful surroundings. And now to meet the needs of those who require a bit of personal attention we have started the Roycroft Health Home, in beautiful quarters, separate and apart from the Inn.

As Director of the Roycroft Health Home we have secured the services of a gentleman for whom I have a great personal regard, Doctor Herman

JONES

DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

young pigs raised in this dairy-farm country are used. We still grind our own spices. All the work is done right under the eye of some member of our family.

¶ Most any grocer can sell you Jones Dairy Farm Sausage today. There is a demand for sausage such as we make. After a lover of true farm sausage has tried ours, he generally leaves a standing order with his grocer for regular deliveries of fresh sausage.

We never really went into the business of making country sausage for people who wanted the real kind and couldn't get it.

¶ Twenty-seven years ago we started selling a little and the business just grew up around us.

¶ Today we use the same old-fashioned methods we started with. Plenty of time is taken. Only choice,

¶ All our packages are net weight. ¶ We make each day only enough sausage to fill that day's orders.

¶ If your grocer cannot supply you, please write us. Write us for information about our sausage, our hickory-smoked and slowly cured hams and bacon, and our lard, rendered in open kettles and tried out until it is very dry. Our packages are net weight.

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm

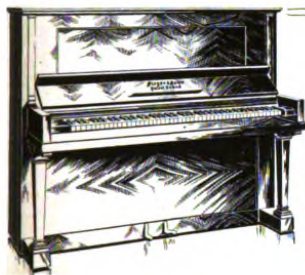


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JONES DAIRY FARM

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TO THE MAKERS—The joy of creation and the knowledge that Steger & Sons Pianos are the criterion of excellence in piano value, in structural beauty, richness of tone, responsiveness of action, and durability.

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¶ Pool the money you intended to spend on individual Christmas gifts, and purchase a Steger & Sons Piano or Natural Player-Piano for the home. Have Christmas joy every day.

¶ A postcard will bring you our Style Brochure, from which you can make your selection. Send for it today. It's free.

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THE "MARVEL" automatically controls the dampers so the heater supplies just enough heat at all times to make the home healthful and comfortable. Regardless of changing conditions out of doors, the "Marvel" insures a uniform temperature inside. Not only does it maintain any desired degree, but it prolongs

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If you own a heater you should by all means send for a copy of our interesting booklet

AMERICAN THERMOSTAT COMPANY

DEPT. F ***** ELMIRA, N. Y.

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 ¶ We do not run the advertisement of any one we do not believe to be eminently reliable and responsible.

¶ We ask our subscribers, other things being equal, to patronize our advertisers.

¶ *The Fra* has a very select subscription-list. It has no free list. It goes to the people who pay for it. *The Fra* does not pretend to say the last final word about anything. It endeavors, however, to give a frank expression of opinions concerning the important happenings of the time, and the things that make for health, wealth and happiness.

¶ If you have an idea about how to make *The Fra* a better magazine we will be grateful for your suggestions. We believe in co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality.

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ELBERT HUBBARD
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Any subscriber to *THE FRA* can insert an ad, not to exceed fifty words, herein, for Five Dollars net—Cash with Order.

C The Roycroft Health Home is a snug little hostelry, with all the conveniences, and a few of the luxuries. Dietetics, exercise, and cheerful surroundings. Doctor and Mrs. Wahlig give their personal attention to all guests. **THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME**
Herman G. Wahlig - - - East Aurora, New York

C JACK SEARS, he of the funny faber, has let his hair grow long and joined The Roycrofters. Jack is going to illustrate ads for *The Fra* and *The Philistine*, make line-drawing portraits for Roycroft Booklets and generally take the place of the late Rembrandt. If you want cartoons or sketches, whisper your wishes to **THE ROYCROFT ART DEPT.**, East Aurora, New York

YES, CERTAINLY! We do job binding for subscribers to *THE FRA*. Send along your books.
THE ROYCROFT BOOK BINDERY

THE REAL CHARM OF CALIFORNIA
is enjoyed only in harmonious surroundings. The *Palomar Apartments* of old Spanish architecture, with inner court adame with blooms, with arched corridors and overhanging balconies, are dedicated to those who wish to live in a truly Californian atmosphere. Located on edge of 1400-acre park, one block from Exposition entrance, few minutes' ride from center of San Diego. Hotel service. Completely furnished for housekeeping. Write for booklet illustrated in color.
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C WHEN I worked in the Roycroft Shop, a visitor came along one day and after taking a good look at my classic phizze remarked to her friend, "Just see that face—there is crime written all over it!" I resigned the next day (having gotten a hunch that I was to be bounced). Alice, just charge my account \$5.00.
Regards to all! **MARSHALL P. WILDER**


Ask your Grocer for
SHILLINGS BEST

C I trained at Roycroft, in the Roycroft way, and won the world's lightweight championship over Willie Ritchie. **C** What "John" does n't know about diet, work and exercise can be put in a chickadee's eye. And I have paid \$5.00 to say this!
FREDDIE WELSH



I AM Cashier for "Elbert Hubbard, Banker." Every worker in the Shop—and there are about four hundred of 'em—has an account here. We pay 4 per cent interest. If you are a *Fra* subscriber, you are invited to open an account with us.
ELBERT HUBBARD II, East Aurora, N. Y.

Watches *Factory-New Direct to you at the Inside Factory Price. We save you Dealers' Profits on Eternally Accurate Elgins and Walthams. Anxious to render conclusive proof of our broad statements, we want you to write for our new WATCH TALK, which lets you in on the ground floor; shows you the very latest Extra Thin Model Lord Elgins and Royal Colonial Walthams—Masterpieces that slip into your pocket like a Silver Dollar and give you a lifetime of Faithful, Continuous Service.*
SUTTON WATCH CO., 208 Keller Building, LOUISVILLE, KY.

SHERLOCK HOLMES OUT-SHERLOCKED!
My specialty is tracing traffic; unraveling the mystery of lost freights—delayed consignments; and keeping an eagle eye on overcharge. Six years' experience with the largest railroad in the country has made me familiar with Who's Who, What's What and Where's Where. **C** If You want a man with pep, push and purpose, to operate your traffic department efficiently and economically, address, Traffic, Ad Dept., The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

WHEN in Chicago you had better make the Hotel Sherman your home. The people of quality who prize the best appreciate the "Sherman." It is the friendly hostelry 

A JOB LOT My buyer in Europe has consigned me a fine assortment of secondhand crowns. **C** I offer them at bargain prices. **C** The jools could be removed to make scarf-pins for bartenders, and the tomcon rampant is worth the money for spelter. **C** For cat. address
WILLIAM F. GABLE, Altoona, Pa.

THE FRA MAGAZINE 
AND PIG-PEN PETE,
Elbert Hubbard's New
Book—Two Dollars! 



Modeled-Leather Hand-Bags

New Shapes and New Designs



Modeled in Carnation Design.
Laced edges. Leather-lined.
Fitted with mirror and
change-purse.
Size, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Price, \$6.50



These bags have the Autumn colors—browns, bronze-greens, combined with the right proportion of gold. The best leathers are used and the workmanship is unequaled ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



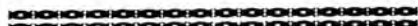
Modeled-leather bag with inside frame. Lily Design. Ooze-
leather lined.
Size, $5 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Price, \$8.50



Modeled in Empire Design.
Leather-lined. Has inside
pocket and coin-purse.
Size, $7 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Price, \$10.00
Size, $8 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Price, \$12.00



Modeled-leather Bag. Colonial Design. Top
handle, silk-lined. Fitted with mirror, card-
case, notebook and pencil.
Size, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches.
Price, \$7.50



The selection of one of these distinctive bags as a Christmas gift will be evidence of your discernment and good taste ❧



Modeled in Fuschia Design. Leather-lined. Has inside pocket and coin-purse.
Size, 7×9 inches. Price, \$10.00
Size, $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price, \$12.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

BRANN THE ICONOCLAST ON WAR



OTHER SHIPTON had nothing on Brann the Iconoclast. ¶ The passage which follows is lifted *verbatim et literatim* from an editorial of Brann's called "The Seven Vials of Wrath."

¶ It might easily have been written with special reference to the war now waging, but it was n't—for obvious reasons. ¶ What Brann said:

¶ Unless all signs fail, the world is on the eve of a war such as was never known in all the mighty cycles of human history. Lucky indeed will it be if the Twentieth Century is not born amid the shock of universal battle.

¶ Is our boasted civilization breaking down beneath its own ponderous weight—the rotting props and pillars unable to sustain the gilded roof? Are the prophecies of Scripture about to be fulfilled—the world rushing headlong to the final catastrophe?

¶ A murderous mania hath everywhere seized upon the minds of men. The pulse of the race is beating the reveille; the soul of the world is sounding "boots and saddles." Savagery is reasserting itself—the Christian nations are further than ever before from that age of gold,

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."



¶ Peace? "There is no peace—war is inevitable." The ostrich may avoid seeing the approach of the fierce simoon by hiding his head in the sand, but can not stay its onward march. The craze for slaughter, the lust for blood, is abroad in the land. The stars are evil, and Ate, ranging hot from hell, plants her burning feet on every brow.

¶ For years the brute passions of man have had no outlet—a prolonged peace hath become that good custom which doth corrupt the world. A new generation hath arisen in Europe and America which knows naught of the horrors of

war, but is intoxicated by its glory. Its superfluous energy must find expression, its pent-up passions are ready for explosion. It is all aweary of these piping times of peace—wildly eager for the glorious pomp and circumstance of war—the bullet's mad hiss and the crash of steel. Civilized man is but an educated savage—sooner or later his natural ferocity will demand its pound of flesh.



The writings of Brann are all of a piece with this brilliant display of literary pyrotechnics. Brann said things in a way that was compelling. ¶ The best of his editorials and speeches are now published in two well-printed volumes, by Herz Brothers, Waco, Texas.

¶ Bound deluxe in Morocco Grain Skiver and printed on Cheltenham Antique Paper (marble linings, gilt top and stamped in gold), the price is Six Dollars. Add 30 cents for postage.

¶ The smaller set, bound in cloth, retails at Three Dollars, net, plus 30 cents to cover postage, if you order from the publishers.

HERZ BROS. PUBLISHERS & BOOKSELLERS Waco, Texas



The SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness

Edited by
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
and H. L. MENCKEN

If you read nothing else in the November number of The Smart Set, at least look at "The Case of Lou Terry," by Thyra Samter Winslow—a woman's truthful story of the Salamander type of woman.

"Rum," by Frank R. Adams—a jocose analysis of the jocose seriousness of the 15 cent "uplifting" magazines.

"D. S. W."—it stands for Doctor of the Science of Wooing. A story that will tell all young women just how to get the man of their heart quickly and effectively—without his knowing it.

"Under Their Skins" a piece of risqué philosophy that will make you laugh and think simultaneously.

AND

One hundred of the best satires, burlesques, epigrams, poems, etc.

ELTINGE F. WARNER, Publisher
ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

Beware of the Several Cheap Imitations

politics, but that does not mean that I should like to have them disfranchised. I have been a worker for equal suffrage ever since I knew what the word "suffrage" meant—because it seems a simple right that the members of a society should all have a voice in the running of that society—but I have never had the slightest inclination to enter politics.

What most of the women want is exactly what most of the men have—the right to put in their say as to who shall make and enforce the rules of the society in which they live.

¶ The happiest family is the one in which the man and woman at the head are equally capable in their respective lines,

THE other day, at the end of a moment's conversation about woman suffrage, a gentleman of this village closed by remarking to me, "Well, I should be very sorry to see my wife mixed up in politics."

This remark illustrates the idea held by thousands of people—that women who want the vote want to get into politics.

Nothing could be more untrue or unfounded. Personally, I should be sorry to see any of my men friends mixed up in the present-day

where one neither looks up to nor down upon the other, and when family problems arise, the man and the women confer together, each bringing to the subject a little different viewpoint.

A woman can not put herself in a man's place, even if she wishes to, any more than a man can be a mother; and so a woman's viewpoint is always different from a man's by the very nature of things.

What would you think if a man were to take

his sons into conference, plan and run a home where his wife and daughters live, without consulting the women in the family in any way? *Se Se*

That is exactly what man is doing now in the larger family, the State.—
Edith Griswold.

Se
At a recent farmers' meeting a story was told of a woman who, in joining the grange, refused to put down her occupation as "farmer's wife." She maintained that she was as much a farmer as her husband, that she was an equal partner with him and was therefore a farmer.

In taking this position this intelligent farm woman made an argument in her favor which few men would dare

controversy. In fact, the truth is getting to be more and more recognized that the wife is and should be an equal partner in the management and ownership of the farm, and that she has a just and well-earned right to the title of "farmer," if she wants to be so distinguished.

There would be no perceptible influence on the morals of the race if Hell were quenched and Heaven burned.—*Charles W. Eliot.*

Business Pays for Efficiency

and for Efficiency only. The time is pretty well past when there's a good job for you because of your good looks, winning ways, or because your grandfather founded the business. Pull, Politics and Persiflage are of little use in modern business. Results count. The business world is searching for men to take jobs of \$5,000 or over while the \$750 men walk the streets. Produce and the rewards are yours, but you must train yourself to make good and to keep on making good. Master the technique of a hundred callings and you may not succeed. Even some of our presidents were not unqualified successes. Increase your Personal Efficiency, train your physical and mental forces, understand the fundamental laws governing all business.

The Sheldon Book Shows You How

It has proved the turning point in the lives of over 70,000 others like you but you must give it a chance. Do your part and write today for your Free Copy. Why dawdle away so many golden moments, given you from the depths of eternity, when it's entirely up to you to get what you want out of life?

A prominent educator writes from personal experience: The Sheldon School teaches business wisdom, the sense of proportion in values, of the means and ends of business success. Education without the knowledge taught by The Sheldon School is incomplete preparation for the practical business of life."

The Sheldon School 442 Gunther Bldg.
CHICAGO



(GREEN GLASS)
Can be attached to any bed. Affords perfect reading comfort.

"EMERALITE" BED LAMP

This convenient, practical "Emeraldite" Lamp fits any bedpost—round, square, vertical or horizontal. Will not mar bed's finish. The emerald green glass shade with white glass lining protects the eyes and concentrates a soft, restful light right where you want it. Write for booklet showing, in actual colors, this and thirty other handsome styles of "Emeraldite" Lamps—for office, library, parlor, piano, den, sickroom. Dealers everywhere can supply you.
H. G. McFADDIN & Co., 33 Warren St., New York

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Released or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
211 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



TWELVE Things to Remember—1. The value of time. 2. The success of perseverance. 3. The pleasure of working. 4. The dignity of simplicity. 5. The worth of character. 6. The power of kindness. 7. The influence of example. 8. The obligation of duty. 9. The wisdom of economy. 10. The virtue of patience. 11. The improvement of talent. 12. The joy of originating.—*Marshall Field.*

Kind words are benedictions.—*Saunders.*

Christmas Gift Vases of Hand-Hammered Copper

Onlaid Silver Vase



This vase has a decoration of German Silver

Price, \$5.00
Height, 6½ inches
Diameter of base, 3 inches



Modeled Rose Vase



The modeling on this vase is in Conventional Rose design

Price, \$4.00
Height, 6 inches
Diameter of base, 3 inches

An American Beauty Vase



Price, \$10.00
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches
Diameter of base, 7¼ inches
Height, 22 inches

Shaft Vase



Price, \$5.00
Height, 10½ inches
Diameter, 6½ inches

Japanese Flower-Holder



This vase is fitted with a tube of crystal glass

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

IN SAN DIEGO

Opportunity knocks---nothing else does

In San Diego, Love, Labor and Science have formed a Triple Alliance and the result is "The Celestial City of Fine

Minds," walled by courtesy, protected by kindness, fortified by health, patrolled by truth.

If you do not know San Diego, you do not know California; and if you do not know California, you do not know America. ¶ In San Diego, the High Cost of Living, like Winter, exists only as an unfounded

rumor; hard times is a chemical trace; poverty a pleasantry.

Meals 25c; rooms, one Woodrow Wilson Dollar a day!



Yes, Terese, please pass the peaches and cream. See Ponce de Leon—but if you do not know his

address, then ask your railroad-agent—any railroad-ticket agent anywhere—for rates and information about SAN DIEGO on the Bay of the Sun—San Diego, the City of a Thousand Thrills! 1915! 1915!!

Here is what GENERAL
SHERMAN said:



CONFESS without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell!

SIT DOWN!

HERE IS A NEW ONE—A LITTLE BEAUTY!

This ROYCROFT FOOTSTOOL is the embodiment of strength, permanency and beauty in cabinetmaking. In solidity and sturdiness, this footstool reflects Roycroft thoroughness and efficiency. In beauty of finish, richness and color harmony of its genuine Spanish Cowhide upholstery, it mirrors true artistry. It is just the right height to take the burden off those tired feet.



No. 099
Size, 12 x 17 inches, 14½ inches high.

Prices F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.
In Oak, with dark green leather, \$7.00
In Mahogany, with dark red leather, \$8.50

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Roycroft Leather Pillows

ANTIQUE LEATHER
PILLOW



PRICE, \$6.00

A pillow is an excellent Christmas gift for matron, college girl or man, lone bachelor or busy spinster ❧ ❧

With the attractive appearance of Roycroft pillows is the added quality of serviceableness.

ANTIQUE LEATHER PILLOWS
Price, \$6.00

SOFT LEATHER PILLOWS
Two Full Skins
Price, \$5.00

SOFT LEATHER PILLOWS
Laced Edges
Price, \$6.00

MODELED-LEATHER PILLOWS
Price, \$10.00

The soft leather pillows are red, gray, green, tan and brown.

We have sheepskin table-covers of whole skins in the same shades.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.



TWO BAD?

NOT IF YOU ORDER FROM US

We do not specialize in lays of Ancient Rome. We deal in Eggs "laid yesterday" and put up promptly for particular people.

Crescent Eggs are Michigan Eggs, big brown and large white.

In each carton all are of a color, two ounce average weight and set in papers of harmonious tint.

Crescent Eggs are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Check with order not required. Pay when next ordering or when monthly statement is received.

Minimum price per carton thirty cents. Maximum, sixty cents, depending on season. Now forty-five cents for six dozen shipment express prepaid.

CRESCENT EGG COMPANY
Masonic Temple Building, Allegan, Mich.

Wars and Rumors of Wars

At this writing there are wars and rumors of wars. Distant rumblings and grumblings are heard across the sea. The dogs of war have been unleashed, and are gripping each other at the throat.

The blare of the bugle and the beat of the drum accompany the tramp of men marching to their death. The Dove of Peace has lost its terminal feathers and the vulture soars over the battlefield, hungry for the feast.

When will the world learn that war spells red ruin, dissolution, disintegration, death?

The Philistine stands for Disarmament, Prosperity and the Arts of Peace.

The Philistine contains only Elbert Hubbard's hotstuf. The Fra writes the whole thing himself, right out of his bloomin' think-tank.

The Philistine radiates health and happiness, because the Fra does.

When Aristotle Poked The Fra Magazine

into the lion's mouth Leo took it as a "choke," and Aris was allowed to finish his "shop-chuey" in peace—instead of in pieces. *** Translation: Choke the lion and make him cough up 25 cts.—a dough cough—; send the dough (not the cough) to us and this will happen: We will ship you

Our "WIRELESS WEIGHING MACHINE" (penny-in-the-slot) worth \$1 to "weigh-lay" a friend—lots of good fun. Weighs up to 400. And in the same box you will get free,

Our "Book of Oddities, or, Amulet of Theodorus." Shows your friends "as others see them"; vest-pocket size; slip it to a friend who has "the blues" but, first make your will. Full of mustard—not "too much." Tell how you got them—we want agents.

ARTISTIC ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION
5 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.



The Little One-der ATTACHMENT FOR Talking Machines

"It restores lost chords and takes the wreck out of records." That is what Elbert Hubbard says, and you can easily prove it.

Costs Only One Dollar

Plays any disc record using steel needles. Money back if not satisfied.

The Little One-der Co., Box 406, Springfield, Ill.

Ali Baba and Pig-Pen Pete

(An Unsolicited Testimonial)



I'm 79—80 come Valentine Day (the same day Bossy is due), and I've never been sick but one day in my life.

That was last week—after reading Elbert Hubbard's new animile book, *Pig-Pen Pete*—I went into laughin' haystacks!

—ALI BABA.

WHAT TO ADVERTISE IN The Fra and The Philistine

FROM time to time we are confronted with the necessity of determining whether a certain article of merchandise will pull satisfactory returns, if advertised in *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE*. From our experience in the past we are generally able to hazard an opinion on the subject.

Naturally, there are many things that can not be successfully presented in *THE FRA*. *THE FRA* is not a trade-paper, and consequently, products that are of interest only to workers in highly specialized lines of trade are generally ill suited to Roycroft requirements. Where we are quite certain that a line of goods would not appeal to the buying instinct of our readers, we frankly say so.

On the other hand, there are a great many things that have been, and are being, profitably publicized in *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE*; and for the benefit of interested advertisers, we here append a partial list of some of these articles:

Typewriters	China
Shoes	Railway and Steamship Lines
Breakfast-Foods	Gems and Jewelry
Fountain-Pens	Personal Services
Books and Magazines	Business Stationery
Life-Insurance	Billiard-Tables
Schools and Correspondence Courses	Refrigerators
Garden Decorations	Toys and Novelties
Household Furnishings	Rugs
Kitchen Utensils	Paints and Varnishes
Hotels and Summer Resorts	Trunks and Valises
Silk Gloves	Sweepers and Cleaners
Candies and Confections	Dusters
Hosiery	Chewing-Gum
Cream-Separators and Farm Machinery	Oriental Art-Products
Automobiles and Supplies	Motorcycles
Art-Objects in Copper and Leather	Barn Equipment
Pianos and Player-Pianos	Banks and Real Estate
Cameras and Kodaks	Systems of Shorthand
Wall-Coverings	Dictionaries and Encyclopedias
Motor-Trucks	Underwear and Clothing
Hats	Nursery and Garden Supplies
Phonographs and Accessories	Electrical Appliances
Foodstuffs	Sectional Houses and Garages
Razors and Razorbacks	Grape-Juice and Ginger-Ale
Clocks and Watches	Oil-Storage Systems
Breakfast Beverages	Toilet Necessities
Furniture	Furs

This list does not include all the articles of manufacture that can be pleasingly and profitably presented in the Roycroft publications. There are plenty of others. If you are in doubt as to the practicability of ordering space in *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE*, confer with us and we will render you an honest judgment, which, whether it be "yea, yea," or "nay, nay," who shall venture to foretell?

POST-SCRIPTUM: *THE FRA* and *THE PHILISTINE* are members of The Audit Bureau of Circulations. Circulation statements will be sent on request.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

Emergency Medicine- Cases For Infants and Grown-Ups

IF I were run over by a Buick, I do not know the man I would sooner have apply the ether than my good friend, Doctor David Orr Edson, of New York City.

Here is the strange phenomenon of a doctor who actually shows people how to take care of themselves, in degree, and how to save expensive and unnecessary professional calls—in a word, how to cut doctors' bills to a minimum.

Doctor Edson is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; concluded his studies in Berlin, and for many years acted in the capacity of Attending Physician at the New York Charity Hospital. Today he is Medical Examiner for the New York Produce Exchange.

Doctor Edson is an authority on children's disorders, but Health is his hobby. He has compiled a little book on the subject, written in simple, non-technical language that every one can understand. In this book on "the care and feeding of infants" the Doctor shows just the food to be given the infant at every age from birth up to five years. He enables mothers to locate instantly and with precision the various ailments to which babies are commonly subject. Even a little ache is big to a baby, and the early months and years of a baby's life are filled with worry and anxiety for mother. This you know. Many anxious hours and endless worry can be sidestepped by the mother who has Doctor Edson's *Emergency Case* in her home.

The Case is not intended to usurp the place of a competent physician—it merely puts the mother in possession of practical knowledge and a few simple remedies that will stand her in good stead.

The remedies furnished with the Medicine-Case are the same that Doctor Edson would himself prescribe, if he were to make the call in person.

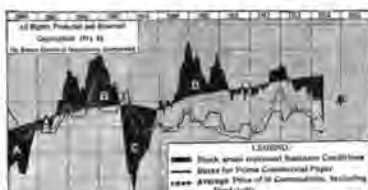
In his book he shows how to diagnose the symptoms of various ailments peculiar to infancy and early childhood. Every remedy comes in soluble tablet form, making ministrations a comparatively easy matter.

The *Emergency Case* includes the prescription-book and six remedies, the whole put up in compact and convenient form.

There is also a *Traveler's Emergency Case* for adults, made up along the same lines as the Baby Case.

The price of either case is only Three Dollars. Correspondence is cordially invited.

EMERGENCY MEDICINE CASE COMPANY
138 W. 72d Street - - New York City



*Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

No business man can "worry along" to success

Quit trying to do it. Let the Babson Organization help you out. We can give you an intelligent grasp of prevailing trade and labor conditions.

Eliminate worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

For particulars—which will be sent gratis—address Dept. F-38 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Advisory Block, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

Albrecht's Fur Facts and Fashions 1914-1915

Designated by the United States Government, as "the book published by E. Albrecht & Son, St. Paul—leaders in informing the public as to the identity of the furs sold."

FUR FACTS AND FASHIONS is much more than a mere catalog and price-list. It is, in reality, a manual of valuable information covering many years of experience with furs.

Among the many subjects presented may be mentioned the following:

How to Choose Furs.
Color Effects of Various Furs.
Grading of Furs.
Wearing Qualities of Different Furs.
Brief Description of Popular Furs.
How to Get Genuine Reliable Furs.
How Furs Are Made.

Albrecht Furs are made from fresh, prime, selected skins, secured firsthand from the trappers of the Northwest. They are guaranteed correct in style and exactly as represented in the catalog.

You are quite safe in ordering by mail from E. Albrecht & Son.

The Albrecht Guaranty Bond, certifying as to the kind of fur, the quality and workmanship, is your protection in buying. In case of dissatisfaction, money is refunded promptly and ungrudgingly. Send today for copy of *Fur Facts and Fashions*, specifying Style Book No. 66. Simply enclose 4 cents to cover postage.

References:
Merchants' Nat'l Bank, St. Paul
Capitol Nat'l Bank, St. Paul
First Nat'l Bank, Minneapolis
The R. G. Dun Company
The Bradstreet Company

E. ALBRECHT & SON
Founded 1855
Sixth & Minnesota Sts., St. J.
ST. PAUL, MINN.





THE FRA

EXPONENT of The American Philosophy—
the clarion-tongued Herald of the new
Gospel of Work and Co-operation.

THE FRA is a literary feast—a balanced diet—
a mental menu that gives growth and grit, vim
and verve ❧ ❧

It causes you to think, gives direction to action.
It is insistent and inspirational.

Two Dollars gets it for a Year

Together with your choice of the following premi-
ums, free, gratis, and for *nothing!*

1. PIG-PEN PETE: Elbert Hubbard's newest book of animal stories—whimsical and winning; bound in semi-flexible leather.
2. ONE VOLUME OF LITTLE JOURNEYS: A selection from Elbert Hubbard's literary masterpieces; bound in boards, and a fine example of typography.

Is that a Pen I see
before you,

The holder toward
your hand?

The Coupon cries
out to you—

DO IT NOW!

To THE ROYCROFTERS,
EAST AURORA, N. Y.

I enclose Two Dollars for THE FRA Magazine
for one year, and _____
gratis, as a premium.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City and State _____

Foreign Postage, Canada excepted, Seventy-five Cents

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

EARLY SUGGESTIONS FOR
Christmas Gifts

Modestly Priced Articles in Modeled Leather and Hand-Hammered Copper

Modeled-Leather Scissors-Case



50 cents

Leather Knife-Case



35 cents

Modeled-Leather Penwiper



25 cents

Modeled-Leather Memo-Pad



60 cents

Modeled-Leather Coin-Fob



60 cents

Leather Fob with Copper Roycroft Mark



50 cents

Hand-Wrought Copper Vasette with crystal flower-holder



50 cents

Copper Tray



50 cents

Hand-Wrought Copper Paper-Knife



25 cents

Leather Bill-Fold



50 cents

Modeled-Leather Book-Mark



Price, 35 cents

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

SPEND YOUR THANKSGIVING AT ✿ ✿ THE ROYCROFT INN ✿ ✿



"Good friends, sit down —
To one and all, a hearty welcome!"



THANKSGIVING is essentially an American Institution. It tokens gratitude, contentment and good-cheer.

¶ The Roycroft Inn is the embodiment of all these things; and there is scarcely a Thanksgiving Thought that is not expressed here. "Beautiful thoughts, and softly bodied forth."

¶ Situated in the foothills of the Alleghanies, connected with Buffalo — eighteen miles away — by good roads, the Roycroft Inn is the Mecca of thousands of guests, annually.

¶ Auto parties find the Roycroft Inn an ideal place for a "stop-over."

¶ A big, cheery fireplace filled with blazing logs seconds the genial warmth of your welcome. Congenial company, courtesy and kindness are yours from greeting to "good-by."

¶ The Roycroft Inn is operated on the American Plan. Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day. Single rooms, connecting rooms, out-of-door sleeping-rooms, suites with bath — abundance of hot water.

¶ Turkeys, sweet and tasty, with cranberry sauce—milk, cream, butter, eggs, fruit and vegetables, fresh from the Roycroft Farms — bread and biscuits from our own bakery — and those Mince and Punkin' Pies with cider, apples and delicious doughnuts — this is the Thanksgiving Menu at the Roycroft Inn. It is served by willing hands, in the most beautiful and restful dining-rooms in the world. When may we expect you? Make your reservations early. The Roycroft Inn Booklet will be sent gladly, on request.

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.



EVERY time you walk, a bicycle would have got you there in a fourth the time. Every time you take a trolley, a bicycle would have arrived as soon, been better for your health and lots more fun. There never will be a better way of getting about town than on a bicycle. It represents 100% efficiency in one man locomotion.



IVER JOHNSON TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

The Iver Johnson is unquestionably the highest grade bicycle ever manufactured. It is made like an Iver Johnson Revolver—and that means finer work than goes into a watch. Send for 82 page book which tells all about bicycles, motorcycles, revolvers and shotguns.

IVER JOHNSON ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 351 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

This Grand Piano Has a Grand Tone



¶ The greatest essential of a piano is *tone*.

¶ Tone is to the piano what character is to the individual—it expresses the *soul*.

¶ And as character is not an accident, but the result of processes, so the tone of **Steger & Sons Pianos** marks the evolution of ideas and ideals in piano-making.

¶ **Steger & Sons Pianos** are built understandingly, sympathetically. They mean home harmony, sweet sounds, service and satisfaction.

¶ "**A Steger Piano in every home**" is the Steger Idea.

¶ Let us help YOU to get one in yours!

¶ Send for our beautiful Style Brochure TODAY, and tomorrow you will join our list of "satisfied customers."

¶ Every Steger & Sons Piano or Natural Player-Piano is guaranteed.

Steger & Sons

Established 1879
STEGER BUILDING
N. W. Cor. Wabash Ave. & Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

¶ Our plans of payment make buying convenient. Old pianos taken in exchange.

The Secret of Self-Control



¶ Man is a piece of mental and physical mechanism. Worry, fear, nerve-disturbance and bodily ills and ailments are sand in the bearings of the human machine. ¶ These things retard progress and sometimes they "ditch" you.

LEAVITT SCIENCE

eliminates the trouble. ¶ It teaches you how to adjust your mental carburetor. It gives you perfect self-control over your cosmic engine, enabling you to direct your energy without waste. ¶ It helps you get there!

Twelve two-cent stamps will bring you a wonderful new book, called "LEAVITT SCIENCE"—a masterpiece of common-sense and helpfulness, a book that has stamped the fear of failure for scores of people and made them strong and able. ¶ It will do as much for you. ¶ Send for it without delay.

C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT

Suite 931 14 West Washington Street Chicago, Illinois



Child's Rocker No. 020

Width, 16½ inches
Depth, 15 inches
Back, 18½ inches

Child's Chair No. 088

Width, 13½ inches
Depth, 13 inches
Seat, 10 in. high
Back, 15 inches

These two chairs are made especially for the Kideens. They are "creep-up-close chairs," for when daddy tells the "Sandman story." All the characteristics that go to make Roycroft Furniture distinctive are embodied in them ❧ ❧

They are strong, well-finished, well-balanced, durable and artistic. Made of quartered oak; leather seats.

They will be sent to you, securely crated, F.O.B. East Aurora, for Twelve Dollars. Yes —BOTH OF THEM.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

Lux and Looks

AFTER the beautiful new lamps had been put in place about the Roycroft grounds, Ali Baba happened along, and fired Foolish Question Number Twenty-three, thusly:

"Say, tell me, what are *them* for?"

"Just for lux," said Terese, trying for once to be truthful.

And Ali replied, "Oh," and admitted that they certainly *did* look fine!



Design 1760C

We are proud of our new Union Metal Lamp-Standards. Twenty-eight of these deluxe lux-diffusing globes are now scattered about the place, and they are in perfect accord with Roycroft quality.

In fact, many of our visitors have paid us a delicate compliment by hinting that these graceful lamp-standards were evolved in the Roycroft Copper-Shop.

¶ Much as we would like to claim the distinction, we must own up to having secured them from the Union Metal Manufacturing Company, Canton, Ohio, after inspecting the market with a microscope.

¶ There are many beautiful and serviceable lamps made, but we decided that these particular ones would fit into the Roycroft landscape just a little better than any others.

Next time you come to Roycroft, take a look at the matchless Union Metal Lamp-Standards, made right in the Buckeye State, here in the U. S. A.

¶ If for any reason you are interested, and would welcome further data and details, the address is simply

The Union Metal Mfg. Co.
Canton, Ohio

Coffee History



When some of us are panning the Kaiser and thinking hard thoughts about der Vaterland, let us not forget that the delicious beverage known to us as "coffee" was first made known in Europe by a German. If tradition does not lie, Leonhard Rauwolf, a German physician, was the man. Rauwolf was a traveler at a time when traveling was beset with difficulties. He wrote out an account of his travels, which was printed in Fifteen Hundred Seventy-three. ¶ Soon after the first introduction of coffee, coffeehouses sprouted everywhere, almost simultaneously. Nearly a century, however, passed before the first coffeehouse in London was opened to the public. ¶ With the

London Coffeehouses, we begin to tread knee-deep in literary history. The fact remains that our debt of gratitude to Germany is great. But for Herr Doktor Leonhard Rauwolf, His Travels, we would not be serving Old Master Coffee at the Roycroft Inn today. ¶ Old Master is made by the Bour Company, and in point of scientific aging, perfect roasting, and scrupulous cleaning, has won a permanent place on the tables of the Roycroft Inn. ¶ If your grocer can not supply you Old Master, write direct for information and prices, to

THE BOUR COMPANY
MASTER MAKERS OF OLD MASTER COFFEE
TOLEDO KANSAS CITY

A Matter for Thanksgiving

Handy Home Helpers are made by the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company. A secret and ingenious process transforms soft, absorbent, microbe-holding paper into sanitary, hygienic and beautiful home-helpers in the shape of

1. Ice-Blankets, which cut ice-bills in half.
2. Dishcloths, which banish the germly dish-rag.
3. Cake-Pan Liners, which prevent sticky or burnt cake.
4. Shelf and Lining Paper, which "stays put."
5. Jelly-Protectors—no messy paraffine.
6. Stork Sheets—no smelly rubber.
7. Wrappers for butter, bread, meat, and a score of other hygienic and economical aids to kitchen, nursery and all-round home happiness.

Elbert Hubbard has written a wise and witty booklet, entitled, A PALAVER ON PAPER, telling the story of these Handy Home Helpers. We will gladly send you this interesting "Little Journey," together with a full-sized sample of the famous Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Dishcloth, on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE GIFT FOR HER

Pearl
String
16 inches
long



At
Your
Jeweler
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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. XIV DECEMBER 1914 NO. 3



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
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ON DOING IT NOW

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

ONCE upon a time there was a man who said: "No, I don't buy books. Sometime I will buy a whole library. One book at a time? Not much!"

The years skidded past, and the man bought no books. When he died, they found an Almanac, two magazines, and a copy of the Rubaiyat that he had borrowed from a bibliocuss.

Another man said, "If I can't have a big wide veranda on the front of my house, I won't have any at all." And he never did—not even a 2 x 2 front step.

¶ Then there was a woman who said to me: "I have never had time to travel abroad. My vacation lasts only a month. But some day I intend to take a year off and see Europe right." She died with the wanderlust unsatisfied.

The moral seems to be that a small "loaf" is better than none—when you can get it.

Buying furniture is not so different from traveling abroad.

If you can't get twelve months, plan for one. You can cover a lot of ground in that time.

If you can't stock your home with furniture right at the start, buy a few pieces from time to time, as you can afford it. In five years you will be surprised to note what a lot of really first-class furniture you own. Only the best is worth buying.

Berkey & Gay furniture has delighted two generations of people. It is not cheap furniture. You can easily get more wood and upholstery for your money—but nowhere can you purchase more lasting satisfaction and furniture friendliness. Berkey & Gay Period Styles fit into the landscape and yet they have individuality. They possess livableness and character.

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see this hollow way, which did not form even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had asked Lacoste a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no. We might almost say that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head. Other fatalities were yet to arise.

Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the Nineteenth Century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon had no longer a place; the ill-will of events had been displayed long previously. It was time for this vast man to fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group. Such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world, mounting to one man's



Their Greatest Lack —Will Power!

WHY is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment, sometimes end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything—until finally he becomes a miserable down and out, dependent on the charity of others or, at best, a wage slave, barely managing to keep the wolf from the door.

It is n't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—it's a difference of will-power, that's all.

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor or fighter.

Anyone Can Have a Strong Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their will. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "Will-Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it.

"Power of Will," by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., is a scientific course in Will-Training, which has helped over 35,000 people.

This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 38 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their will into wonderful power.

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Master-men, like Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis, formerly of Burroughs Adding Machine Co.—and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them—read, use and praise "Power of Will." Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a good to young and old alike. It has re-awakened ambition in men and women who have been turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambitions into consummation.

Is YOUR Will Dormant?

Look back upon your life. Once upon a time, no doubt, you weaved great dreams of what you were going to make of yourself. Are they accomplished now? Why are they not accomplished? Is it not because you lacked a strong, powerful, dominating, inflexible WILL? You allowed others to control and influence you to their ends, instead of controlling others yourself. You let insignificant daily incidents everlastingly turn you from your purpose. Gradually—like so many of us—you allowed this God-given faculty of will to become scotched and DORMANT in you. Dr. Haddock has a message for you—a real message of emancipation from the blasting human curse of indecision and blind habit—a message to every man from 20 to 60 years.

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The price of "Power of Will" is \$3.00. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford not to own it. Send no money now. Simply send the attached coupon, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference.

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Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.

How to develop analytical power.

How to think "all around" any subject.

How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.

Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.

How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.

How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.

How to guard against errors in thought.

How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.

How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power.

How to develop Reasoning Power.

How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.

The secret of Building Mind Power.

How the Will is made to act.

How to test your Will.

How a Strong will is Master of Body.

What creates Human Power.

The Six Principles of Will Training.

Definite Methods for developing Will.

The NINETEEN METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.

Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power.

FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.

How to develop a strong, keen gaze.

How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

The First Principle for Success in contact with others.

How to keep the body well-poised.

brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order as of the material order depend, complained. Streaming blood, overcrowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the



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Clear and Sparkling as crystal-pure water is the lovely water set shown below. It isn't an ornament that you'll use for a time and then discard—it's a practical "water jug and tumbler" set. Moreover, it has that simple, crystal-like freshness and purity of design and delightful brilliance that stamps

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Your dealer has Heisey's Diamond H water sets in this design and in many others just as attractive.

If you especially like the design shown here and your dealer should not have it, we will deliver it direct to you by Parcel Post, prepaid, at the following prices: 1 jug and 2 tumblers, \$2.00; 1 jug and 1 dozen tumblers, \$2.75. Ware of the Mississippi River add \$1.50 to cover delivery.

Write today for "Table Glass and How to Use It," see how many other beautiful things for the table and home you can buy in Heisey's Diamond H Glassware.

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WAR TALK at the Roycroft Inn

FREDDIE WELSH, Lightweight Champ, and the Hoosier Philosopher, the elongated scamp, exchange views, Fra Elbertus listening attentively.

¶ All agree, however, that *The Touchstone*, the Roycroft Philosophy of Life, is the best thing there is on that score, and that those who have not got their copy are missing a great treat.

¶ Shoot along that dollar bill, and you'll be entertained by a philosophy that gets right down to the practical solution of things by showing how their principles work.

¶ "Will strike high noon for ninety-five out of every hundred people who read it," says Elbert Hubbard. "A book to marvel at—invaluable," Emerson Efficiency Institute. "Certainly of much value," Physical Culture Magazine.

¶ Elbert Hubbard's review of *The Touchstone* sent free, on request.

J. W. BECKMAN
Rensselaer - - - Indiana

principles, precepts, maxims and methods, which together constitute the corpus or body of art doctrine handed down from a remote antiquity, and preserved either in books or perpetuated by tradition. Along with these are innumerable art secrets called *hiji* or *himitsu*, never published, but orally imparted by the masters to their pupils—not secrets in a trick sense, but methods of execution discovered after laborious effort and treasured as valued possessions. It is obvious, then, how incapable of writing technically upon the subject must any one be who has not gone through such curriculum and had drilled into him all that varied instruction

shadow, which the abyss hears. ¶ Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided.

Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe.—*Victor Hugo*.

A JAPANESE artist is long in making. From ten to fifteen years of continuous study and application are required before much skill is attained. During that time he gradually absorbs a knowledge of the many

which makes up the body of rules applicable to that art.—*Henry P. Bowie*.

¶ It was loving a lover that brought out the best in men during the past ages, and it will be loving a lover that will bring out the best in men down through the ages to come.—*From "To Lovers and Others," by Harry C. Morse*.

The price of anger is failure.

—*Ellwood Hendrick*.

FOR a while there was a good deal of criticism of "watchful waiting," which had become a term of ridicule. But you hear nobody now speak of it except in terms of respect. The peaceful methods of the New World stand out in striking contrast to the methods of the Old World. It is not because our President doubts the patriotism of the people of this country. He knows that lives in abundance would be at the country's call if needed. If there was a call for a million volunteers at sunrise, the sun would go down on a million men who had responded. And there would be standing side by side the sons of those who wore the Blue and the

sons of those who wore the Gray. But the President believes that when a mother has raised a boy and poured out on him her affections, he is worth something more than to be stood up and shot at by another mother's son.

I glory in the peace propaganda of our President. I believe that when his official career has ended, the people of the world will feel that he has rendered loyal service to the cause of peace. In his name I promise you when

ALL HUMAN KNOWLEDGE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN IS CONCENTRATED IN



KNOW WHAT THE WAR- WORDS MEAN

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Contraband
Mobilize
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better days have come that there will be no degeneration. I am sure that the patriotism of the new era will not be inferior to the patriotism of the past.—*William Jennings Bryan.*

WAR never can be the interest of a trading nation, any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man of business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bulldog upon a customer at the shop-door.—*Thomas Paine.*



The SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness

Edited by
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
and H. L. MENCKEN

Read in the December Number :

"The Woman Who Lost," by Helen Woljeska.

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purse. Every monarch in Europe condemns war, and yet they fight. They can not stop fighting. The cause of this war and of all war is the organization of the politics of the world on the basis of greed. All wars are economic wars. They are made possible by the greed of the rich and the ignorance of the poor. Enlighten yourselves! Enlighten your fellows! Seek the good of all! Prepare to refuse to fight when your turn comes! Refuse prosperity at the cost of adversity of others! The United States does not need more material prosperity, which may set back the hands of the clock of genuine progress for many years.

WAR is murder and worse than murder. When a man hurrahs for war, he hurrahs for hell. It slays the bodies, stupefies the minds, strangles the intellect, and stunts the souls of men. It is insanity, idiocy and imbecility. It sins against individuals, countries, education, science, art, and every form of civilization. It produces a progeny of criminals, drunkards, adulterers, swindlers and physical heroes, who dazzle the public eye, demoralize the public judgment, and drain the public

It is too rich now. What it needs is a little distribution of the wealth we now have and a greater development of our resources. What we need is the social conscience and economic justice. We must proceed rapidly to organize social justice. The way to end violence by robbery is to end the robbery.

We must cultivate a worldwide patriotism, prefer our families to ourselves, our country to our families, and the world to our country. We must take the German and French and

Russian and British and all other flags, and with the Stars and Stripes we must merge them in the Flag of the World.

—B. Fay Mills.

THE war will end when one side or the other is forced to the point where it must sue for peace. If an angel from heaven stood before the forces ruling Europe today and offered peace on condition that equality and righteousness be put first in the affairs of government, then that offer would be refused. Prayer for peace puts the responsibility where it does not belong; asks God to end what man is entirely and wholly responsible for. Such a view of prayer is childish in the extreme. It belongs to

the ages before reason was born, when superstition ruled the thoughts of men.

I am not willing to degrade my conception of prayer merely to conform it to the views of the unthinking majority. I can't for a moment think that the will of the Spirit of the Universe is going to be changed by prayer. If it could be, then it would be a capricious thing and not something that we could trust and respect. True prayer is communion with the Spirit of the Universe. It is the attempt to put one's

self in harmony with the power that makes for righteousness.—Rev. E. I. Goshen.

THE habit of dissipating every serious thought by a suggestion of agreeable sensations, is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.

—Anna Maria Porter.

The Man Who Gambles

with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost — is another matter.

Every person gambles with health who drinks coffee; it contains caffeine, a subtle cumulative drug. It may not seriously affect one at once, because its work is slow — but sure.

The safe way is to quit coffee and use



POSTUM

It is made of wheat and a small proportion of wholesome molasses, skilfully roasted and blended to produce a delicious Java-like flavour.

You get the rich food value of the grain, in Postum, and it is absolutely free from caffeine, or any other drug.

Postum comes in two forms :

Regular Postum — must be well boiled; 15c and 25c packages.

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Both kinds are delicious — cost per cup about the same — sold by grocers everywhere!

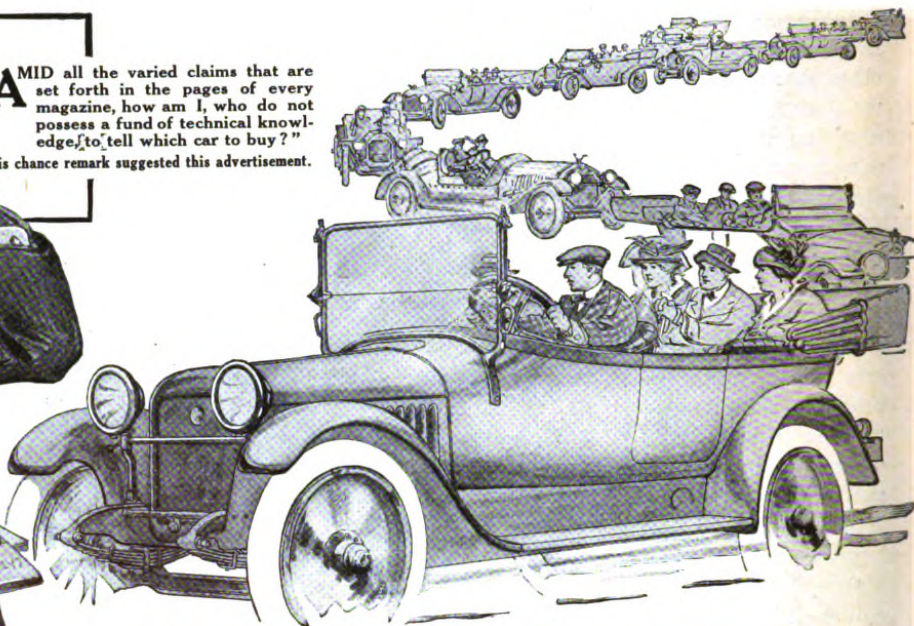
“There's a Reason” for POSTUM

"AMID all the varied claims that are set forth in the pages of every magazine, how am I, who do not possess a fund of technical knowledge, to tell which car to buy?"

This chance remark suggested this advertisement.



Quality First



"How Am I to Tell Which Car to Buy?"

1 Know the Company—For seven years the Chalmers Motor Company has been recognized as one of the strongest companies financially in the automobile industry. Its organization and methods are acknowledged, even by other makers, to be unexcelled. During these seven years it has introduced many of the most noted improvements in motor car building.

2 Then the Factory—Chalmers cars are manufactured cars. Every essential part is made completely in the great Chalmers plant by nearly 4000 men working on the Chalmers principle of "Quality First." The millions invested in the most up-to-date machinery and latest special equipment for building special Chalmers features are the best pledge we can give you of the faith the Chalmers Company has in its product.

3 The Record of the Car with Owners—40,000 Chalmers cars now in use prove Chalmers principles of motor car construction right. We sincerely wish that you could talk with these 40,000 owners. Then you would have ample evidence that Chalmers cars are the greatest automobile values offered within several hundred dollars of their price. Nearly 10,000 owners in all parts of the country have demonstrated in actual road service that both the "Light Six" and the larger "Master Six" "stay put" and keep sweet-running even in the hardest kind of usage.

4 The Style in the Car—People turn to admire Chalmers cars. They stand out from others through their superior style and smartness. From the graceful radiator and sloping bonnet, throughout the beautiful bellback, streamline body, Chalmers "Sixes" possess a distinctive style and a "different" kind of automobile beauty that makes owners proud to say, "My car is a Chalmers."

5 The Special Features—Among many special features Chalmers cars have non-stallable, six-cylinder motors with practically noiseless Chalmers-Entz one-motion starter; molded oval fenders of greater grace than flat or merely crowned fenders and so firm and sturdy as to save the car from bumps or knocks; larger tires than usual with "Nobby" treads on rear wheels; wide, flush-fitting doors; deep upholstered seats sloped to give utmost comfort; and every detailed improvement and refinement known to the most up-to-date automobile building. Point by point comparison will show you the big "over-value" in Chalmers "Sixes" at their prices.

With these 5 points in mind consider the dollar-for-dollar value in the car. Chalmers cars have always given big value for the money. Chalmers owners will tell you that each year we have made Chalmers cars bigger values at the price. But in the "Light Six" and the larger "Master Six" there is greater automobile value than we have ever offered—greater value, we believe, than any maker has ever offered at anywhere near the price.

Automobile buyers, in greater number this year than ever before, find in these reasons for buying a Chalmers "Six" the best answer to the question, "How Am I to Tell Which Car to Buy?" Our shipments thus far this season exceed those of the same period of 1913, which was the biggest Chalmers year. The satisfactory answer in the 1915 Chalmers "Sixes" to the question above has made these our fastest selling cars—The Most Successful Cars of Seven Successful Seasons.

"Light Six"—\$1650

\$2100 F. O. B. Windsor

"Master Six"—\$2400

Fully Equipped, F. O. B. Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

A LITTLE PREACHMENT ON POMPEIAN

By ELBERT HUBBARD



HAVE never been sick a day in my life, & have never missed a meal except through inability of access. I neither overeat nor underbreathe.

Consequently, I do not enjoy poor health.

One of the secrets of my perfect health for fifty-odd years lies in the fact that, so far as Olive-Oil is concerned, I am a consumer. I do not claim that Olive-Oil is a cure-all—a panacea, if you please, for anything and everything you have, or think you have.

Nothing can take the place of cheerfulness and industry, fresh air and wholesome thoughts. But I am convinced that the use of Olive-Oil as an article of diet is not as universal as it should be.

If you argue that the taste for Olive-Oil is an acquired taste, I rebut thusly: So are the ills that flesh is heir to, acquired.

Adam never was operated on for appendicitis, and Eve's digestive apparatus was absolutely unimpaired. They raised Cain because they were Abel. And the Tree of Life did not grow Northern Spies as was formerly supposed. It was an Olive-Tree.

The patriarchs of Bible times were well acquainted with the uses of Olive-Oil. The Good Book is full of references to the "Oil of Gladness."

¶ When a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, some passed him by on the other side, but the Good Samaritan "went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." ¶ The wound was washed with wine. The oil acted as a healing-agent.

¶ Coming down the centuries we find

the Greeks very partial to the delicate flavor of Olive-Oil. There was a Greek proverb to this effect: "A long and pleasant life depends on wine within and oil without."

The Greeks used Olive-Oil also as an article of food. ¶ When the Spanish *padres* came to California, in the wake of the mailed *conquistadores*, and set the mission bells a-jingling, they used wine in place of milk and Olive-Oil for butterine.

Olive-Oil is a lubricant. Also, it is a condiment, making rich the salad.

¶ A tiptop aid to a healthy digestion. A builder of tissues, and a renovator of sluggish blood and nerves on edge. The elements contained in pure Olive-Oil are needed in the body. ¶ Use it as an unguent and you can laugh at Rheumatiz. Just as excellent taken internally. A pint of Olive-Oil a week will biff the doctor on the beak, and reduce him to the neutral position of a delightful social factor.

Take a little before each meal, and a three-finger swig just before the taps. It's the best bedtime tonic.

¶ If every bottle of patent medicine were dumped into the deep, and Olive-Oil put in its place, think of the universal good that would result.

There are good Olive-Oils galore, but none better nor purer than the brand put out by the Pompeian People. The quality of Pompeian is not strained. It has a delicate, nutty flavor that will please particular people.

¶ Pompeian has set all Olive-Oils a pace, and is now recognized as standard throughout the United States.

¶ Any good grocer or any good druggist will sell you Pompeian.

I forget the price, but it is worth all you pay and more, considering the benefit you will derive from pure Pompeian.

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ignored the neutrality treaty, and it has been a dead letter for years. Moreover, England was using Ostend as a base of supply; and France was utilizing Antwerp the same way. So why should Germany refrain from doing what her enemies had set the example for doing?"

In *Vaterland* you will find Haeckel continually quoted and exalted.

President Eliot and Doctor Felix Adler are berated and pooh-poohed.

The editor asks, "Because Doctor Eliot is a great pedagogue, is that any reason why his views on the war are of any value?"

But the fact that Professor Haeckel is a great biologist is, in the mind of the editor of

IN New York, suddenly, in August, there sprang into being a publication called *Vaterland*.

At first the editor of *Vaterland* declared the Germans entered Belgium through the necessities of war, and that the wartime treaties are only scraps of paper.

Beside, did n't Germany offer to indemnify Belgium double for all damage?

In later issues the editor takes a new tack and says: "Both England and France repeatedly

Vaterland, one of the chief reasons why his views on international diplomacy are sound.

¶ We are told that Maeterlinck is a sentimental crank; that Gilbert Parker, Zangwill and Kipling are pensioned tools, and that Gerhardt Hauptmann is the world's only poet and seer.

One of these bulletins puts Oscar Wilde up as a sample of English culture. Another declares that France is morally, mentally and physically degenerate, tainted with disease and vice,

and that German civilization can purify her. *Vaterland* avers that Russia is Slav; and the Slav is Mongolian. We are told that the Trans-Siberian Railroad is to be utilized to bring the Japs and Chinese into Europe.

And that this war is to fight back the "Yellow Flood."

And then, being human, we wonder which the people of Belgium would prefer, if they had to make a choice—a Slavonic or a Germanic invasion.
—H.H. Tammen

If people would but understand that they are not the sons of some fatherland or other, nor of Governments, but are sons of God, and can therefore neither be slaves nor enemies

one to another—those insane, unnecessary, worn-out, pernicious organizations called Governments, and all the sufferings, violations, humiliations, and crimes which they occasion, would cease.—Leo Tolstoy.

ANY policy which seeks to make Great Britain supreme on both sea and land is a national menace. It would make us an international danger to be stamped out at any price.—Frederick Maddison.

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BELIEVE in the spirit of peace, and in sole and absolute reliance on truth and the application of it to the hearts and consciences of the people. I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or can be, the weapons of despotism. I know that those of despotism are the sword, the revolver, the cannon, the bombshell; and therefore, the weapons to which tyrants cling and upon which they depend are not the weapons for me, as a friend of liberty.—W. L. Garrison.

SOME ADVICE BY FRA ELBERTUS



ACCURACY in business is a virtue beyond esteem.

¶ Most inaccuracies come from not really listening to what is said, or not really seeing what you put down.

¶ All the knowledge and effort exerted in a business transaction may be overbalanced by an error in figures, an omitted word or by indistinct writing. Pull yourself together when these finishing touches are to be made, and, on your life, get them clear and correct.

¶ As a salesman, know your stocks—what you have, and the facts of make, use, beauty and fashion which help and interest a customer. This will make you enthusiastic over your goods, and a good salesman without your knowing it.

¶ If asked for information, be sure you have it before you give it. Do not assume that the location or fact is so now because you once knew it so. Don't misdirect. Make your directions so clear that they will be a real help.

¶ And for the same good reason, keep your personal callers, personal letters, personal matters, thoughts and states of mind away from the post of duty.

¶ Having promised to obtain goods or information, or to deliver goods by a certain time, do not start the thing going and trust to luck for the rest. Do your own part in full, and then follow up to know that the rest is moving on schedule time. Remember that the thing specially promised and of special importance needs most watching. "Accidents" and life's "various hindrances" get after just those things with a keen scent.

¶ All of the above things you can not do unless you have a trained memory, and let me here recommend my good Friend, Professor Henry Dickson, Principal and Founder of The Dickson Memory School.

¶ Professor Dickson's new book, "How to Speak in Public," with an introduction by myself, will be presented absolutely free to any student who enrolls in the Dickson Course of Memory Training within ten days after reading this offer. The regular price of the Book is Two Dollars.

¶ Write to Professor Dickson for the free book, "How to Remember," also for full particulars as to how you may secure a free copy of Dickson's "How to Speak in Public." ¶ Do this much for your business success today.



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963 Auditorium Building

Chicago, Illinois

SOMEWHERE in the real country is a man in the prime of life, neither too young nor too old—vigorous, tough-thewed, well-trained, cheerful and full of hope. He has faith plus, and courage.

This man is a fair sample of the prosperous American farmer—the one we should want to perpetuate as the "average farmer" in these United States. He has chosen agriculture—all-around farming—as his life-work, and to him the farm is an ideal home.

look to the country boys and girls for the answer.—*B. F. Harris.*

THE German arms must be hunted as the buccaneers were hunted of old. Surely no European nation will be weak enough to give the Kaiser and his swaggering banditti another chance. If Europe is wise, this will be the last great European War.—*R. Blatchford.*

Work makes the comrade.—*Goethe.*

This man conserves his soil and makes his house as well as his acres blossom. He it is who solves the rural problem—for the man, not the soil, is the problem!

Such a man as this is an object-lesson to all his neighbors; the basic asset of agriculture and the chief hope of its future. He should work with the banker and the banker should follow his lead. As we depend upon him to bring the world's credit balance in our favor—so must we rely upon him to maintain a government well balanced on the side of sanity and righteousness.

We need as many farmers of this type as we can get—many more than we now have. We must

CONSIDER, if you please, that a free press may have been born in America, but that free speech and free news reports concerning His Imperial Majesty, or His Majesty's war-machine, are not now "made in Germany."

Here is the powder that is not smokeless, noiseless, scentless, nor wholly innocuous, as it explodes in the *Cologne Gazette*: "The disgust in which we have stepped reaches to our collar, but we will put up with the vile machinations of the double-headed brood of the American press vipers for a little longer; then we will bring the German heel down upon their venomous heads!"

Submitting, without offense, the proposition that the correct reply to the "German heel" is the American toe, it must be acknowledged that the praise of certain German newspapers is more offensive than the blame. Here is an elegant extract from the *Vossische Zeitung*: "When the war is over, Germany will do little trade with England and France, so that she and the United States will then together dominate the world's markets. German businessmen will bear this in mind and direct all their energies toward finding

means of working with America, but also of keeping up with her."

There is an arrogance about the last sentence, and particularly the last clause of it, which seems to indicate an inability to learn the manners of "culture," even when trying to be civil.—*Boston "News Bureau."*

Let us hope that fresh air and fresh water will never go out of fashion. Fresh manners we can safely eliminate.—*Dr. Herman G. Wahlig.*

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PATRIOTISM is the one of those lowest vices which most often masquerades in false garb as a virtue. But what after all is patriotism? "My country, right or wrong, and just because it is my country!" This is clearly nothing more than collective selfishness. Often enough, indeed, it is not even collective. It means merely, "My business interests against the business interests of other people, and let the taxes of my fellow citizens pay to support them." At other times it means pure

pride of race, and pure lust of conquest. "My country against other countries; my army and navy against other fighters; my right to annex unoccupied territory against the equal right of all other peoples; my power to oppress all weaker nationalities, all inferior races." It never means or can mean anything good or true. For if a cause be just, like Ireland's, or once Italy's, then 't is a good man's duty to espouse it with warmth, be it his own or another's. And if a cause be bad, then 't is a good man's duty to oppose it, tooth and nail, irrespective of your patriotism. True, a good man will feel more sensitively anxious that strict justice should be done by the particular community of which chance has made him a component member than by any others; but then, people who feel acutely this joint responsibility of all the citizens to uphold the moral right are not praised as patriots but reviled as unpatriotic. To urge that our own country should strive with all its might to be better, higher, purer, nobler, more generous than other countries—the only kind of patriotism worth a moment's thought in a righteous man's eyes—is ac

counted by most men both wicked and foolish.

—Grant Allen.

In spite of arguments to the contrary, the United States has been and will continue to be a heavy loser by the European War, although not so much as other countries. In the first place, it has almost entirely lost, for the time being, two great markets—Germany and Austria-Hungary—the total exports to which countries last year were over three hundred sixty-five million dollars. It has also lost a very large percentage of its trade with other European countries, and the foreign market for our securities will continue to be greatly lessened. The

shock of the crisis was disastrous to credit and general confidence, and as a result, business from Maine to California has quieted down. On the other hand, a new lease of life has been given to American shipping and has enabled the United States to exploit markets formerly held by European concerns. In a word, the United States, economically, should suffer less than any of the powers, and it may eventually gain and maintain a more important place in the world's markets.—Roger Babson.



ONE year ago this was a country home, in the suburbs of New York, famous for its old-fashioned comforts and its exterior and interior beauties.

Because of a lack of preparedness to extinguish fire at its inception, today the charred ruins stand like a grim skeleton—a mute and pathetic warning to home owners of the costliness of procrastination.

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would have prevented, during the past year, the destruction of hundreds of suburban homes in which the means of checking the blaze during the first five minutes had not been provided.

The purchase and use of Pyrene Fire Extinguishers by the United States Government, such institutions as the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroad

Systems, and scores of prominent corporations assures the home owner of *Pyrene efficiency*.

The moment Pyrene liquid strikes heat it is transformed into a gas blanket heavier than air, which smothers the flames by excluding the oxygen.

Being a dry liquid, it neither stains nor injures the most delicate furnishings.

Fire, once started, will not wait.

The Extinguisher—handsomely and strongly built of solid brass—is an ornament to any interior. Price \$7.

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THE first duty of society is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening; body and soul are kept together—and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble.—Walter Bagehot.

Automatic Health

If all the medicine in the world were flung into the sea, it would have been a good thing for mankind, but awful bad for the fishes.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the November Number of THE PHILISTINE was an editorial on the subject of Vaccination, that attracted wide attention.

¶ Quite a number of letters were received from physicians concerning the article. Some condemned, others commended, my views of the subject. ¶ Among other letters was one from Doctor Edmond R. Moras, of Highland Park, Illinois. ¶ Doctor Moras is a graduate of the Harvard Medical



School. He has had an extensive experience in hospital practise and has traveled widely in America and Europe. ¶ Perhaps no physician in America has had greater opportunity for study and observation in a medical way, than has Doctor Moras.

Doctor Moras informs me that for fifteen years he has refused to vaccinate, and he considers the operation of causing a sore on a healthy human body in the interest of health as entirely without scientific foundation. ¶ In truth, Doctor Moras is much more interested in health than he is in disease. He keeps the normal in mind. His business is to bring about a condition where his services will not be required.

Doctor Moras is one of the world's great teachers, as every good physician is—or should be.

Prophylaxis is the coming science, and prophylaxis is the science of prevention. It is really easier to keep a

person well than to show him how to recover when he gets sick. ¶ The only physician we can not do without is the one who shows us how to do without him. ¶ Emerson says, "We are bathed in an ocean of intelligence." That is to say, we are a part of Nature. Nature is our mother. Nature is doing her best to keep us strong, effective, sane and self-reliant. Nature needs us in her business. And we thrive in mind, body and estate, just as we love Nature, understand her and obey her mandates. ¶ Good health should be automatic, as all of Nature's processes are. ¶ Doctor Moras has written a very useful book, useful for the profession and the laity alike. The name of this book is AUTOLOGY. Literally interpreted, the word AUTOLOGY means the Science of Automatic Health. And automatic health, of course, means a process that is performed without thought or a hot attempt to lift yourself by pulling on your boot-straps. ¶ Describing this book is a smaller one entitled, A GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY, which is sent gratis to any subscriber of THE FRA Magazine who applies for it. You incur no obligation in any way, and the book will be gladly sent on request. Simply send your name on a postal card to

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better a dinner of herbs and quietness there-with than a cabaret collation and a phonograph that scrapes, squeaks, squawks and splutters. "Get the hook!"—better still, get a new needle. Many a man has been indicted, convicted and sentenced for crimes of which he was not guilty.

And the record of many a phonograph has been marred by a poor needle. We have a phonograph in the Roycroft Music-Room, and here the boys and girls congregate evenings and trip the light fantastic to its music, or listen delightedly to creations of the Masters.

It works time and a third, all right; and never squeals on us. Its record is

THERE'S nothing new under the sun; everything is just a variant of something else.

The first talking-machine was made from a rib and antedated Edison's invention somewhat.

Edison's invention, however, has this advantage—you can shut it off!

Hence it is that some people prefer a phonograph as a pal.

But even the best of pals pall at times, and

unsmirched; and the secret is the needle. The one it now holds has been in use several months, and it is apparently as good as ever, for the music it tickles from the waxen disk is as sweet, full-toned and expressive as ever.

"Does n't that needle beat everything?" said an enthusiastic youth to me, last night. "It has the old-time steel needle backed off the map; it is put in in a minute, lasts longer, gives better music, and does n't wreck the record. It's the best that ever came down the

cosmic pike!" And as I listened to the way in which it turned the corners of the *Bridal March From Tannhauser* I coincided with my enthusiastic friend. ¶ By the way, the name of this wonderful melody-maker is the Sonora Jewel Multi-Playing Needle, manufactured by the Sonora Phonograph Corporation, New York City.

CHRISTMAS is undying. The notions of it alter with climate and Zeitgeist. Once a barbaric festival, full of gladness and roughness, the long northern nights and black forests shaped it to a thing of fairies and saints, where horseplay jostled religion. Grotesque as a gargoyle, it was worshipful and rowdy. Then came the happier days of civilization, when the family celebration was all in all. It became a Feast of Lights—a white flame on a green background. ¶ We of today would lose no twilight touch of the ancient mystery, but already we labor in a richer fellowship than in any of the blind eons of our upcoming. So to our festival we would invite in all the human family.—*Arthur H. Gleason.*

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WHILE peace reigned, rags could be brought over to America a little cheaper than they could be secured here. That's why most makers of bond papers bought their rags abroad. They preferred to save a little money rather than to support an American industry.

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WHEN the war broke, the importation of rags was curtailed. Makers of bond papers turned to domestic sources of material and flattered themselves that they were supporting American industry. But now who gets the first choice of the American paper material market? Not those who have been driven to buying American material. No, indeed.

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THE more a man is educated, the more is it necessary, for the welfare of the State, to instruct him how to make a proper use of his talents. Education is like a double-edged sword. It may be turned to dangerous usages if it is not properly handled.—*Wu Ting-Fang.*

A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.—*The Koran.*

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THE SHELDON SCHOOL 435 Gunther Bldg. CHICAGO

he went into the free library with a friend.

"See," said Walt, "even in a remote village like this they have my *Leaves of Grass*."

"Oh yes," remarked the librarian; "it's always in, Mr. Whitman."

—Feltoid.

THERE is too much made of disease; too much time is spent talking of disease; too much tendency by the profession to make great things out of little nothings, causing the people generally to be nervous and apprehensive.

People are too prone to believe that a pain in the right, anterior, lower abdominal region is an attack of appendicitis; and too frequently this opinion is en-

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SOMEHOW Walt Mason, the poet laureate of Kansas, reminds me of Walt Whitman, because the opposites of things are alike.

Old Walt, the First, was a great poet—and admitted it.

He put Camden on the map all right, all right, and had he lived a few years longer he'd have had a job writing jingles for his fellow townsman, Mr. Campbell, who makes soup for housewives.

Walt was in a little town in Ohio one day and

encouraged by a doctor who is more interested in fees than in the greatest good for his patient. Why should a patient submit to an operation for appendicitis when every case not complicated by frequent examinations, drugs and food will get well without an operation?

—Dr. J. H. Tilden.

Nature supplies us all the "gym" apparatus we need. Why not use it? Walk, climb, swim, run, and play ball.—Dr. Herman G. Wahlig.

THE State assumes the right to use the strength and time of its prisoners to its own benefit. In the past the State has placed too much emphasis upon this right, and too little upon the rights of its prisoners. This condition society is attempting to change. The State no longer seeks to enslave its prisoners by placing upon them burdens which they are either unable or unfit to carry. Prisoners in this State are no longer subjected to hardships for the mere sake of causing them pain or fatigue, nor are they any longer exploited to the financial gain of contractors of prison labor.

We are beginning to see the prisoner's side of the situation. We have already learned that his rights are as important as those of the State.

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The man who is honest with himself will keep honest with his neighbors.—*E. N. Ferdon.*



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Today the Christmas of Millions**

What of all her rich possessions did Queen Bess cherish more than the jewel incrustated watch which had been Lord Leicester's Christmas offering? What today does the Prince or Princess of the American home make so trusted a companion as a watch? What of all things embodies so well the Christmas spirit? The old masterpieces—watches of royalty alone—were not as valuable as timekeepers as the Ingersoll Watch of today.

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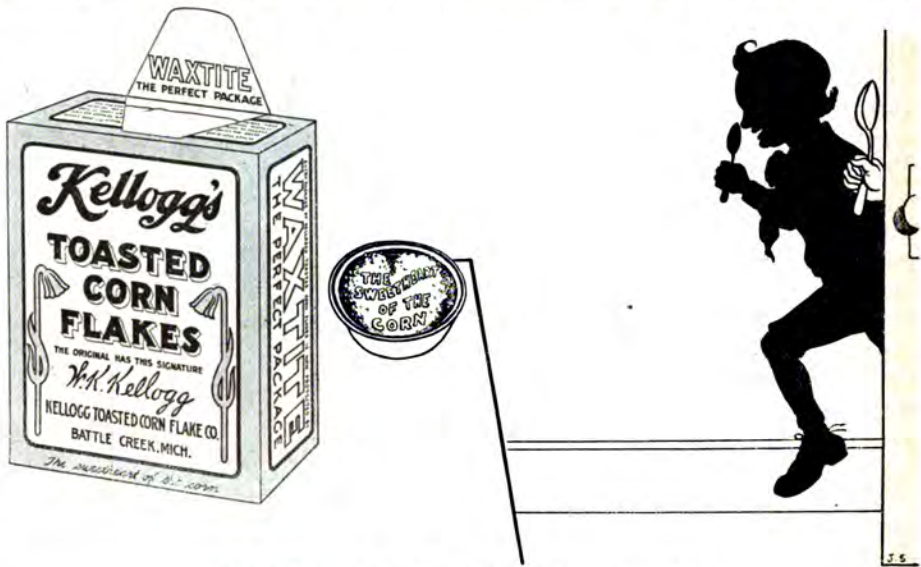
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THE people at large will rise up and insist that these unscrupulous militarist Governments must be swept away and give place to Governments in which the people rule and are free to live in the spirit of international brotherhood, peace, and good-will.

—*Bishop of Hereford.*

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.—*Madame De Stael.*



"I don't care," said Whistler, when asked what color he wanted his house painted, "so long as you paint it red!"

Thousands of men, women and children don't care what breakfast-food they have so long as it's

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The Merchants National Fire Insurance Co. will be organized January 1, 1915. It will be an Illinois Corporation, and made safe by most stringent laws. Six hundred thousand dollars (approximately) will be the capital and surplus, and a first year's business of three-quarters of a million dollars is actually in sight. Being the first big local company, it will get first chance at the new "Home Business" — business forced to be placed here to the extent of \$29,000,000 in premiums, by withdrawal of foreign concerns. The earnings of the "Merchants National" at the outset should certainly equal the 35% average of American companies. What the ultimate earnings will be is convincingly shown in our literature. That the Merchants National will be a phenomenal money-maker is a statement beyond gainsaying. Prudent investors everywhere are invited to participate in this great investment on the strength of unquestioned proof.

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"Any old thing" would not do. The market was inspected long and carefully before a selection was made. ¶ Then the lamps were secured from

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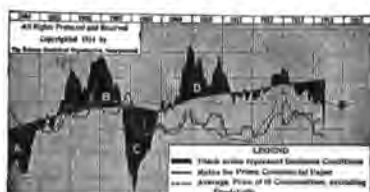
THIS delicious candy made of Louisiana plantation sugar and selected pecans has been the favorite for more than 50 years with the belles and beaux of Dixie. Introduced in our Atlantic City store this Summer it created a furore on the Boardwalk. An ideal Christmas gift—something different. Pin a dollar bill to this ad and mail it to our nearest store. We'll send a two pound box to any address by parcel post *prepaid*.

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lying, with their faces haggard to the stars, hundreds, thousands of men like myself, better men than myself! Hundreds, thousands, who loved life as much as I, felt pain as much as I; whose women loved them as much as mine love me! Grand, splendid! That the blood should be oozing from them into grass that once smelled as sweet to them as it does to me. That their eyes, which delighted in sunlight and beauty as much as mine, should be glazing fast with death; their

glorious; that there is something in itself desirable and to be admired in that licensed murder, arson, robbery that we call war.

Glorious war! Every thrill of each reader of the newspaper, every spasm of each one who sees armed men passing or hears the fifes and drums, is manufactured out of blood and groans, wrung out of the tortments of the human heart and the torture of human flesh.

When I read in the paper of some glorious charge and the great slaughter of the enemy, I feel a thrill through every fiber. It is grand, it is splendid! I take a deep breath of joy, almost of rapture. Grand, splendid! That there should be

mouths, that mothers, wives and children are aching to kiss again, should be twisted into gaps of horror. Grand, splendid! That other men, no more savage than myself, should have strewn them there. Grand, splendid! That in thousands of far-off houses women, children, and old men will soon lie quivering with anguished memories of those lying there dead.

«I thank you, gentle pressmen, romancers, historians—you have given me a noble thrill in recounting these glories of war! —Galsworthy.

It is interesting to note that in France, which is full of Pasteur Institutes, there are supposed to be annually thou-

sands of cases with the infection of hydrophobia; while in Great Britain, where there is no Pasteur Institute, the disease does not occur. Another curious thing is that in Constantinople, where dogs have for centuries run wild in the streets, there was so little hydrophobia that it was long denied that it existed there at all; but since a Pasteur Institute has been established, cases have been quite frequent, according to the Pasteur people. This has been the experience of every country

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in which Pasteur Institutes have been established.—Charles W. Dulles, M. D., Consulting Surgeon, Rush Hospital, Philadelphia.

It is a great thing to preach philosophy—far greater to live it. The greatest philosophy accepts the inevitable with a smile and greets it as though it were desired.—Ingersoll.

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.—Channing.

Copper Lamps For Christmas Cheer



Price, \$20.00

The shade of this lamp is modeled in Conventional Rose Design and is aluminum-lined.

Height, 14 inches.

Diameter of shade, 8 inches.

These lamps are all equipped for electricity. They are designed and constructed so that they have practical and artistic value.



Price, \$12.00

This lamp has a plain hammered shade, aluminum-lined.

Height, 14 inches.

Diameter of shade, 8 inches.



The shade of this lamp is fitted with riveted panels of amber-toned mica. This diffuses a restful, pleasant light.

The lamp is 22 inches high.

Diameter of shade, 20 inches.

Price, \$30.00.

The Roycrofters ~ ~ East Aurora, New York

The Work and the Study Habit in proper proportions. The Interlaken School.

Modeled - Leather Hand - Bags

NEW SHAPES AND NEW DESIGNS



Modeled in Carnation Design.
Laced edges. Leather-lined.
Fitted with mirror and
change-purse.
Size, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
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THESE bags have the Autumn colors—browns, bronze-greens, combined with the right proportion of gold. The best leathers are used and the workmanship is unequaled.



Modeled-leather bag with inside
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Modeled-leather Bag. Colonial Design. Top
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case, notebook and pencil.
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Modeled in Empire Design.
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pocket and coin-purse.
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Size, $8 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
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THE selection of one of these distinctive bags as a Christmas gift will be evidence of your discernment and good taste.



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Size, 7×9 inches. Price, \$10.00
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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Work and Play, Health and Happiness—The Interlaken School for Boys.
Rolling Prairie, Indiana.

"SAFETY FIRST"

PREVENTION is the thing.
Cure is an afterthought.

Health is natural and normal.

¶ By this same token, corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrowing toenails, and flat foot are abnormal. The time to insure the youthful citizen healthy feet for life is when he first wears shoes.

Kiddies crawl and creep. It is their prerogative. Likewise their special business. They must investigate things, and this necessitates much wear and tear of shoe-leather. Moreover, your young mother dearly loves to see little Al kick through the toes of his shoes. It is a sign the youngster is energetic and ambitious.

In babyhood the bones are plastic and can be made or marred for life.

Great care should be exercised in the selection of the little one's pedal apparatus.

I know a man whose business it is to cater to the tootsies of wee lads and lassies.

This man is James S. Coward, the Manhattan Foot Expert. Coward makes shoes for all kinds and conditions of people, for young folks of every age.

If your children's feet exhibit untoward tendencies, the thing to do is to get in touch with Fra Coward just as quick as the Good Lord will let you.

Out of Coward's vast experience in fitting shoe-leather to human feet, he can fix up a special prescription for any case that can be presented, bar none.

¶ Once you wear Coward Shoes, you are never again content to take anything the friendly clerk hands down from the sliding stepladder.

Your feet healthy and your teeth in good shape, you are a good insurance risk any time you have the money, and you have the money, all right! People with sound molars and healthy pedals always do.

Coward's shoeshop is in New York, and he operates no branch stores.

But you do not live in New York? Perhaps do not get there once a year?

No matter. Coward can help you, just the same. His mail-order service is established on a basis of such absolute efficiency that you can trade with Coward by mail quite as satisfactorily as if you were to step in and personally inspect his stock.

Coward is trustworthy. His great business is built on a solid bedrock of confidence and good faith.

Better write him now, mentioning *THE FRA*, and have him send you a copy of that catalog illustrating the various members of the Coward Shoe Family.

SOME COWARD MODELS FOR 1915

<i>The Coward Extension Heel Shoe</i>	-	-	-	(for weak arches)
	<i>Made in our custom dept for over 34 years</i>			
<i>The Coward Good-Sense Shoe</i>	-	-	-	(made especially for tender feet)
<i>The Coward Bunion Shoe</i>	-	-	-	<i>The Coward Arch-Support Shoe</i>
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EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 14

DECEMBER, 1914

No. 3

THE RACE IS ONE, AND WE TRACE
TO A COMMON DIVINE ANCESTRY

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

The Point of View



MAN is a reasoning being, but seldom reasonable.

Usually, his logic is used as a means for protecting a prejudice ☞ ☞

That is to say, a man can not view anything as apart from himself. Everything he sees, has a relationship to his own safety and his own welfare ☞

Things he likes, he will approve; things he fears or dislikes, he will condemn ☞ That which

brings him profit is right. That which brings other people profit is wrong.

Auguste Comte wrote a book entitled, *Pure Reason*. Three years after the writing, he added a chapter stating that the thing did n't exist ☞ ☞

Once a farmer wrote a hot letter to Sears, Roebuck & Co., complaining in grieved and sarcastic phrase because they had neglected to ship the hames among other goods he had ordered ☞ ☞

Then as a postscript to the letter was this:

"The hames I found all right in the bottom of the box."

What Is Truth?

ONCE upon a time, in a careless moment, General Winfield Scott Hancock made a truthful remark, thus: "The tariff is a local issue." ☞ ☞

And behold, the remark was taken up and printed in black face in a thousand newspapers as proof of the ignorance of the General, who at that time happened to be a candidate for the Presidency. And the remark, it is believed, brought about the defeat of the remarker. ☞ The moral of this is that one had better think twice before stating the truth, and then whisper it to himself.

Self-protection is the first law of life.

Truth-telling is a matter of expediency and is a strictly secondary proposition. In fact, there is n't much precedent for it anyway. Moreover, the ability to see the truth, much less to express it, is a very difficult task.

Pilate seemed to grasp the idea when he ironically asked, "What is truth?"

The State of Pennsylvania believes in a high tariff for iron and all manufactured metal commodities ☞ ☞

Nevertheless, Pennsylvania statesmen have advocated with great zeal the necessity of lowering the cost of living by removing the duty on foodstuffs, but none so far has argued for free trade on iron.

Gustave Le Bon, in his wonderful book, *The Crowd*, says that race instinct is the strongest and most persistent tendency of the human mind. As long as a man can remember the country from which his ancestors came, he will feel a patriotism toward that country which he does not feel toward any other. In case of a dispute or a war, he will instinctively side with the country from which his ancestors came.

Le Bon says that this ancestral patriotism will continue to the fourth or fifth generation, and dies only when the memory of the man's ancestry is obliterated.

This is a survival in the human heart of the clan instinct, and back of that, Darwin says, it traces a lineage to the pack.

The loyalty to the pack is seen in the case of the dog that becomes attached to a family. The dog regards the whole household as members of his pack and he will fight to protect their threatened interests. And I suppose we do not have to prove that a dog knows nothing of abstract justice—how should he when 't is "a thing no woman understands"? Men fight for their families, for their town, for their State, for their country. Up to a certain point they will fight for their religion, but the tendency toward loyalty for one's religion is not so constant or persistent as the tendency toward loyalty to the race.

For instance, we hear the remark, "Once a Catholic—always a Catholic." But this is not wholly true. But when we say, "Once a Jew—always a Jew," we are on safer ground, for the Jewish religion is not only a religion, it is also a race instinct.

Israel Zangwill, himself a Jew, takes this question up in his remarkable essay on Disraeli, in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.

And the argument is that any truth that collides with race instinct, religious instinct, sex instinct, business interests, or social status, is going to receive a severe jar before it is finally accepted.

We resent any truth that threatens or seemingly threatens our mental, social or financial condition. And in the face of social danger, reason and logic are barren idealities.

To all of which we might say that the only man capable of seeing truth is the man without a country, without property and without social ties.

This seems like a bold, flat statement, but in it there is about ninety-nine per cent of truth, with one per cent of error in solution.

Hence the necessity, when a witness in a court of law is placed on the stand, of ascertaining who this witness is, before we lend credulity to his statements.

In *Spaulding on Evidence*, there is a chapter devoted to the relative reliability of the testimony of women as compared with men. Spaulding also has something to say of the testimony of doctors, preachers, lawyers, harlots. Spaulding explains that men of the same profession will always instinctively protect one another. Every experienced judge realizes the inability of even intellectual people to see the whole truth, much less to tell it.

An eminent college professor, who may be the last word in biology, would probably be capable of expressing only one view of the military situation, and that the view of the country in which he was born and lives.

A Little World

JUST here comes in a story about Immanuel Kant, who was very absent-minded. Passing a beautiful garden, enclosed by a high iron picket fence, the professor paused and peeked through the keyhole of the lock on the gate. Asked why he did not look through the pickets, he made a logical side-step and explained that beauty inspected through an aperture was more pleasing than when gazed on en masse. The truth was that while Kant was one of the greatest abstract thinkers the world has ever seen, he lived in a little world. He was never ten miles from home, in all his life, and his outlook on the world was the keyhole point of view.

Macaulay said the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting was not on account of the pain to the bear, but because the operation supplied pleasure to the spectators. Macaulay's remark never gave pain to the Puritans, because they never read him, and could not have comprehended him, anyway.

A Horse of Another Color

WHEN the railroads asked for the privilege of increasing freight-rates, the reformers, to a man, opposed the change.

Many said it would be illegal to make a flat

increase, and in this view Brother Brandeis of the bulging brow coincided. A little later came an urgent call for an increase in Government income. And about the first suggestion was a three per cent tax on freight-bills.

This idea was received with glad acclaim. Even the President approved. It was arranged that the railroads should be compelled to increase their rates, and turn the extra amount collected over to the Government. Glorious! The legal lights now saw no reason why the advance should not be made. The railroads were to raise the rates and then disgorge! Oho!

Everybody on the Government payroll seemed of one mind on this question of advancing freight-rates.

Thus the truth came out that the primary objection to the increase in freight-rates was not on account of solicitude for the poor shipper. The protest was against the thought that certain alleged objectionable citizens were to get the money. In other words, the quarrel was on a division of loot.

It was the Jacksonian dictum, "To the victors belong the spoils."

But you can't get Washington to smile when you say so, because Washington views truth through a keyhole.

A politician's life is short, and he says with old Omar, "Improve thine hour!"

His first thought is for himself; second, the party; third, his "section" or "district"; fourth, the country; fifth, the world. But his interest usually "dies on third."

Circumstances Alter Cases

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY of Texas has persistently fought big business in any shape and form. Undoubtedly he has driven from the South much capital seeking investment. And the great empire of Texas, especially, not only needs great men, but great wealth, in order to market her resources. Colonel Henry has endeavored to use the forces of the Government to make life grievous for Northern businessmen.

But now that the South is in need of a little lift, Colonel Henry tries to get the Government to intervene directly, and use the United States Treasury funds for the benefit of one particular section of the country.

Can one imagine the howl of disapproval from Colonel Henry, if any one had suggested a United States loan to the Lake Superior Copper interests!

Southern statesmen have had much to say about the New Haven dissolution. And some of these have been more intent on wrecking the road than in building it up.

"Virginia! May she be always right, but right or wrong, Virginia!!" The man who said this, said well. But he did not say so well as the man who said: "My country! May she be always right, but right or wrong, my country!!" ❧ ❧

When Thomas Jefferson said, "Where liberty is, there is my home," Thomas Paine replied, "Where liberty is not, there is my home." ❧

Popular Fallacies

A SPECIMEN of popular fallacious focusing is seen in the proud boast, "Britannia rules the waves!"

But the man who makes this vaunted claim will inveigh against the desire of William the Second to rule the land.

The fact is that it is just as infamous to be "Mistress of the Sea" as to be filled with a consuming desire to be "Master of the Land."

❧ What the world needs is not to be either Anglicized, Americanized or Germanized, but it should be civilized.

The Great Immune

THERE is one man in America—just one—who is immune from the lesson of the European War. That man is Theodore Roosevelt, who comes out with a hot demand that America must have a navy that can sink Great Britain's fleet, and an army that will make William the Second abdicate when he thinks of it ❧ ❧

That is, Miss Columbia should be Mistress of the Seas; and Uncle Sam must cultivate a spiked helmet, and be Master of the Land ❧

Cotton's Fix

THE most disturbing factor in the present American business situation is the lack of a market for cotton.

In way of export, cotton is our second most valuable product, corn coming first. And in point of valuation cotton is our third most valuable product—corn first, wheat second ❧ The total value of the cotton-crop produced in the United States for Nineteen Hundred Thirteen was over seven hundred million dollars ❧ ❧

Corn and wheat are being moved freely across the sea, but cotton lingers. People eat, war or no war, but in times of grievous trouble they do not spin or weave.

Clothing is a luxury; food is a necessity. When this European war is over, there will be an extraordinary demand for cotton.

Most of this year's cotton-crop will have to be carried over for six months or a year.

The expectation is that it will then be worth twelve cents to fifteen cents a pound.

At present, the market is demoralized; and while wheat, corn, hogs and cattle have their regular quotations, cotton is like a yellow dog—it brings what a man is willing to pay.

This places the South in a most unfortunate position. The "Buy a Bale" movement was inaugurated by George R. Brown of the Cotton Exchange, Little Rock, Arkansas. Others may claim the credit, and some say—with a degree of plausibility—that the idea was a matter of spontaneous ebullition. But never mind that! The idea was a brilliant one and reflects credit on all concerned.

It simply means that the people who have money at this particular time would not only be making a good investment, but be bestowing a direct benefit on the cotton-grower by investing fifty dollars in five hundred pounds of cotton.

"Buy a Bale of Cotton!" Sure. President Wilson bought a bale. Secretary Bryan did the same. Each member of the Cabinet followed suit. People all over the country have responded. I have seen five certificates for bales of cotton, each bought in a separate town. All certificates were alike, so evidently they were issued by people acting in concert.

The cotton is bought from the planter, the money paid him, and the bale placed in a warehouse, usually fireproof, and in any event the cotton is insured. The man who buys the bale is given a certificate. On the back of this certificate is an agreement to the effect that the owner will not sell the cotton at less than ten cents a pound.

Now while the whole move is recommended as a matter of altruism, good-will, and also as a commercial investment, there are a few things to be said in the way of absolute truth which may seem ungracious, but actually are not. The first is that any man who buys a bale of cotton and agrees not to sell it except at a certain price is a violator of the Sherman Act, and lays himself liable to prosecution.

There is no probability that any complaint will be made, or that the courts would entertain such a suit, simply because when Old

Father Antic gets into collision with Public Opinion the pair have to step aside, or get one properly placed in the solar plexus.

Here is a good chance for the philosopher who philosophizes on the limits of human logic, and the contradiction involved in human actions.

¶ We pass laws to legalize the things we want to do, and we penalize people who are trying to do things to us which we do not want done.

¶ Over half a million bales of cotton have already been sold to individuals at ten cents a pound.

Let a hundred people in the North buy a tank of gasoline and agree not to sell it at less than twenty cents a gallon, and the men at Washington who have set the example of buying cotton in a way that will uphold the price would turn and convict the men who had bought gasoline.

In fact, Washington issued a solemn warning, stating that he who attempted to boost the prices of food-products would be looked after by Colonel Haman, his hanging-plant.

We thus see that while it is a capital offense to corner the food-market, this same logic and law does not apply to wearing-apparel.

Personally, in order to help poor, oppressed authors I suggest that everybody "Buy a Bale of Books."

The Jewel of Consistency

NOT long ago a brilliant member of the Senate made a speech, demanding that the tariff should be taken off wool so as to reduce the high cost of living; and in the same speech he argued that the tariff should be kept on sugar so as to protect the Southern producers.

It is quite probable that the Sherman Act will be shortly amended so as to allow combinations on the part of farmers; and possibly laborers will also be allowed to do what capitalists are forbidden to attempt.

But in the meantime the fact remains that the wholesome endeavor to keep up the price of cotton, in the interests of the planter who finds himself in a pitiable plight, is a straight infringement of the Sherman Act, which this administration finds it very convenient to overlook.

In Restraint of Trade

SENATOR GORE, of Oklahoma, which is a cotton-producing State, buys a bale of cotton and agrees not to sell it at less than ten cents a pound. He also advises all of his

friends to do likewise; and the same day he makes the speech upholding the "Buy a Bale of Cotton" movement, he introduces a bill to investigate the Standard Oil Company in order to ascertain whether a combination does not exist between the thirty-three Standard Oil subsidiaries to uphold prices. In this speech Senator Gore intimates that the Standard Oil Company is a violator of the Sherman Act and finds it convenient to suggest dire punishment.

Our Southern Government

I AM glad that the North is responding to the call of the South in this unhappy emergency. But the South would do well to cultivate the judicial attitude, and not press too hard on the men of enterprise in the North.

Our Government at Washington is essentially Southern. President Wilson was born in Virginia, educated at the University of Virginia, practised law in Atlanta, and is Southern in sentiment and family relations. His father was in the Confederate Army.

The President's Cabinet is distinctly Southern; The Attorney-General is from Texas; the Postmaster-General is from Texas; the Secretary of the Treasury is from Tennessee; the Secretary of Agriculture is from Missouri; the Secretary of the Navy is from North Carolina; the Comptroller of the Treasury is from Virginia.

McReynolds, until recently Attorney-General, now a member of the United States Supreme Court, is from Tennessee.

Underwood, leader of the majority of the House, is from Alabama.

Representative Clayton, to whom the President entrusted the business of trust legislation, is also from Alabama; more than that, Clayton is from that part of Alabama known as the "Black Belt." In his district there is neither wealth nor enterprise. There is not a savings-bank, and the payroll exists only as a pleasing potentiality.

Le Bon says we have no interest in anything we do not own. Representative Clayton's interest in trusts is, at the best, academic. Seventy per cent of the population and wealth of the United States is North of the Ohio River and the city of Washington. Practically all of the illiteracy in America is South of the Mason and Dixon Line.

We are ruled by the minority, and for this

peculiar condition we must thank just one man, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt. The Income-Tax Law was passed by men who do not have to pay it. The South saw its chance to get back at the North for Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two, and naturally improved the opportunity.

And having said thus much and gotten the facts and figures out of my system, let me say once again that, in spite of the technical illegality of the proposition, I advise and encourage all my friends who can spare fifty, a hundred, two hundred fifty, or five hundred dollars, to get into this game and "Buy a Bale of Cotton."

The poor planter in the South needs the money to buy the necessities of life for himself and family. "Buy a Bale of Cotton" means shoes for the children, books for the girls and boys so they can go to school; and in many instances it means flour and bacon.

Your fifty dollars is bound to carry joy into some modest home.

The men on the spot who buy the cotton are using their best judgment, I believe, and buying only from planters who are absolutely in need of money and have got to sell their crops in order to live.

So there you are! And I say, be bigger than "section"—be neither Northern nor Southern. Be an American. And if you can go one step further and be a citizen of the world, I congratulate you.

A MAN in Terre Haute, Indiana, by the name of Finkelstein, wrote us saying: "I see that you are giving one *Pig-Pen Pete* as a premium with a subscription to *The Fra*. I do not especially need Pete, but if you will send me one of Emmeline's Kittens instead, I will come across with the two Woodrow Wilson Uhlands."

We accepted the offer; Finkelstein sent the money, and we forwarded the kitten by express.

There is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer. In fact, so pleased was the Terre Haute contingent that following the Finkelstein order we received sixteen subscriptions for *The Fra* with an Emmeline baby as premium. We now have a few puppies and guinea-chicks, but all parties are hereby notified that we are out of kittens, and will have no more for six months.

The Truth



O produce a work of art of which no one speaks in moderation—which is both highly praised and hotly condemned—this is success.

In the Paris Salon is a great picture, the title of which is *La Verite*—(The Truth).

It is attracting more attention than any picture has since *The Angelus* was exhibited and sent on a farewell tour, having been sold for the tidy sum of

one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars. M. Faugeron, the artist, is a simple, sober, hard-working man, just past middle age. He has struggled along for years, doing good work, but producing nothing good enough to unduly commend and nothing bad enough to berate. Now, suddenly he finds himself at the pinnacle of fame.

Artists usually belong to a school. Most pictures remind you of others. The same themes are used over and over again.

But here is a man who is sailing an uncharted sea. The picture is original in design, startling in conception, worked out with consummate skill; and back of it all is a great moral lesson.

What that lesson is the artist does not state. You get out of the picture all you can read into it.

But critics by the score, with marvelous neckties and strange hirsute effects, are arising and explaining it.

Preachers have preached sermons about it. Censors have sat on it.

And in the meantime the people flock to see it, and every one who sees it goes away and talks about it.

It has caused such a crush at the Salon, where it is now on exhibition, that it has been placed in a special separate room, framed in a deep shadow box, with royal purple hangings. Tickets of admission are given out to the public. Only a certain number of people are allowed to enter the room at a time; and after ten minutes the room is emptied and a new audience gathers.

A railing is stretched across the room, so the visitors are not allowed to approach within twelve feet of the picture.

Guards are constantly at hand, and all con-

versation is forbidden; all of which forms a peculiar religio-psychic setting.

The Price of Art

THE picture was offered for sale two months ago for twenty-five thousand francs—five thousand dollars.

The man to whom it was offered waited a week and then accepted the proposition. He was told the price was ten thousand dollars. He waited a week longer and decided he would take the picture. He was then told the price was twelve thousand five hundred dollars. And now a syndicate has been formed to purchase the picture at fifty thousand dollars and place it on exhibition in the capitals of Europe, after which it will probably be brought to America.

In America

WHEN the picture comes to America there will probably be a little argument as to whether it shall be allowed to be exhibited. The sentiment which forbade the acceptance of MacMonnies' *Bacchante* by the city of Boston is prevalent in degree all over the United States.

The censor in London has intimated that he will allow this picture to be exhibited because he has discovered that "many lovers come, look upon it pleased and unabashed."

What Is Truth?

NOW, just what is it about this work of art that has attracted such attention?

Please note this figure of the woman who symbolizes "Naked Truth." She comes out of a dark valley, the somber depths of which you see stretching away behind her.

This forms a suitable setting for her magnificent presence. She is not the young, immature child shown in *September Morn*. She is mature—perhaps between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

She has lived, studied, worked, thought. Her body is rarely beautiful, her limbs long, the hands strong, the waist full, and very like unto those figures carved by the Greeks in the days of Phidias.

Not a particle of drapery covers her splendid form.

There is no suggestion of concealment, of coyness, of embarrassment.

She walks out of the shadow into the light. And as she comes she holds aloft in her right hand an incandescent lamp—symbol of scientific modernity.

Its mellow, well-diffused rays fall on her fine face. Her brow is low, the head square and shapely. Her hair is loosely done up, draped over her ears, caught in a coil at the back of her neck.

The whole figure reveals strength, health, virility, eager intelligence, high purpose, sincerity, honesty. She is a veritable queen—a queen with a message.

At the left in the foreground of the picture are upwards of forty figures of men and women, and losing themselves in a mass of pale blue fog is a mob suggesting many people.

And these people are all terror-stricken, abashed, fearful. They cover their faces and turn away as if from pollution and pestilence. They represent women in modern fashionable costume. Long corsets are in evidence; diaphanous gowns, high chokers, and low-cut gowns—all the frills and follies of fashion are here.

If you did not see the figure of the naked woman you might suppose that these people were running away from a leper, from a wild beast, from a typhoon, or an earthquake. Some glance back over their shoulders. They are seizing each other—clutching at things in panic.

Two men in the foreground, bearded, bald, clothed in modern garments, have fallen down on their knees in terror, their legs refusing to support them. One man has his hand on the shoulder of the other trying to get him to look, but the victim refuses to turn his gaze from the ground where he is digging into the turf with his hands.

One thing that has added to the interest of the work is the fact that the pictures of these two men are portraits, one representing a great French politician, the other an eminent French writer.

The public has seen resemblances in a good many of these portraits, which of course has added to the gossip.

Out of all the mass and the mob shown, only one being reaches out friendly hands toward the woman.

This is a babe, perhaps two years old, clothed in a modern costume, wearing a fluffy little white dress, socks and shoes, as if in strange contrast to the naked figure of the woman. And this child reaches out in friendliness and in seeming understanding, unafraid and unabashed.

Everywhere else, terror, alarm, quaking fear abound.

The work reveals the translucent, shadowy, dreamy tones and tints of Corot. Also at the same time it is as realistic as Meissonier or Fortuny.

The figure of the woman is drawn with rare grace and accuracy for anatomical detail. The flesh tints are warm and pulsing. The expression of eyes and face is commanding and full of character.

Many of the figures in the foreground are character studies certainly drawn from life, with an accuracy akin to that shown by Rembrandt in *The Night Watch*.

The New Virtue

THE nude in art is not new in Paris. The nude of itself will not attract the attention of the multitude.

Art-galleries everywhere abound, with bronze, marble and canvas depicting the human form devoid of drapery.

There is something more than nudity here. The question that the onlooker asks, always is: Why should the naked truth inspire such terror? What is there about beauty, strength, health and freedom that should appal people? This brings up the dictum of Doctor Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, who says, "Truth is the New Virtue."

Then Doctor Eliot goes on to explain that the world resents anything to which it is not used, that the new fills us with uncertainty and alarm.

Pretense, hypocrisy, untruth, abound.

These things have come down the centuries clothed in purple.

Kings, princes, rulers, politicians, theologians, historians, poets, have glossed the truth.

George Bernard Shaw has made the assertion that clothing is proof of our immodesty. We are ashamed of our bodies and so we hide them behind drapery. We hire tailors and dressmakers to improve upon the human form divine, and make good the deficiencies where Nature has come tardy off.

We compress our limbs, put pressure on breathing apparatus and digestive organs, underbreathe, overeat, paint our faces in imitation of the look that good circulation gives, waddle, mince, amble, and go through life deformed, with slight appreciation of the privilege of living.

And the untruth manifested in our dress is

only a symbol of the untruth that saturates our souls.

Politicians promise a thousand times more than they can ever fulfil. Preachers give us hagiology, and generations of doctors have bred in us the thought of disease. Health is the unusual.

We are not used to seeing bodies as magnificent and healthy and strong as that possessed by *La Verite*.

Truth practically comes to us with the one-price system. Truth in trade is now the rule—in America at least. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not trade with us. Our great merchants sell on the "money-back" basis.

The advertising clubs, which had their rise in America, and are now spreading not only all over the United States but all over the world, preach the gospel of truth. Exaggeration, pretense and untruth are being placed upon the slide.

If you wish to take this view of the wonderful picture *La Verite*, then let the innocent little babe, which shares the limelight with the beautiful woman, symbol for us the new time or the new generation.

Nature

ONE able critic has presented this view of the proposition, that there will come a time when we will look upon the truth as natural, right, beautiful and altogether lovely.

There is nothing in healthy, beautiful Nature that should make us turn from her. Nature is not immodest. She is not vulgar, coarse nor rude. Man has perverted Nature, and in degree the "Fall of Man" represents an actual truth.

Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic and writer, who is now in America and who has been called the Emerson of Europe, says that we are emerging out of the darkness into the light; and as a race it will not be long before we are accustomed to truth; and truth will be the natural and normal instead of the peculiar, the unique and the strange.

The reason that mob of people is running away from this glorious shining figure is because she is new to them.

Beauty and Goodness

A FEW of the French critics have asked the question: Does M. Faugeron wish to intimate that the public at large will reach a degree of purity of purpose where we can look

upon the naked bodies of living men and women without lewdness or morbidity! And the artist does not answer.

Perhaps the question of clothing has played such a big part in the evolution of the race that the time is far distant when the naked figures of adults will not be regarded as obscene.

Most of our laws providing for the concealment of the human body have their rise in immorality. As the race evolves, so will these laws, which actually feature the putrid in thought, fall into abeyance.

Work is the great solvent for our moral ills. Idleness is always prurient.

Life classes in American art-circles are new things. But there was a time when all Greece was a "life class."

England and America have different ideals, even now, from those possessed by Continental Europe.

It seems to be a matter of usage or custom—a question of geography.

We conceal our feet, but show our hands. After six o'clock in the evening, a woman displays her naked bust, arms and shoulders in a way she certainly would not earlier in the day.

In Japan the sexes bathe together naked without offense.

Clothing that accentuates certain parts of the human body is in itself suggestive. Just why we should tolerate raiment made to accentuate the body, and still refuse to look upon the body itself, will have to be left to those versed in the "new psychology."

And, anyway, let the whole world congratulate itself that civilization is now getting on good terms with truth—this for the first time in modern history. We are moving, and we are moving in the right direction.

And let that lovely child that shares the sunlight with the noble beautiful figure of *La Verite* symbol the new time upon which we are just entering. Beauty and goodness are one.

IF you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone, bathe in the sunshine, and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary particle of the Whole.

One Man's Opinion



ODAY, I conversed for two hours with a man who left Berlin, on the twenty-ninth day of September, last.

My friend was born in Prussia. He is an American citizen, intelligent, able, successful. He has lived in this country for twenty-six years.

He went back to Germany on a visit six months ago, and is as familiar with actual conditions as any one can be.

The trouble usually is that a man close to the scene of action knows very little about what is going on. Caiaphas was on the spot, but we do not consider him a reliable witness.

If the fishes could ask a question, it would be this, "Oh, where is the sea!"

The witness who knows too much about a subject usually has a very prejudiced point of view.

That astute agrarian poet, James J. Montague, has recently said this: "The idea has been vaguely intimated that Herman Ridder is open to the accusation of being slightly flavored with pro-German bias."

Germany's Position

ONE would expect a man who was born in Germany and fresh from German soil to be slightly prejudiced, and perhaps my new-found friend was.

But nevertheless, the man revealed a judicial mind, and his high intelligence gave me a point of view which I did not before possess. And what the man said was something like this: Germany has a population of eighty million people. In point of square miles she has a little less territory than Texas and Oklahoma, combined.

Germany has made progress in the last twenty years in every point of human endeavor, beyond that of any other people in the world.

In manufacturing, science, education, philosophy, music, art, and in the rapid production of wealth, Germany takes first place. The matter of money is a question of mathematics; intellect of course is conjectural. We have no tape-measure that will reveal thought. Still, even the French, the English and well-informed Americans all admit that Germany has made wonderful intellectual strides.

A few years ago England stood in the first place as an exporting country. Germany has pushed up alongside of her, and has until very recently surpassed her.

"Mistress of the Sea"

ENGLAND has the largest navy in the world. She surpasses the German navy in weight and strength perhaps fully forty per cent.

England calls herself the "Mistress of the Sea." Her proud boast is that "Britannia rules the waves." It is on the lips of her people, in her literature, on the tongues of her statesmen.

The word "dreadnought" is English. It was the name of a ship which was supposed to be unassailable. The word dreadnought was then transferred from the name of one ship to the name of a class of battleships. So the word now is in use in all languages, meaning the highest type of armored ship that can be made. In naval armament England has set the world a pace.

England's boast of her supremacy on the sea has been construed into a threat, and the German people have looked forward to a time when they would be attacked by England. This is the genesis of "The Day"—meaning the day when Germany will be obliged to defend herself.

England has given excuse and reason for the fear of her that is in the minds of not only Germany but of other nations.

The German people now think to a man that they are fighting for their very life, and that their national and personal existence is in peril.

England's constant talk about being "Mistress of the Sea" has excited in the German mind an ambition to be Master of the Land. Possibly both ambitions are relics of medievalism.

But today, Germany has the greatest organized fighting-machine in all history. No nation on earth is her match. She will soon wear France down, almost as easily as she has Belgium.

She will then leave a force of half a million soldiers to look after France and turn her attention to Russia, and in a year Petrograd will see the Germans camping in her streets. England will be shorn of her colonies. Her navy will be eliminated; and that phrase, "Mistress of the Sea," will live in the literature of pleasantries.

However, there will be one British colonial possession that Germany will not take, and that is Canada.

And the reason she will not take Canada is because she can not. Canada is half French in sentiment and half British, and if Germany should attempt to take possession of Canada, Canada would at once turn to the United States for protection, and the United States would respond. Canada and the United States may quarrel a bit between themselves, but they are only love-spats.

Canada will be loyal to the Mother Country so long as there is a mother country; but when the mother country is shorn of her strength, Canada will shift her allegiance to the United States, as a matter of course.

And Germany, being wise, is perfectly willing that the United States shall be master of the North American Continent, as long as the Kaiser rules Europe and the British Isles.

What Think You?

AND the above is the point of view of one able man, as expressed to me without heat or seeming prejudice, sitting in the quiet corner of a Pullman car on that beautiful Indian Summer day.

Abolish fear and you can accomplish whatever you wish.

On the Road



ET the joy-bells jingle! Pull aloft the puggaree! Pass out the happy honks!

There is now a brick roadway from East Aurora to Buffalo. Also, what is better, this road runs from Buffalo to East Aurora.

Sixteen feet, vitrified brick, with curbs, culverts and ditches—no hills—as good a road as can be built—straight to the Roycroft Shops. Oh! and yet again, Oh!!

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-one the State of New York granted a company the right to construct a plank road extending from East Aurora to Buffalo, eighteen miles, and charge tolls. This road was to take the place of a very dilapidated "corduroy road," built by lumbermen.

The plank road was eight feet wide.

Alongside of the planks was eight or ten feet of gravel-and-dirt road. In dry weather, by the law of natural selection the teamsters used only the dirt road.

In case of mud we used the plank. Five miles an hour on the plank was about the limit. The planks were loose, and supplied much jounce, bounce and jolt to the acre.

The water collected under the plank, and sent up geysers into the air at inopportune times.

For slow traffic, in muddy season, the plank road answered, however, fairly well, was certainly better than the mud, and was a trifle better than the old "corduroy."

Anticipating a change, the merry tollman had not paid out a dollar for three years to keep his road up, and the result was that farmers called a strike, and no local man paid toll. Removing the rotting and broken old planks, the township hauled in gravel, raising the road with gravel and dirt, and ditching at the side, and this was supposed to be a first-class road. The ditching and rounding up was called "working the road."

Farmers who lived along the way were compelled to pay a road-tax or "work it out," and they worked it out under a township officer elected by ballot. This man was known as the "Roadmaster." No especial qualification was asked for or expected. The roadmaster was a lenient, good-natured fellow with a little political pull. No engineering skill or knowledge of what constituted a good road was expected or required. Scrapers, shovels, plows and palaver did the business.

For a while after these roads were "worked" they were well-nigh impassable.

Every man in any line of business thinks first of himself and his own requirements. Farmers especially are not expected to look beyond their own bailiwick. A road that was good for horses' feet was the first requirement.

The State Road

REPLACING the dirt-and-gravel road came the macadam, or what was known as a "State Road," built by State engineers, with a base of gravel, then broken stone rolled down with more or less tar or asphalt. The intent was to keep the water out so the frost could not heave the roadway.

Such a road was built between the city line of Buffalo and East Aurora, a distance of fourteen miles, at a cost of eight thousand dollars a mile.

It was picked up by automobiles and distributed in the form of dust or mud. It became full of ruts, where the water settled, and after two short years was almost as bad as the merry old plank road when the tollman lost his nerve.

Expense was put on the road by putting in more broken stone and tar, and then a coating of crude oil on top, rolling down the materials with a heavy steam-roller.

This patching was done at a cost of about eight hundred dollars a mile, every year.

The Brick Pavement

FIVE years ago seven miles of brick pavement was laid on the Buffalo road. And this pavement is in good condition today. Now within the last few weeks, a new brick road has been laid through Main Street in the village of East Aurora, extending to the brick road six miles away. So as before divulged let the gladsome fact be thrown on the screen that there is a continuous first-class automobile brick pavement from East Aurora to Buffalo.

When you leave Buffalo, go out Seneca Street and follow straight out to the Roycroft Shops. The run is easily made from the city line in Buffalo to the Roycroft Inn in thirty minutes.

¶ In the good ol' days on the plank road, the trip used to take us three hours.

Good Roads

THERE was a road-building boom in America in Eighteen Hundred Thirty, largely instituted by Thomas Jefferson for the benefit and accommodation of the people moving to the West.

"Good roads combine the people into a harmonious whole," said Thomas Jefferson.

¶ But when the railroad came along, the men of money and initiative transferred their affections to the iron horse, and road-building suffered a slump.

The farmer is long only on one particular thing, and that is unending work. The detail submerges; the little things consume his time. He is worn and weary, and has not energy left after the day's work is done to go into the issues that are going to benefit all humanity.

¶ Farmers have not been organized; but now that businessmen, who are all practically automobile-owners, are filled with the desire for good roads and execrate bad ones, we are taking up the road proposition. And while the automobile-owners who ride for their health,

recreation, and business incidentally, are going to get the fun of riding over faultless roads, yet the farmer is going to reap the real reward.

¶ Often it costs the farmer more to carry his products from the farm to the railroad-station than to ship from the railroad-station to Chicago, Omaha, Saint Louis, Boston or New York.

Road-building is the most unselfish public betterment in which men can engage. Battle-ships are conjectural; libraries are used by a few; universities are not for the many; but good roads are a pleasure, satisfaction and profit to everybody in the vicinity and have an immediate effect not only on the health but also on the cost of living.

Nothing is valuable until it is moved. Even a man has to be transported before he is of much account.

Next to farming, transportation is the most vital problem in business.

Six years ago I visited the State University of Washington. While there I was told that this university had a "Chair of Good Roads." I said: "Surely, that is interesting. I wonder if I can not meet the professor who occupies this chair?"

And the answer was, "Alas, the chair is vacant, for we find it impossible to discover a man who is competent to fill the position." Shortly after this I met Sam Hill, businessman plus, enterpriser magnus, able, intelligent, alert, intent on worldwide problems.

Mr. Hill had just built a beautiful strip of road of twenty miles, as an object-lesson in good road-building, and presented it to the State of Oregon. Mr. Hill informed me that he had studied road-building in all parts of the world, but that he did not know of a scientific road-building engineer in America, that the whole business of road-building was in a state of chaos. It was a science of guess-work.

And a proof that Mr. Hill was right lay in the fact that nine miles out of every ten of good roads then being built, say in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, was macadam. The macadam road was first built to accommodate slow teaming where broad-tired wagons were used and the horse was the motive power. This road could be built at a cost of, say, eight thousand dollars a mile in America, where there was not very much grading. And when State authorities talked about good

roads they always had in mind the macadam. ¶ If they wished to make a road extra strong and fine they put on it a coating of asphalt to keep down the dust. The life of this kind of road in New York State was three years at the limit. The automobiles came, picked up the dust and sent it whirling through space; and the narrow iron tire got the road in good condition for distribution.

A friend of mine, who made a close calculation on the amount of dust that an automobile would pick up on a macadam road that had been down two years, tells me that in one hour an automobile running at twenty miles an hour will pick up a hundred and twenty pounds of dust. ❧

Any road where there is mud in Spring and dust in Summer is a bad road.

A road that is all right in California will not do for those parts of the United States where the thermometer drops to zero. In the Far West, with a rainfall of twenty-two inches and no frost, asphalt roads are fairly good.

Water and frost are the great enemies of a road. ❧

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion

RECENTLY I had an interesting interview with John D. Rockefeller on the subject of roads. Mr. Rockefeller is an economist by nature and a money-maker by experience. I trust that these two points will not be contradicted. ❧

The Standard Oil Company owns forty thousand horses and more than ten thousand tank-wagons. ❧

The business of the Standard Oil Company is to manufacture goods and deliver them to the consumer; and at the present time the big article produced by the Standard Oil Company is gasoline. Gasoline is largely used to run automobile and motor trucks—at least this is what I am told.

During our conversation I slipped in this one: "Mr. Rockefeller, how does it happen that a man so consistent as you should depend upon horses to deliver gasoline? Is this a part of the old proposition that shoemakers' children go barefoot and doctors never take their own medicine?" ❧

"Not at all," said Mr. Rockefeller; "the truth is we send our wagons wherever people live; and as yet the majority of roads in America are so imperfect that we are obliged to depend upon horses to get absolute reliabil-

ity. Just remember that the automobilist usually picks his road, while we are obliged to go where the customer is. I am vitally interested in good roads—for one reason, if for no other, that good roads mean more business for us. Just as fast as we find a district where good roads prevail we sell our horses to the farmers, even at a nominal price, and put in motor-trucks to carry our tanks."

The Ideal Roadway

THE idea seems to prevail at present among the big road-builders that the only road we can call "permanent" is the brick road. This applies to the district in America say from the Thirty-eighth Parallel northward. Frosts, snow, ice, water, with a rainfall of fifty inches, make a big tax on your road. ❧ The macadam road, costing eight or ten thousand dollars a mile, will have to be replaced in three, four or five years. The brick road, put down properly on a concrete base, well drained at the sides, with concrete culverts, will last fifteen or twenty years.

A brick road where cracks occur, has not been put down as it should.

The Automobilist

PERHAPS six years ago Sam Hill was right in saying there is not a scientific road-builder in America. I think now, however, Mr. Hill would take back his statement.

Macadam roads are still being built, because they satisfy the people who live along the line, but more and more the automobilist of the city is going to dictate what the roads in the country shall be.

The idea of building macadam, which is a transient road; and concrete, which is a semi-transient; and brick, which can rightly be called permanent (although of course, strictly speaking, nothing is permanent unless it is perpetual), is because the Highway Department wishes to give a quick service and the pressure for roads was very strong from local committees. And to stop the mouth of the local committee the cheap road is sometimes put in. ❧

It will not do for a State Superintendent of Roads to seemingly favor any particular manufacturer of the materials, but I know that brick is the first choice of the builders of good roads in New York State. It should be understood, however, that the brick must be properly made and properly set.

Good roads have a sanitary influence which I

think has never been fully appreciated. The old-time wooden pavements that absorbed moisture, in time became a menace to the people. The wood rotted, disintegrated, dried up, and was sent blowing across the landscape into the windows and faces of the people, to their very great annoyance, disadvantage and danger. ¶ The "Belgian blocks" set in sand were a little better than wood, but the moisture still settled and down underneath was a culture-bed of bacteria that in dry weather worked up to the top and was distributed in the form of dust.

Brick wears more slowly than any other substance. When the joints are filled with cement, and an expansion cushion of bitumen is used along the sides, all properly curbed and drained, we have a road that we can call permanent. That is to say, it is a road that will last longer than any other form of road of which we know. It is skidless, mudless, dustless, and should last a generation. In case imperfect brick are laid, or accidents occur to the road, to lift out the brick and replace them, is easy. Thus we get a road that can be repaired at a minimum of expense. But if this road is properly built, with the right kind of brick, based with the right kind of cement, properly drained, we have a road that should not require any repairs short of ten years, even though it is subjected to continuous and heavy traffic.

The heroic man does not pose; he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic.

Which Do You Believe In?



LD Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were once seated in the Miter Tavern fletcherizing on tripe and Great Themes. A man entered and took his seat over in the corner.

"I hate that fellow!" said Urso Major, jerking his thumb in the man's direction.

"Who is he?" asked little Oliver.

"I don't know."

"And yet you hate him?"

Doctor Johnson rocked and swayed like a scow in the wake of a liner, and then sputtered in a softened voice, "Goldy, that's the

trouble—I don't know the man—if I knew him, I'd love him."

New-Comers' Day

WHEN Governor Rollins of New Hampshire devised "Old Home" week he had a great thought. When various cities in the United States set apart a day, in imitation of the New Hampshire plan, and had a Home-Comers' Day, they did well.

But when the city of Cedar Rapids inaugurated a New-Comers' Day, it did better.

The success of a Home-Comers' Day turns on the number of people who have left the place.

¶ The success of New-Comers' Day turns on the number of people who have come into the town.

One refers to the past, the other has in mind the future.

In Cedar Rapids, the Board of Trade carries a continuous advertisement in the newspapers asking each New-Comer to call and register. They then give him a badge which contains his name, and it is understood that all citizens, when they see a person wearing this badge of the New-Comer, are to give him the glad hand and the welcome smile.

If they can do anything to smooth life's pathway for him they do it. If he wants to rent a house, purchase property, is in need of credit, work, friends, or any accommodation anywhere, the New-Comer gets everything that is his due.

On New-Comers' Day, the women make it their business to call on New-Comers who live in their immediate vicinity.

The school-children are also impressed with the spirit and bid a welcome to all of the new pupils, endeavoring to make them feel at home. Aloofness vanishes, loneliness gives way to human love, and helpful hands bridge great gulfs of pride. Deserts of emotion are made to blossom like the rose; waste places in desolate hearts are made green; and sorrow and sighing flee away.

Here is a municipality flavored with friendship—a city with a soul.

Friendship in Business

SOMETIMES we are told that corporations have no souls. The fact is that anything that does n't have a soul is dead and should be buried.

All great business institutions that are in the line of progression are animated by right intent. Kindness, courtesy, friendliness, are

all very tangible assets. In fact, there is nothing that appears in the inventory that is worth more. We do business on courage, animation, hope, love. And when these are killed and the glooms drive the joys out of business, it is time to call in the undertaker.

I should like to see the United States Government permeated with friendship.

I should like to see all officials high in power cease that lofty, frigid, epistolary habit of beginning a letter with the abrupt, "Sir."

I would have every official in every department at Washington begin every letter thus: "My dear Friend," "Brother," or "Comrade," instead of "Sir."

I should like to see the Government run on a business basis. For anything that is on a business basis today carries with it the friendly germ.

Today, men who make money secure friends first. And when they make a sale, they make a friend. That the Government should lag behind business institutions in this recognition of friendship is a telling criticism on our political affairs.

If a city has an official New-Comers' Day, when the whole town puts forth an effort to welcome the New-Comer, would n't it be well for Uncle Sam to get into the game of gladness and have a few social promoters, say at Ellis Island, to give the hand of welcome to every acceptable immigrant and pin on the lapel of dress or coat a little American Flag? Would n't that flag be prized, and would n't the smile of welcome and the hand-grasp be long remembered? And how little these things would cost!

They would be tangible benefits to the United States that would manifest themselves in better work, higher endeavor—better citizens.

¶ I should like to see our Uncle Sam set all of his nieces and nephews an example of simplicity, honesty, truth, courtesy, kindness and good-will. Great virtues are not our own until we give them away. The love we carry in our hearts is the love we have bestowed on another. The joy we give away is the joy we keep. We grow through expression.

Friendship in business, friendship in government, friendship in municipal affairs! Why not make this world a place of friends!



Theological superstition is a chattel mortgage to Mephisto on your soul.

The Quality of Mercy



HE sills of Eternity. Upright on a throne of emerald reigns a Black Angel. One wing, motionless and rigid, stretches into Eternity. The other beats listlessly to and fro in Time. His eyes are tenebrous gulfs wherein from time to time whirl and dart arabesques of iridescent lightnings. On his head a gray crown.

And there he sits—that Black Angel on the Emerald Throne with the Gray Crown on his head—at the sills of Eternity.

Up from the mists of the underspaces in Time a monster figure looms. Its head grazes the zenith of Space and its feet tread the nadir. As it approaches the Throne the Space which lies behind it melts and Nothing takes its place.

And the lips of the Black Angel with the Gray Crown open and ask:

"Who art thou?"

"I am Death, the keeper of Life, and I come from the Territory of Three Dimensions."

"Thou hast come in many guises, from many Dimensions, to this Borderland. For thou dost reign throughout all dimensions—even to those that lie at the borderland of Eternity. Those who live in Time can not escape thee, Death, and there is no god, no world, no city, that is not at the last secreted in thy bosom." "When the Three Dimensional Cosmos lapsed before it was as yesterday to It who reigns behind me, but to me, who am half in Time, it seems so long ago, a mythical-myriad number of eons. But begin thy comedy. Unfold thy spectacles, O magician of Life!"

"I, too," said Death, "am weary of my work of scavenger. Is there no surcease? Must I make this journey to thy Throne forever and forever? The inhabitants of all the constellations of Space hate me; thou art weary of me; and IT—divine poet and architect!—has made of me a sort of court playwright, an organizer of sublime panoramas and illusions."

¶ "Death hath not where to lay its head. All that lives swoons away and comes to rest on my heart. I am the cemetery of stars, a necropolis of tears, the end of summer skies and the urn of suns; but I can not rest. Thou

wilt not let me cross that Border and lapse in IT!"

The Sentinel of Eternity

THEN said the Black Angel:

"Here am I the Sentinel of Eternity, fastened to this Emerald Throne till IT decrees the abolition of Things and Not-Things. But thou hast motion. Thou hast a varied task each minute. Thou art present at the beginning and at the end of every orgy; thou art the zodiac of sensibility; the fantastic demiurge of the circumvolutions of Time-Life. Yet thou dost whimper!

"Days and years and eons float like infusoria in my brain. I see only the phantoms of things. But thou art the spirit of days and years and eons itself. Thou art Reality and Illusion. Thou art the kernel of suns just born and the pole and axis of joy. Thou art the most fortunate of the sons of IT, for the wine-cup of Life is forever at thy lips and thou art the perpetual paramour of the flesh and souls of men.

"Cease thy whimper and unfold thy spectacles!"

The Vale of Tears

THEN spake Death, in the lifeless tone of a mountebank who has said the same thing a myriad times in a myriad places, but later brightening up:

"On the screen of the Nothing which lies in back of me, O IT, I shall unfold to thee and thy Sentinel some specimens of Life which I created and caused to walk abroad in the Light in the last Cycle of the Three Dimensional Cosmos.

"I select the planet Earth first, because thou hast made it known to me from the beginning that that star must be reserved for farcical-ironical performances only. Higher than the vaudevillian-sarcastic I can not go. In the Earth I reached the ridge of my imagination. In the sepulchers of the air thou wilt find nothing that is more mirth-provoking than the history of Man on the planet Earth. I have seasoned the mirth with just enough grief to keep inviolable the law of contrast which thou didst teach me.

"Those who lived Down There called it a Vale of Tears; but they need not have suffered, for was I not always there to wash their tears away? And into the mouth of the most dignified of all the supernumeraries of the Comedy, did I not put that exquisite mot, 'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden and

I will give you rest'! Indeed, what else had he to give?"

The background of the Neant flames into light and motion as Death raises his hand. A mighty fresque unrolls itself from apogee to perihelion of what once was Space, and there is heard at the sills of Eternity the keening of Winds

It is a panorama that hallucinates and confounds; a *danse macabre* of glowing atoms, broken dreams, incandescent brains and hearts, without end, without meaning. The abstract is clothed and the concrete is a mist.

Shapes like human figures, immeasurably lengthened and distended, stand out for a moment like bas-reliefs against the void, only to plunge back into the cataracts of motion. Who are they? Jupiter, Prometheus, Christ, Spinoza, Buddha, Mohammed, Apollo, Diana, Parabrahma, Rembrandt, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Socrates, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Walt Whitman, Charlemagne, Homer, Hannibal, Aristophanes, Thor, Woden, Ormuzd, Ahriman, Praxiteles, Baal? Who shall say?

Shadowy hordes of Things rise and fall and writhe and lapse. A glut of gods and demons that flame from trillions of skulls war one upon the other and are sucked into vortices and abysses, into the hollows and foam of blazing firmaments, that crash into swirling gulfs of fiery ether.

A torrent of Wills thunder against ineluctable barriers of matter, spattering the entire world with blood.

Empires in the Animal Kingdom and empires in the Human Kingdom rise like mirages out of the maelstrom of physical and psychical forces, blend and pass away like the wraith of a dream.

Tyre, Sidon, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Sodom, Memphis, Thebes, Rome, Athens, Carthage, Pompeii, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo, New York, London, Chicago, rise in all their glory and are rent and founder in the hurricanes of Change

The pomp and circumstance of a planet is visible in a miraculous second. But all fades away, atom by atom, at the bidding of Death.

We go forward only as we leave hate behind; if we sow hate we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude that we hold toward them.

Walt Whitman

By Thomas B. Harned



ANY persons are under the impression that Walt Whitman is the apostle of lawlessness, and that *Leaves of Grass* is its gospel. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only was Whitman's life an evolution along the line of natural law, but his writings are the outgrowth of a profound artistic scheme austere conceived and rigidly adhered to. *Leaves of Grass* is characterized by an epic consistency. Its foundation is a man, moral, esthetic, religious, emotional, meditative, patriotic. It tallies this man from the cradle to the grave. Within the concept of a single mind we discover an idealistic philosophy akin to that of some of the great Teutonic systems—the recognition of the essential identity of the spiritual and material worlds. ¶ Whitman does not pick or choose for beautiful things or for ugly things. To him all Nature and all humanity is sacred, and is to be sung and celebrated. He does not include in his book the accepted subjects only, but all conceivable subjects; for, to Whitman, in man and in woman, in Nature and in animals, all processes, functions, relations, instincts, passions since God made and ordained them, are throughout pure and good. For instance, he glorifies sex as he glorifies patriotism or courage, treating the one in the same matter-of-course manner as the others.

A Universal Citizen

I HAVE said that Whitman's life was an evolution. He had no university training, but he knew and became a part of life in all its forms. He became thoroughly conversant with shops, factories, ferries, taverns, political meetings, and the vast paraphernalia of urban civilization. He knew hospitals, poorhouses, prisons, and their inmates. He passed freely in and about districts of the city which are inhabited by the worst characters. He knew evil people, and many of them knew him. Because of his unrestricted faith he even learned to tolerate squalor, vice and ignorance. He saw the good and the bad that mixed in the same blood, and he realized that which would excuse or possibly justify a wanton life.

He knew all classes—merchants, lawyers, doctors, scholars and writers. But the people that he knew best and liked most, who knew him best and liked him most, were at neither extreme of social preference. They were the farmers, mechanics, pilots, printers, deckhands, and in fact all those who constitute the creative background of our civilization. He made himself familiar with life, not by reading trade-reports and statistics or by any extraneous or hairsplitting theory, but by living more or less with the working classes, many of whom were his intimate friends. His aim was to absorb humanity and modern life, and he neglected no means, books included, by which this aim could be furthered.

The Great Object of Government

WHITMAN'S writings baffle all classification. He has been claimed by individualists, socialists, anarchists, spiritualists, and all the other ists. He believed in law and order and in peaceful evolution. He was a democrat in the broadest sense of the term. He had imperturbable optimism, and believed absolutely in the virtue and intelligence of the common people. He believed that the great object of government was the preservation of liberty, and that that should be its chief object. He protested against special privileges and favors. He believed in the unrestricted freedom of commerce, and in the widest liberty of commercial intercourse among all nations consistent with safety. He would not take from society that which all can not have on the same terms. He condemned the exploiting of the many for the benefit of the few. He disliked the arrogance of politicians, great and small. He declares that "the President is there in the White House for you," and that it is "not you who are here for him." Whitman had little faith in making man good by law, yet he resented the charge that he sought to destroy institutions. He had the poet's dream that comradeship was the solution for social and political ills.

The Unspoiled Masses

WITH all his faith and optimism, Whitman was never blind to many existing conditions. He believed that superciliousness rules in our literature. He felt that there was much depravity among our business classes. He contended that the official services of America (excepting the judges), national, state, and municipal in all their branches and depart-

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ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor

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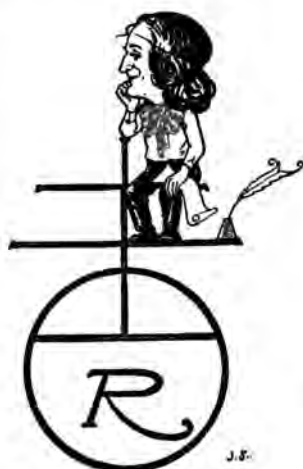
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ments, are saturated with corruption, bribery, falsehood and maladministration. He saw the great cities reeking with respectable as well as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism. He deprecated the flippancy and swell aims of fashionable life. He regarded our so-called "best class" as largely made up of speculators and vulgarians. This is how he regarded New York society thirty years ago. And yet he hailed with joy the practical energy and even the business materialism of the time, and believed that our wealth, science, materialism, democracy, feeds the highest mind and soul. Above all, Whitman had limitless faith in the unspoiled masses whose aggregate judgment was sound. With all of his radicalism, Whitman was oftentimes conservative. This was because of his profound sense of justice. When the great Emperor William of Germany died, Whitman wrote a poem called *The Dead Emperor*, which gave much offense to many of his radical friends, who could not see why a monarch should be called "a good old man—a faithful shepherd." He had a great admiration for Queen Victoria. He said that our people should be eternally grateful for Victoria's sympathy for the Union during the Civil War. "I feel for one," he said, "strongly grateful to Victoria for the good outcome of that struggle—the war horrors and finally the preservation of our nationality." He said words of defense for President Cleveland, when there was criticism because he sent a present to the Pope at the time of his jubilee. I cite these cases to prove that Whitman believed in government, in law, in the acceptance of present conditions until we could better them. I remember, in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, Sidney Morse, a sculptor from Boston, spent many days with Whitman in Camden, making a bust of him. Morse had anarchistic tendencies. The day the Chicago anarchists were hanged he was very despondent. Whitman said to him: "It won't do, Sidney, we must have policemen, law, order, and such things until the human critter can get along without them, and that is a long way off. We can't throw bombs, and kill people, even if they are policemen." Morse's sadness was increased because he failed to get any sympathy from Whitman.

I have only made a few suggestions, hoping that Whitman and *Leaves of Grass* may be better known among all thinking men. He

has received almost universal recognition in Europe, where he is regarded as America's deepest and broadest thinker. It is strange, indeed, that the poet who wrote so long and ardently for the glory of "these States" and for democracy should get his first acceptance largely in monarchical countries. I was with him when he died. During many talks with him during his last illness, he told me that he felt that his message was fundamental and that its meanings came out of the deepest backgrounds of history. He did not die feeling that he was understood, but he died confident that he was to be heard.

Truth is that which serves us best in expressing our lives. A rotting log is truth to a bed of violets; while sand is truth to a cactus.

What Is Advertising?

By David Roney



HE dictionary will give you the meaning of the word, but does n't begin to illustrate its intents and purposes as understood and used today.

Many persons think it is altogether a means to coax cash out of people's pockets for something inferior, that people can be made, through a succession of alluring lies, to think they need.

Those who think so are often right. But there are two kinds of advertising, with many subdivisions.

One kind is to get the best of the buyer, and let him yelp, without recourse. The other is to establish good-will—to create a sentiment in favor of the article, person or concern that is doing the advertising.

More people respond to false allurements, because there are more of that kind of people.

¶ But the article, person or concern that puts out that kind of advertising is bound to be short-lived, because the public eventually gets on to the trickery, and then turns to let somebody else fool them.

Such people have to be fooled and will be fooled as long as they live, but always through an ever-changing appeal.

If you are going to make a quick clean-up, and a prompt get-away, then that kind of adver-

tising, while it is neither creditable, honorable, nor praiseworthy, is the kind you want to employ ♣ ♣

If in business to stay, it is necessary to build up an honored name for the article, person, or concern, and that can not be achieved through dishonor, try as you may.

The Department-Store

THE Department-Store of today, while not altogether above reproach in its general advertising, often offers real bargains in some, through the hope that those who attend will buy something else, on the sale of which there is a profit.

Their success consists in having many different stores in one and the courage to sacrifice the profits of one or more stores or departments for the benefit of the others—and the trivial things thus offered meet a ready response ♣ But people are learning to take only the “snaps” or “baits,” and let the rest go, and they are also learning that stores or manufacturers can not exist without profit, and that there is a limit to the succession of bankrupt manufacturers, fire-losses, and other reasons and excuses for offering goods at apparently ridiculous prices.

The Department-Stores are going to “trim their sails” one of these days, or ere long there won't be any Department-Stores.

Already they are looking for new methods to replace the old worn-out ones, with the hope of perpetuating their mercantile existence. Many specialty-houses are keeping store better, and doing better advertising, on a higher plane, that wins an intelligent clientele; and the day of the Specialty-Shop—owned or managed by an accredited expert in the particular line to which it aspires—is coming back.

¶ The characterless character of Department-Store advertising is, with few exceptions, due to the lack of advertising writers of real ability ♣ ♣

So much of it was done by inefficient people in an inefficient manner that it established a standard which other Department-Stores that could have done better felt forced to follow, on the presumption that the kind of which there was most had been proven the best ♣ Department-Store Advertising-Managers are daily and hourly beset from the front office, to be “more aggressive,” which can be construed only to mean more and bigger whoppers.

The “boss” holds the dollar so close to his

eye he can't see beyond it. Immediate results—that's what he wants—and let the future take care of itself.

It's doing that—the future is—and it's unrelenting—Nemesis on horseback.

Many advertisers feel that if they “shoot off” a certain amount of advertising, like they shoot off firecrackers on the Fourth of July, they are doing the thing up brown, while if they would do less, and do it better, they could make their advertising pay, which it does n't often do, beyond the cumulative effect of the constant reiteration of the name of the article, person or concern, which in itself is good, but by wrong methods costly.

Playing Fair

MOST advertisers have attained, or if they have n't, should attain, some strong outstanding feature as an index of excellence, and then put their advertising into the hands of some one who can make it distinctly and distinctively individual and original, while saying the one thing in forty thousand different illuminating ways.

The point of merit must be real, not pretense—you must play fair with the people—give them quality, value, money's worth—tell them bluntly, forcefully, understandably, sincerely, entertainingly, instructively, but not pedantically, sometimes with a bang, and again with the soft pedal, what you have, or are, or can do; and they—the intelligent, better element—will respond—eagerly—and fill your coffers to overflowing.

Sincerity is the thing, but if it is n't there, you can't write it in, and expect it to “take.” ♣ So, advertising is a simple thing—the simpler, saner, more unpretentious it is, the better ♣ Honesty in thought, word and deed, and a plain statement of facts.

Embellishment may gratify your personal pride, in your superior literary ability, but you had better forget that and take pride in the certain, sound and undying repute of the article, person or concern you have set out to exploit ♣ ♣

Sink yourself in your project; pound in your message; keep faith with the people; back up every statement; be really honest, fair, square and true; and you will be a thing so rare the people can't forget you.

Life is a movement outward, an unfolding, a development ♣ ♣

Honesty Got Lost

By Ludwig Lapowski



POLICEMAN found it and put it in his pocket. He tried to get his monthly pay from the underworld people, but that thing in his pocket told him, "No!" Passing by a peddler's fruit-stand he tried to sample some fruit. "No!" said that thing. He, the policeman, was bothered and troubled at every action and deed, and concluded to get rid of it. He dropped it into the merchant's pocket.

Next day the merchant started to write an advertisement, saying, "I'll sell my goods below cost." "No!" said that thing in his pocket, "you can't do that." In short, he got the best experts to write an ad for him, but it was not acceptable by that thing in his possession. "What?" says the merchant, "I see I'll have to adopt different methods, or take that stuff out of my pocket." Well, he dropped it into the first customer's pocket that came in. Sure it worked wonders. Next day the man came in and paid his overdue account, and in such an honest and genial way that it beat the other customers to pieces. But it happened the same man belonged to some church, and it bothered him a lot some way or another in his belief—aye, that everlasting hell and vicarious atonement business, and getting something for a little faith, which honestly he could not understand. He put it in the contribution-box, and his preacher got it.

As the preacher took that honest text from the Bible, all went well. But as soon as the preacher began to preach, emphasizing the same text, that thing in his contribution-box said: "No! that is n't honest talk. You are promising things that you have no control over, and scaring people to death with the shadow of a shadow. You must not do that." The preacher could read only a part of the Scriptures. Some were so inconsistent, contradictory, out of date and reason, that that thing in his possession would not allow him even to read, and especially in the presence of innocent children, and certainly not in the presence of ladies. Sure, the preacher was out of his job—his congregation could not stand

such preaching. No hell, no vicarious atonement—just, love thy neighbor as thyself, and pay thy hired man his wages before the sun sets.

It was a fine sermon, but the congregation wanted to know something about dreams, visions, miracles, fish, fire, water-stories, and about Jonah, Daniel, Malachi, Ehud, Naomi, Ruth, Abigail, and about what happened to the six wives of King David.

But that thing in his possession would not let him tell those old fairy-stories.

The preacher tried with all his might to get rid of that thing, so he could again preach, like a man who was before a thief, a drunkard, a gambler, but got converted over night.

So the good man put it in his baby's cradle, and if any one who reads this is anxious to find that lost honesty, look in your baby's cradle, for it is still there.

When you accept a present, you have dissolved the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation.

After the Victory

By Maurice Maeterlinck



THESE moments of tragedy none should be allowed to speak who can not shoulder a rifle—for the written word seems so monstrously useless, so overwhelmingly trivial, in front of this mighty drama that shall for a long time, it may be forever, free mankind from the scourge of war: the one scourge among all that can not be excused, that can not be explained, since alone among all it issues entire from the hands of man.

The Balance of Guilt

BUT it is while this scourge is upon us, while we have our being in its very center, that we shall do well to balance the guilt of those who have committed this inexpiable crime. It is now that we are in the thick of the horror, undergoing it, feeling it, that we have the energy, the clear-sightedness needed to judge it; from the depths of the most fearful injustice justice is best perceived. When the hour shall have come for settling accounts—and it will not long delay—we shall have forgotten much

of what we have suffered, and a blameworthy pity will creep over us and cloud our eyes. This is the moment, therefore, for us to frame our inexorable resolution. After the final victory, when the enemy is crushed—as crushed he will be—efforts will be made to enlist our sympathy, to move us to pity. We shall be told that the unfortunate German people were merely the victims of their monarch and their feudal caste; that no blame attaches to the Germany we know that is so sympathetic and cordial, the Germany of the quaint old houses and open-hearted greetings, the Germany that sits under its lime-trees beneath the clear light of the moon—but only to Prussia, hateful, arrogant Prussia; that the homely, peace-loving Bavarian, the genial and hospitable dwellers on the banks of the Rhine, the Silesian and Saxon, and I know not who besides, for all these will suddenly have become whiter than snow and more inoffensive than the sheep in an English fold—that they all have merely obeyed, been compelled to obey, orders that they detested but were unable to resist. We are face to face with reality now; let us look at it well and pronounce our sentence; for this is the moment when we hold the proofs in our hands, when the elements of crime are hot before us, and shout out the truth that soon will fade from our memory. Let us tell ourselves now, therefore, now, that all we shall be told hereafter will be false; and let us unflinchingly adhere to what we decide at this moment when the glare of the horror is on us —

Do the People Rule?

IT is not true that in this gigantic crime there are innocent and guilty or degrees of guilt. They stand on one level, all those who have taken part in it. The German from the North has no more especial craving for blood and outrage than he from the South has especial tenderness or pity. It is, very simply, the German from one end of his country to the other who stands revealed as a beast of prey that the firm will of our planet finally repudiates. We have here no wretched slaves dragged along by a tyrant king who alone is responsible —

Nations have the Government they deserve, or, rather, the Government they have is truly no more than the magnified and public projection of the private morality and mentality of the nation. If eighty million innocent people

select and support a monstrous king, those eighty million innocent people merely expose the inherent falseness and superficiality of their innocence; and it is the monster they maintain at their head who stands for all that is true in their nature, because it is he who represents the eternal aspirations of their race, which lie far deeper than their apparent and transient virtues. Let there be no suggestion of error, of having been led astray, of an intelligent people having been tricked or misled. No nation can be deceived that does not wish to be deceived; and it is not intelligence that Germany lacks. In the sphere of intellect such things are not possible; nor in the region of enlightened, reflecting will.

No nation permits herself to be coerced to the one crime man can not pardon. It is of her own accord that she hastens towards it. Her chief has no need to persuade; it is she who urges him on. We have forces here quite different from those on the surface, forces that are secret, irresistible and profound. It is these we must judge, these we must crush under our heel once and for all, for they are the only ones that will not be improved or softened or brought into line by experience or progress or even the bitterest lesson. They are unalterable and immovable, their springs lie far beneath hope of influence; and they must be destroyed as we destroy a nest of wasps, since we know that these never can change into a nest of bees. And even though, individually and singly, the Germans were all innocent and merely led astray, they are none the less guilty in the mass. This is the guilt that counts, that alone is actual and real, because it lays bare underneath their superficial innocence the subconscious criminality of all.

The Powers of Good and Evil

NO influence can prevail on the unconscious or the subconscious. It never evolves. Let there come a thousand years of civilization, a thousand years of peace, with all possible refinements of art and of education, the subconscious element of the German spirit, which is its unvarying element, will remain absolutely the same as it is today; and would declare itself, when the opportunity came, under the same aspect with the same infamy. Through the whole course of history two distinct will-powers have been noticed that would seem to be the opposed elemental manifestations of the spirit of our globe—the one seek-

ing only evil, injustice, tyranny and suffering; while the other strives for liberty, the right, radiance and joy. These two powers stand once again face to face; our opportunity is now to annihilate the one that comes from below. Let us know how to be pitiless that we may have no more need for pity. It is a measure of organic defense. It is essential that the modern world should stamp out Prussian militarism as it would stamp out a poisonous fungus that for half a century had disturbed and polluted its days. The health of our planet is in question. Tomorrow the United States of Europe will have to take measures for the convalescence of the earth.

The serene point of view is obtainable only by holding the spirit in equipoise; by letting slip the shackles of hurry; by anchoring fast to the one greatest thing, "Peace."

War and Peace

By Walt Mason in "Life"



HE bugles sound, the prancing chargers neigh, and dauntless men have journeyed forth to slay. Mild farmer lads will wade around in gore and shoot up gents they never saw before. Pale drygoods clerks, amid war's wild alarms, pursue the foe and hew off legs and arms. The long-haired bards forget their metered sins and walk through carnage clear up to their chins.

"My country calls!" the loyal grocer cries, then stops a bullet with his form and dies. "'T is glory beckons," cry the ardent clerks, a bursting shell then hits them in the works. And dark-winged vultures float along the air, and dead are piled like cordwood everywhere. A regiment goes forth with banners gay; a mine explodes, and it is blown away. There is a shower of patriotic blood, some bones are swimming in the crimson mud. Strong, brave, young men, who might be shucking corn, thus uselessly are mangled, rent and torn. They call it glory when a fellow falls, his midriff split by whizzing cannon-balls, but there's more glory in a field of hay, where brave men work for fifteen bits a day.

The bugles blow, the soldiers ride away, to

gather glory in the mighty fray, their heads thrown back, their martial shoulders squared—what sight with this can ever be compared? And they have dreams of honors to be won, of wreaths of laurel when the war is done. The women watch the soldiers ride away, and to their homes repair to weep and pray.

No bugles sound when back the soldiers come; there is no marching to the beat of drums. There are no chargers, speckled with their foam, but one by one the soldiers straggle home; with empty sleeves, with wooden legs they drill, along the highway, up the village hill. Their heads are gray, but not with the weight of years, and all the sorrow of all worlds and spheres is in their eyes, for they have walked with doom, have seen their country changed into a tomb. And one comes back where twenty went away, and nineteen widows kneel alone and pray.

They call it glory—oh, let glory cease, and give the world once more the boon of peace. I'd rather watch the farmer go afield than see the soldier buckle on his shield. I'd rather hear the reaper's raucous roar than hear a colonel clamoring for gore. I'd rather watch a hired man milk a cow, and hear him cussing when she kicks his brow, than see a major grind his snickersnee to split a skull and make his country free. I'd rather watch a grocer sell his cheese, his boneless prunes and early winter peas, and feed the people at a modest price, than see a captain whack an ample slice, with sword or claymore, from a warlike foe—for peace is weal, and war is Hell.

AMERICANS will comprehend the mixture of attributes in the Kaiser if they will fancy certain modifications in the mind and bringing up of Theodore Roosevelt. Temperamentally they are alike. They love personal power, strong rule, warlike expression. Both are full of practical ability and knowledge of affairs. Take Mr. Roosevelt's self-confidence and increase it by the life of a hereditary autocrat, and by a tradition of divine right. Take away the example of Washington and Lincoln and substitute a worship of military forebears. Give him less intelligence. Surround him with a huge army and a ruling class of Bourbons. Take away part of his instinct for the new spirit. Substitute too docile and admiring Germans for critical Americans. You would have the Kaiser.—Norman Hapgood.

Woman as a Citizen

By Antoinette D. Leach, of the Indiana Bar



WOMAN'S legitimate function in her relation to citizenship is not different from that of man. She is called upon to meet every obligation that men are called upon to meet, with the possible exception of actually shouldering a gun and engaging in battle; but in lieu of actually engaging in conflict, she goes upon the battlefields and cares for the injured and the dead, and in doing so she performs a more heroic service than that of killing and maiming. It is a far more important work to save a life than it is to take it.

Party Politics

IN the exercise of her legitimate function as a citizen, a woman would necessarily participate in party politics, since party politics is the foundation of government in the United States, as government is now defined. I do not mean that it is the duty of women to take the lead in party affairs, and it is not to be expected that they would be permitted to do so, even should they try it, for the same influences that are striving to keep from them the right to vote would bend every energy towards keeping them from dominating party policies. But women as citizens endowed with all the rights of citizenship would be given the opportunity to engage in party councils and assist in deciding upon party principles, and it would be a duty which should not be neglected. While there is no reason why a woman should not be a leader within her party, there are many reasons why she should not make her leadership too manifest. The power that women wield today in States where they are given the right of franchise is not due to partisan political activity so much as it is to their aloofness—their ability to stand aside until the proper moment to strike and make their power and influence felt by the leaders. In party councils and caucuses, though no woman be present, yet do the leaders make their calculations and perfect their campaign arrangements with the votes of the women in contemplation, in States where women vote, because they recognize the women voters as a mighty force for or against principles and

candidates, according as those principles and candidates be good or bad. Woman's function in politics is not to act independently of party organizations, but it is to add numbers to party membership. There will never be a strictly woman's political party in the United States, or a party dominated by women exclusively, for the reason that there could never be a sufficient number of women enticed from the performance of their duties as wives to make up a party. And it is well that it is so, for the home is the woman's sphere, and the home should be her first consideration. And that her home is her first consideration under all circumstances is clearly shown by her insistent demand that she be given the right to take part in the making of the laws for the protection of her home—a duty that she is unwilling to delegate even to her father or her brothers. Not only is the participation in party politics a function of full citizenship, and which would become a part of the duties and privileges of the emancipated woman, but there is the duty, and in many instances the necessity, of holding office and assisting in carrying into effect and operation the principles and promises of party managers. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the holding of office is a positive duty incumbent upon women, or any woman; for it must be conceded that any office which a woman could hold might be equally as well filled by a man; yet it may be well to say in this connection that there are few, if any, offices within our system of government, or that of any other for that matter, which may not be equally as well filled by a woman as by a man. I hold it to be the right of a woman to take any office to which she may be elected or appointed, but I assert that it would be better for women to content themselves with selecting men to fill the offices, rather than to take the offices themselves, since there is no woman who is in possession of all of her faculties but can do more real, genuine, lasting good for the government and humanity by giving her undivided attention to the affairs of the home than by devoting her time to public office—especially when she has a right, equal to any, in the selection of the person by whom the office is to be filled. As a citizen, it is the legitimate function of a woman to hold office, but the holding of a public office is not strictly within her sphere, and therefore is something which

she should keep away from as far and as long as is possible. It would be an idle dream to picture to one's self the election of a woman to the presidency of the United States—a dream which should never be indulged, or, if ever, not at this time. However, we can not forget those grand women who have asserted the right not only to vote, but who have gone before the country as candidates for the presidency and for other offices to which the incumbents are elected by the people. They have done a great work for the cause, and have dignified womankind while doing it. They acted within their rights and performed a function of citizenship, even though they were not always successful at the polls. There can be no doubt that when women are accorded the rights of full citizenship they ought to and must participate in party management, and become candidates for office, and, if elected to office, must serve, since to do otherwise would be to fail in their duties as citizens—would be to relinquish their hold upon the liberty and freedom they have won; but it can not be expected that all women will become active politicians or officeholders. It may be asserted with safety that a smaller proportion of women than of men would engage in party affairs and in the conduct of campaigns. Their interests are such, and so great, that they would not find the time to do it, even though they realized the necessity for it. When women ask the right of franchise they do so with a view to acquiring something in addition to that which they already have, and not for a change of their conditions so as to relieve themselves of any of the duties toward mankind generally that they are now performing. They only ask the added burden of the ballot as a means of protecting themselves from conditions which are, in many instances, all but intolerable, and becoming more so every day. In consideration of this added right and privilege, which is really in the nature of a burden, they are willing to sacrifice the comforts which they now enjoy in the way of seclusion and retired quietude in their homes, away from the exciting strife and turmoil of public affairs, and take upon themselves the inconveniences which result from the necessity for a study of public affairs generally, to the end that they may cast their ballots intelligently; for it will be remembered that the casting of the ballot by her is the aim and end of the agitation in which

we are now engaged in behalf of woman. The casting of the ballot is the most important function the citizen has to perform, be the citizen man or woman, for it is by means of the ballot that governmental policies are indicated and the welfare of the people safeguarded. It is an act of sovereignty itself. One single ballot may be the means of changing the entire financial policy of the government or the system of taxation; it may bring war upon the people, or it may establish peace in time of war. There is no limit to the good or evil that may result from the casting of one ballot, which goes to show that in performing her functions as a citizen a woman must weigh well her choice in the matter of voting, in order that her vote shall not produce evil results to be charged to her ignorance or her indifference.

It is the positive duty of every voter to cast a ballot at every opportunity, and a failure to do so stamps the delinquent citizen as one ignorant of matters which concern his own best interests and the welfare of the people, and may be likened unto an attack upon the permanency of the government itself, for when the people lose their regard for fixed principles of government, and permit self-seeking persons to exploit them, the end of organized government is plainly in view, and anarchy raises its head. There is no practical difference between failure to cast a ballot, and casting it for a cash consideration, for it will be remembered that *no* ballot is equivalent to casting a vote in favor of the worst element involved in an election. Every consideration points to the necessity for close application and study on the part of every woman, to the end that when she votes her vote shall be registered for progress, for permanency and purity in government; and when she has voted thus rightly, she will have performed her greatest function, a function than which there can not be higher devolving upon any human creature—the right to say what liberties and what restrictions shall guide another human creature through every hour and every minute of the day, and regulate and control every act in its relation to every other human creature.

The Paramount Issue

THE legitimate functions of women as citizens may be summed up and stated to be the same functions as are now required of and inherent in the male contingent of our

population—nothing more nor nothing less. The woman in her relation to the government, as a citizen, is upon an equality with the man in every way. She participates as fully as does he in party politics and party management; she seeks political office and honors with as much right and liberty as he, and, finally, she casts the same vote at the same polls as does the man. These are her rights, for which she contends and has contended unceasingly for many years and with partial success—with so much of success, in fact, that she unhesitatingly advances to the fray, in these more recent years, fully believing that if she be defeated in her endeavor it is but a postponement of the day when she will be victorious, and human freedom be made more assuredly permanent than ever before, for both men and women. And in those States where the fight has been won, the woman leaves off the doing of her household duties for an hour or two on election-day, and takes herself to the polling-place, where she is entitled to voice her sentiments through the means of the printed ballot, and there, amid refined surroundings due to the knowledge that she will come there to assert her prerogative, she casts her vote, and again returns to her home and her matronly duties, conscious of having done well her duty to her fellows, and that, too, without stain or blemish upon her because of having exercised a right which can not be denied to any citizen, and the denial be justified by any logic or reasoning



Paths of kindness are paved with happiness.



The Cry of the Little Peoples

By Richard Le Gallienne

THE Cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Schleswig Dane.

We ask but a little portion of the green, ambitious earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

We ask not coaling-stations, nor ports in the China seas,
We leave to the big child-nations such rivalries as these.

We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree;

O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills, and to carry our wood, and to ripple by.

Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;

But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain;

The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.

The dreams that our fathers dreamed today are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.

Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way;

And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fashions die.



We do what we do and are what we are on account of impulses given us by previous training, previous acts or conditions under which we live and have lived.

Wilfrid Laurier

By Elbert Hubbard



THE other week, while on a Little Journey to Toronto, I was much impressed with the fact that Canadian sentiment toward the United States is undergoing a change. As yet it is only a nebulous idea slowly taking on substantial form—but to the eyes that see it is quite clear. And that is, that the people of this country and of the Dominion are after all akin, and that their interests are one and the same.

Since our late misunderstanding anent our well-meant but badly managed overtures on trade relationships, Canada has had a change of heart, and now I believe that when next Long Jonathan goes a-courting, he will be accorded a more gracious reception.

The Canadians have a love for our President second only to our own. To them he seems always to have been safe and sane, and now they are sure of it. He is their ideal American citizen, gentle, strong, wise, and peace-loving, with a just appreciation of the rights of others and a correct perspective of his own purposes.

¶ And I am not so sure but that they are eminently right in their conclusions.

The United States wants the good-will of Canada, and Canada needs the friendly support of the United States. Certainly, come what may, we are not going to allow any foreign-born power to come a-meddling across seas, if we can help it.

A Citizen of the World

MUCH of the good feeling that now exists between these two great nations is, I believe, due almost entirely to the liberalizing work and beneficent influence of that great and good man, that Royal Roycrofter and gentleman superbus, who has been in the lime-light of Canadian and world politics for these forty years and more, but whose heart yet beats with the high hope of youth. I mean Sir Wilfrid Laurier—knight by courtesy, but, like Lincoln, one of Nature's noblemen.

Laurier is Canada at its best. Born in the French province of Quebec, surrounded with French traditions, and the first French-Canadian to be Premier of Canada, he was

the prime mover in putting an end forever to that Tory attitude of hostility and churlishness toward the United States which at one time swayed Canada from coast to coast. More than any other one man he has taught the Dominion to think nationally and to take her place as one of the great nations of the Western Hemisphere.

An Advocate of Peace

SIR WILFRID has never displayed the least hesitation in avowing that he is an ardent admirer of the American Republic. He was called to task once for having permitted more than half a million American citizens to cross the boundary-line and settle on virgin territory in the great Northwest. His answer was characteristic of the man:

"We have said to the American farmer that if he came to Canada, he would find land not only equal, but superior to that of the United States. He would find institutions as good as American institutions, laws as generous as American laws. He would find also that the monarchy of Canada is just as democratic as the government of his home country."

And not long ago he said in London to the assembled statesmen of the British Empire: "I am an admirer of the American people. I admire the great fight they have made in the past for freedom. I admire the great advance they have made in civilization. I love the United States. We are giving to the world the spectacle of brethren living in peace. We have the longest frontier dividing any two nations. On that frontier, there is not a fortress, not a gun, not a soldier."

A Great Personality

THE success that has marked this man in all his undertakings can be explained only in the light of his incomparable and persuasive personality. His graciousness of speech, his charm of manner, his varied accomplishments and his remarkable eloquence—combined with a fine, handsome face and wonderful distinction of bearing—set him apart as one of the most efficient and versatile personalities that the world has ever seen. He wins all, friends and foes, and binds them to him as with green withes of affection. And yet even his most vigorous critics have never for a moment thought of accusing this fine gentleman of concealing beneath a polished manner the real sentiments of his heart. He mixes in no idle gossip. He is above all petty scimmages and

scrambles for place and power. He is a man among men. ¶ As a public speaker he is frank, witty, appreciative and unresentful. While he has very little of the story-telling jocosity of, say, our friend the Secretary of State, yet he has a humor that is inimitable. It is this saving grace that has stood him in good stead in his hours of trial and defeat, and has helped him on many an occasion when dealing with the beef-eating, insular Anglophile that at one time roamed wild in Canada.

Laurier is always perfectly willing to admit that what his opponents say of him is true—only before he gets through you are quite inclined to believe with him that the slur was really a compliment in disguise.

I remember, when the annexation talk was at its height, some Britishers came to him, and the speaker, a pompous fellow with bristling sideburns, said: "Pray now, Sir, let us have your candid opinion. Are not at this very moment the American people coveting Canada?"

And Sir Wilfrid, with a twinkle in his eye, solemnly replied: "I should be very much surprised if they were not. I'm sure, it would be quite human if they did, and certainly quite American, for every American knows a good thing when he sees it."

The Birth of the New Time

ESSENTIALLY, Wilfrid Laurier represents the new time. He is a democrat in his mode of thinking and in his habit of life. He is get-at-able, approachable, kindly, generous, friendly. He is gracious to all men, but he toadies to no one.

He is a businessman. He believes in creation, evolution, development, transportation, distribution. Like Terence he might say, "I am a man and nothing that is human is alien to me." He believes in Canada and its future. And he also believes that the future of Canada is closely linked with that of the United States.

¶ He is, in truth, a universal citizen. He realizes that we are practically one people, that England's Shakespeare is our Shakespeare, and that our history merges off and becomes English history.

Largely, our interests, our hopes, and our destinies are one.

Only yesterday, this strong, virile, splendid man, with a head of silver and a heart of gold, who may even yet be Canada's salvation, said:

"A dominating power, either on land or sea, will not hereafter be tolerated. Supreme power in either a man or a nation is to be feared—for nations are made up of men, and power unrestrained tends to tyranny."

Such, to me, is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, on the Twentieth of November last, entered joyfully upon the seventy-fourth year of his life. May he live long and prosper!

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

Perfect Flower of a System

By Alice Hubbard



GERMAN writer, Mr. Hauptmann, criticizes very severely the term "barbarian" which has been applied to the German people and the German Emperor.

An Englishman, Mr. Chesterton, defends the position taken by the people who call the Germans, in their present attitude, barbarian. This writer explains that a barbarian is one who lives the life of a savage wherein he acts without regard to the effect of his acts upon others.

The barbarian does not know the meaning of reciprocity. The barbarian takes advantage simply from desire. Like Macbeth,

"Wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst
have
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do,
if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.'"

¶ The barbarian knows cause, but would gladly deny effect. "Am I my neighbor's keeper?" He would have a sequence which has no consequence. He would have property without earning it, education without toiling for it. He is not willing to pay the price.

The Thomas Jefferson method of paying for everything we have, value received, is unknown to the barbarian.

There is probably no human being in the world who could stand up and say, "I have none of the barbarian in me." However, the

ordinary conditions which make life possible should teach all people, that concomitant with every cause is an effect, "Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us."

The necessity of earning our living, the difficulties involved in the process, show that the original intent of Nature was that every living thing should earn its own living and only a living. These difficulties have made the human race as decent as it is.

Individualists, human beings who do not contemplate the rights of others, who care nothing for the opinions of others, who are not supervised, inspected, or accountable to others, are barbarians. Until men grant to others the right to do unto them as they do to others, until society is so organized that reciprocity is the law, until nations deal reciprocally with other nations, humanity will have to plead guilty to the charge of being barbarian.

A man, a nation, may be cultured, may be academically educated, may have the virtues of industry, economy, and may have refinements, but until his actions are guided by the "I will do unto you as I would have you do to me," he can not lay claim to being civilized or refined.

Blood and Iron

THE man in this age in whom is personified the system of might is William the Second, Emperor of Germany.

He is a man of power and a powerful man. He has a strong brain. He has perceived how to train it to best secure the means by which to bring more power into his hands.

The Kaiser is a clever, skilful, powerful man. The Kaiser is the perfected result of a system.

¶ His grandfather, William the First, and his ancestor, Frederick the Great, were, in his youth, not only his heroes, but the patterns from which he shaped his own life. These two Emperors served as his ideal for a time. He chose his "career" early. He early studied the means and methods by which Frederick became The Great; also the means and methods used by William of Prussia which made him William the First, Emperor of the German Empire. The events in the lives of the Conquerors were well known to him. William the Second was educated, too, consciously and unconsciously, by Prince Bismarck. The Blood-and-Iron policy is his. He has demonstrated that he knows how to choose his course, to make preparations, great

and expansive, and to compel a nation to work for him. He has inspired and influenced his own people until they respond to his will. He has the patience and the ability to watch, to wait for the opportune moment and to recognize it when it arrives. He had the wisdom and the power to have his nation at work, ostensibly competing and also co-operating in their industries with other nations, and yet to be trained to strike a blow that surprised the world. ♣

It is no small man who can stop the march of progress. No other man in the whole world, in a single day, in seven countries, could have silenced their factories, paralyzed merchandising, suspended commerce and stayed even that fundamental industry, farming.

The Kaiser caused writers to exchange their pens for swords. Artists threw down their brushes, fresh-filled with dreams of loveliness, and responded to the call, "To arms!" ♣ Scientists, philosophers, statesmen, thinkers and doers, all took death-dealing weapons and rushed madly to battlefields, there to become targets for bullets, shot from guns operated by men who, a few hours before, were farming, manufacturing, inventing, building, giving to the world means to make man more civilized, more fit to dwell in this world.

It requires a great and powerful man to make men leave all their personal interests, to give their lives and to risk the lives of their families for a cause of which they know really nothing.

¶ It requires a man who is, also, magnetic and hypnotic to do this herculean task.

Instruments of Might

WILLIAM THE SECOND has been not only a great Emperor, but a great teacher also. He has taught his entire empire that the Germans are the greatest people of the earth; there can be no greater. They believe that their greatness is dependent upon their national organization, the center of which organization is the Emperor.

He has taught not only his army but the nation that the greatest honors that can come to a German come through service in the army. The army is the arm of power. They who belong to it are the support of the nation. It is also its instrument for quick growth and for great expansion. He has given his army his most personal attention.

At his public appearances, he is dressed as the Emperor of Germany or in the uniform of an


army officer. He is the head of his army. The Army symbols the Nation.

His and all other German sons are educated to be first and always good fighting soldiers. Even his daughter wears the garb of an officer.

"We belong together, I and the army; thus we were born for each other, and thus will we act together no matter whether God wills peace or storm."

It was Bismarck, under William the First, who established and used to a purpose the present organized army system.

William the Second saw Bismarck and William the First demonstrate that primitive power lies in the fighting force of a nation. England's might on the sea showed that such power lies also in a navy. So William the Second concentrated upon another arm of force, a navy. To this source of power he gave, too, his personal attention, and as the executive of the German people, their support.

"Imperial power means sea power, and sea power and imperial power are dependent upon each other." 

He enlisted and maintained the interest and enthusiasm of his people until he had a navy of tremendous strength, second *only* to that of England, who has long proclaimed herself, "Mistress of the Seas."

"My first and last care is for my fighting forces on land and sea."

A Master in Economics

THE Emperor has superior knowledge in proportion and economics. He has an accurate system in calculus by which he knows how many men industrially employed it takes to maintain Emperor, army, navy, and the common people. ¶ He knows, too, that women will serve their country better in giving sons to army and navy if they are kept in subjection to the traditions that woman was made for this purpose, that her place is in the home, and in the fields at work.


The Emperor has forestalled any militant suffragette nonsense. His Empire has no such nuisance, weakness and folly introduced into it. "The world stood helpless before a 'woman's question' which had been unknown to a simpler generation. Women with the fussiness of amateurs pushed themselves into men's professions, and just as in the days of moral decay in classical antiquity, so now the doctrine of the emancipation of women arose from the *slime of over-education*."

The German people have the great virtue of industry. Their artists work at their art. Their thinkers make a business of their thinking. Their poets do not play at writing poetry. Their philosophers and scientists work enthusiastically and hard.

The combined and united domestic, industrial and war power of a nation of sixty-five million of trained and skilled people is working for one will, the will of the Emperor.


The Vicegerent of Deity

WHAT does William the Second want?

More power, more people to work for him. He wants but one Rival, and that Rival an old Creation which probably he has confused with Frederick the Great, William the First and Bismarck. Or is it a composition of the three which has become an ideal, a pattern, for William the Second, Emperor of Germany? 

Years ago, people who did not especially admire Emperor William quoted him as saying, "Myself and God." He has given cause for such representation. He crowned himself when he became Emperor, there being no one who could confer an honor upon him but himself. He held himself responsible then as now to himself and to an invisible God. God was his only peer. He has frequently, almost always, spoken and written of God as though he and God were on most intimate and familiar terms, and that each kept neither secrets nor plans from the other. God had, in fact, given all His forces, interest, loyalty and prospects to William the Second.

In September, when the army, which the second son of the Emperor was commanding, won a battle, the Emperor telegraphed to the wife, who might easily have been a widow, the information that her husband had done most of the work, although God had helped a little. And the woman was doubtless flattered to be so well connected. It is no small compliment to be noticed by Emperor William. The Emperor is a thorough diplomat. He knows how to get his work done.

He does not seem to consider his God as an authority, but as an ally. Sometimes he has so thoroughly believed in the divine right of kings, and that he is king by divine right, that he very naturally confuses himself with his Deity 

At best we carry very lightly our responsibility to an unseen, unknown power, whose mani-

festations we are not fine enough to see, hear or touch. Like Macbeth, "We'd jump the life to come," if we did not have "judgment here" from our fellow men and from circumstances and our surroundings.

A Boomerang

WHEN any man is the apex to a pinnacle of power, must give an accounting to no one on earth, has no one who dares or can examine his books, censor his acts, when no one can compel him to keep his compacts with men and nations, that man is in fearful danger. So are the people who make the pinnacle, and who make the apex possible.

Even when man thinks he is responsible to God alone, and this God is not sensed, power is dangerous in his hands.

The unit of force of sixty-five million German people has, through the Kaiser, become a tremendous organized Power. And this Power is now turned into a channel of destruction. It is being used to work out the will of one man, instead of being used to develop sixty-five million human beings. The whole German Empire has been and is now serving William the Second, and so is the world. We are all of us, you and I, paying tribute to the Kaiser. Nature has no pets. She works for the good of all. The Kaiser is no more to Her than is the man, dead in the ditch, being used as a bridge over which other men may pass.

When men evolve they change, they adjust themselves to others and to conditions and circumstances of the changing which is necessary to a developing civilization.

When a man compels men to work out, to be a part of a system which is outgrown by civilization, Nature can not work for him. He is posing as her rival—an appalling force for one man to pit himself against.

He sees himself out of right proportion. He loses his right relation with his fellow man and his surroundings. He ceases to evolve, because he ceases to adjust and readjust himself to this ever-changing, evolving world, in an ever-changing, evolving system of worlds. And some day his little system is entirely out of harmony with the universe, and he is suddenly sloughed as were Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon.

¶ A man ceases to be in harmony with evolution when he fixes himself as a center and, by force, compels others to change, to conform to his unchanging condition.

Man is the evolving element. It is his destiny

to adjust himself to his environments. Inanimate "place" and "conditions" are not to be adjusted to him except as he changes them. That Emperor William the Second has compelled sixty-five million people to adjust themselves to his will, limits his own ability to adjust himself to Twentieth-Century life, to serve his people, and so to get into harmony with Nature.

The Kaiser has perfected a system of which evolution did not approve even in the time of Cæsar, was not palliative, even then. It is abhorrent, now, to the civilization of the Twentieth Century. It is the barbarian in us that tolerates it.

The German Emperor is not a leader. He is a magnificent, solitary monument of a system that civilization outgrew long, long ago.

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

—Edwin Markham.

Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer the goal.

Neutrality

By Elbert Hubbard



ABOUT this time the word "neutrality" seems to be much in evidence.

It is well to remember that there are three kinds of neutrality.

There is the neutrality of thought, the neutrality of expression, and the neutrality of action.

When we speak of neutrality in reference to war, we have in mind only one kind of neutrality, and that is the neutrality of action. For instance, we have spoken of the violation of Belgium's neutrality. And by this no one ever had in mind the thoughts or opinions, spoken or written, by the people of Germany, France or England, concerning Belgium.

The violation of Belgium's neutrality could

only possibly proceed from one thing, and that was the invasion of the country by an armed force ☛ ☛

What Is Treason ?

THOMAS JEFFERSON once and forever settled, so far as America is concerned, the question of what constitutes treason.

Treason does not consist in what you think, or what you say, or what you write, or what you print.

Treason consists in taking up arms against your country, or in giving tangible aid to the enemy ☛ ☛

It is eminently right and proper that all of the people should be allowed to think for themselves ☛ ☛

If for diplomatic reasons an editor does not care to express his full opinions, he certainly is not obliged to.

It is eminently right and proper that the people of America should have thoughts concerning the war situation in Europe. And thoughts of sane men and women are bound to find form in opinions.

Also, it is eminently right and proper that the people should express themselves in reference to the situation.

When a newspaper or a magazine criticizes either one side or the other, it is not guilty of a breach of neutrality. A violation of neutrality could only occur when the editor proceeds to supply arms to his favorite side or lead an armed force against the other.

Through the expression of our ideas and through mutual discussion we will arrive at the truth, if ever.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And it is the privilege as well as the duty of a free people to mentally take sides in any great struggle ☛ ☛

Unless we have this privilege, liberty is a byword and freedom a pleasantry.

America's Duty

ONE reason especially why we should have full, free and open discussion of the war proposition in America is because public opinion will finally fix the adjustment when this war is ended.

It will then be necessary to establish new boundary-lines, and power must flow to those who will not misuse it.

The interests of all of the people involved—of the women, the children, the old as well as the strong and the valiant—must be conserved,

preserved, and protected as much as possible against a reoccurrence of this frightful tragedy ☛ ☛

If the Zeitgeist of the world decides that militarism is a menace, then international disarmament must come.

No such thing as a world federation, or a United States of the World, can ever be brought about save through the free and full and frank discussion by the people of all political problems.

Therefore, I say we do well to allow every one in America to state the case as he sees it, without let or hindrance.

This was the spirit of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. And Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six really had its rise in England in the days of the Pitts, Edmund Burke and Charles Fox.

☛ The spirit of Benjamin Franklin, Sam Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, John Randolph, and Patrick Henry, still abides, and their souls go marching on ☛

A man who can't forget is quite as bad as the one who can't remember. Everybody should remember to forget.

War

By Elbert Hubbard



HIS most quoted man today is General Sherman.

His summary of war is on everybody's lips.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Here they come!"

The regiment of the First Cheshires—splendid, well-set fellows, proud of bearing, erect and manly.

Before them is the regimental band—"with a hip-ah! hip-ah! hip hooray! the British Gre-en-a-diers."

And strutting before the band is the drum-major—like a gargantuan pouter-pigeon ☛ Along the soldiers swing—rhythmically, fascinatingly; like a huge machine.

Their bayonets glisten in the sun; their khaki clothing is fresh and clean; their faces aglow with anticipation.

They come to the railroad-station where they are to entrain for Dover.

The order is given: "Stand at ease!"

Instantly military discipline gives place to animated conversation.

The crowd mingles with the troops.

Tommy Goes to War

FATHER and son are here, going together.

¶ The wife and mother pushes through the ranks. Laying her hands caressingly upon both shoulders of her husband, she says proudly, "John, you look as fine as any of them!"—and John looks into her eyes and smiles ☸ ☸

Turning to her only boy, a youth barely out of his 'teens: "And Joe, you look every inch a soldier; be one—a British soldier and a MAN—like your dad."

From another part of the platform comes the sound of boisterous laughter.

A group of youths are bidding good-by to their soldier chums.

"Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o!" comes in big bellows from their throats.

"Good-by, owd lad! bring mi a Garman pipe from Burlin!"

"Do nowt o' th' sort, Bill—send 'im a sos-sige." ☸ ☸

And the crowd roars.

There is a gallant young fellow and a pink-faced girl exchanging rings and kisses.

Here a young wife is embracing her husband.

¶ Yonder a soldier is surrounded by his family—a wife and three little "stepladder" children ☸ ☸

As the bugle sounds he kisses them all, fondly—the wife last of all.

He is turning away; suddenly he seizes the plump little leg of his six-month-old bairn, and pulling off the little slipper from its dimpled foot he slips it up his coat-sleeve.

Then with a "Good-by, lass," he joins the line that forms up before the waiting train ☸

The whistle sounds; the engineer opens up the throttle of his engine; the regimental band begins to play *The Girl I Left Behind Me*; the wheels slowly revolve; the crowd cheers, laughs, cries, gesticulates; the carriage-windows are crowded with bobbing heads and waving arms; the train vanishes in the darkness of a tunnel—Tommy has gone to war.

The World's Akin

THE crowd begins to disperse.

The lonely mother who was so proud of her husband and son is now sobbing as if her heart would break.

The pink-faced girl and the newly-made bride

walk off together, arms linked, with tear-streaming faces.

The boisterous youth, who was promised a "sossige," goes off with his companions to "make a night of it."

And straggling along, last of all, is the wife of Corp. T. Atkins, 3745.

A little boy clings to her hand and looks wistfully up into "mummy's" face.

A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed maiden grasps her mother's gown on the other.

And pressed close to her breast she holds the love-token of her soldier-husband—a plump, wonder-eyed bairn, minus a wee, wool slipper.

The Making of Heroes

A WEEK later.

War Office Bulletin.

The allies engaged the enemy at Mons the whole of yesterday.

The British forces bore the brunt of the battle and succeeded in holding the enemy in check.

We regret to say, however, that our losses were considerable.

(Here follows a list of names.)

The ring which the pink-cheeked girl now wears is the symbol of blighted hopes.

The widow reads the notice and begins to laugh—hideous, meaningless laughter. Gentle hands lead her away—whither?

The young bride weeps hysterically, crying, "Oh, how proud my Tom would have been."

¶ A group of noisy young fellows come and read ☸ ☸

They become suddenly silent.

"My God! Look! Here 's Bill's name!" And a finger points to it.

'Way down the list is this:

Corp. T. Atkins, 3745.

Stern lines form about their lips; something in their eyes seems to snap like fire.

A moment more they gaze; then moved by a common impulse they say, "Let's join." ☸

Forming into line they go to the recruiting-station ☸ ☸

THE only way you can convince Nature that you desire to be strong is by putting forth strength ☸ Nothing that you can say, nothing that you can swallow, nothing that you can rub on will give you strength, unless you work. Nature helps you to become that which you are working to become.

Latin America

By John Barrett



Latin America is a land of big things. It is a land not only of big opportunities, but of big mountains, rivers and valleys, big cities and enterprises, big mines and resources, big men and big history.

Brazil is larger than the United States proper, and could hold all the connected area of the United States with Great Britain thrown in. Out of the mighty Amazon River flows five times the volume of the Mississippi waters. Its capital city, Rio de Janeiro, has a population of one million, and it possesses the most beautiful harbor in the world. Sao Paulo, its Denver, has a greater population than the Denver of the United States.

Argentina, in the South Temperate Zone, covers an area equal to that part of the United States East of a line dropped from North Dakota South to Louisiana. Last year it conducted a foreign commerce greater than that of China or Japan and the largest per capita of any important country in the world. Its great river, the Parana, is navigable for a tremendous distance. Its capital city, Buenos Aires, with a population of about one million five hundred thousand, is the largest city South of the Equator, and the fourth city of the Western Hemisphere, ranking after New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Buenos Aires can boast of the finest opera-house, the finest newspaper building and plant, the finest clubhouse and the finest racecourse in the world.

Chile, also in the South Temperate Zone, has a longer reach of coast-line on the Pacific Ocean than has the United States proper, and it lies in a position of great strategic and commercial importance on a line directly South from the Panama Canal. Santiago, its famous capital, with a population of five hundred thousand, is often called the Paris of the Andes. Valparaiso, its chief port, is building the best artificial harbor to be found anywhere on the Pacific Ocean.

Uruguay, in the Temperate Zone, is small in area but mighty in influence. It is the Belgium and Netherlands of South America. Montevideo, its intellectual and prosperous capital,

has a population of nearly five hundred thousand, and has just expended ten million dollars in improving its harbor.

Bolivia, with her area of seven hundred thousand square miles, could hold Texas twice over and Illinois thrown in. Its capital, La Paz, is the loftiest capital in the world. It has within its territory Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake on the face of the earth.

Peru, on the Pacific coast, could include in its area California, Oregon and Washington twice over. Lima, its historical capital, has a university that was an old institution long before John Harvard thought of founding Harvard University. Eli Yale dreamed of establishing the college that carries his name, or Eleazar Wheelock had cleared the wilderness for Dartmouth College.

Historically, Latin America has a big record, made by big men and big achievements. The names of the immortal liberators and patriots, Bolivar, San Martin, Santander, O'Higgins, Sucre, Artigas, Jose Bonifacio, Juarez, Marti, Morazan and Hidalgo must forever rank in history with the names of Washington, Grant, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln and Lee. In time the students of our colleges will study the lives and deeds of these men as they do those of the men great in the history of the United States and Europe. The wars and battles in which these heroes of South America fought for the independence and the upbuilding of their countries were as fierce, prolonged and finally successful as the struggles of our forefathers for the independence of the United States, and should be so honored in the stories and textbooks that inspire our youth to noble lives.

WE have at present around the Western Hemisphere a trade-wall which is almost as effective as an absolutely prohibitive tariff. This wall is not of our making like the import tariff laws, but American manufacturers should take immediate advantage of it to build up their output. American manufacturers can not possibly supply home demands for merchandise, because our manufactured imports have been greatly exceeding our manufactured exports. The greatest trade opportunity which has ever presented itself to manufacturers of the United States lies within the borders of our own boundary, and the business is waiting for the men who can see it.—A. C. Trumbo.

A MESSAGE TO MARRIED WOMEN: SafeGuard Your Happiness!

By Elbert Hubbard



AND the way to do it is to present your Hubby a Shumate SafeGuard Razor. The only man who will not appreciate a Shumate SafeGuard is the man who will catch cold without his wrist-watch and who sits on the floor when he puts on his socks. He'll not shave himself anyway. If, in life's lottery, you have drawn one of these, I'm sorry for you.

❑ But the man who starts the day with a clean shave is going to make a home-run.

❑ Why does a man hesitate and postpone when it comes to shaving?

❑ He has n't the right razor, Genevieve, that's all. I'm some man myself, and I know.

❑ Any razor that shaves well once, and then gradually goes on the blink and becomes a stump-puller, provokes profanity, and is a bid for a marital muss and a financial fooze.

❑ As long as Friend Hubby's face is smooth, his temper is also.

❑ Have n't you noticed?

❑ The Shumate SafeGuard is just the good, old-fashioned razor, with a long concave blade that is guaranteed for a lifetime. No razor is so sanitary, none so simple, none so smooth.

❑ It can be used without the SafeGuard or with it.

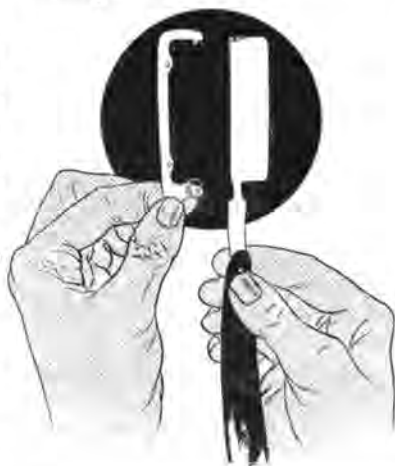
❑ The Guard is so simple, it will make you laugh. With thumb and finger, Hubby slides it into place and shaves one side of his manly mug. He then throws the Guard over with one motion to the other side of the razor, as he laughs through the lather.

❑ The man who appreciates sanitation, time, comfort and the thoughtfulness of Friend Wifey will ebulliate smiles of joy and burbles of glee, when his glimmers are glued on a Shumate.

❑ The Shumate is the primate. It has shaved two generations.

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mental, physical and social wants.

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Men and women are learning that the secret of life is to be in harmony with Nature—that to laugh, love, work, play, sleep; to eat and drink in moderation, to breathe deeply, is to get mental and physical ease, peace, poise and power.

The Touchstone, by J. W. Beckman, is a book that is quite in

It is obvious to every intelligent mind that the condition of the human race, socially, nationally, mentally and spiritually, is constantly changing. There is nothing permanent but change and nothing certain but uncertainty. Manners, customs, social structure, science, art, religion—all are kaleidoscopic. Generally speaking, progress marks the march of the centuries, and close observation and analysis will prove that every stage in the evolution of man has been accompanied by

line with this new philosophy of life.

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fulness and helpfulness that is appealing and convincing.

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The Touchstone is a new revelation.

•••
CANADA is a fast-growing nation and hence depends largely on outside capital for its development. ••• The adverse effects of war were immediately felt in Canada, because of the withholding of funds by British capitalists. ••• The war has had the general effect of destroying hope of an early improvement in business, and it has hurt many of the large industries, depressing real estate, building and labor. The higher prices for grain during the next year may partially offset

these adverse factors. However, as Canada is largely an agricultural nation, it should readily recuperate after peace is declared, and the war will also tend to bring about a period of greater economy, which is much needed in this country.—*Roger Babson.*

•••
And what doth it avail if all men call thee mad or give thee praise if thou unto thyself be true! If thou be true, thine every hope shall be fulfilled.—*Nietzsche.*



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DESPITE all the hammering that Bill Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte, has received from myself and others, he is a big man yet and will live in history. If you doubt it, just read his speeches recently published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, at the very modest price of thirty-five cents per speech, postage prepaid. The volumes are: *The Value of an Idea*, *The Price of a Soul*, *The Prince of Peace* and *Man*—the most popular of Secretary Bryan's many famous speeches.

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A BAKER'S GRATITUDE

W. L. CORWIN, Fairview, Oklahoma, writes—Information I have gained has saved me the price many times over.

I might add that a year ago I drove a car from here to Los Angeles, and I had several copies in my tool box as handy reference, and you can bet that one time after stranded on the Mojave Desert I was glad I had them along.

BERT E. HOWE, Whittier, Calif.—The books are worth many times their price to me. I am now averaging six more miles to the gallon of gasoline because of the simple instructions on Carburetor adjustment.

WM. SCHARFER, Milwaukee, Wis.—The booklets received, many thanks, they are worth many times the price you ask.

B. E. BEATTIE, Birmingham, Ala.—The booklets are certainly O. K. Would not take twice the price and do without them.

WARREN R. FORKERT, Johannesburg, Calif.—I received the books in five orders and would not take five times their cost if I could not get another set.

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AFTER all, the disappearance of the war correspondent may not be such a bad thing. The war correspondent used to be a good press-agent for certain commanders. He was a great manufacturer of heroes and bestower of glory. He gave the fame usually to the commander who had sense enough to be good to the correspondents, whether he had sense enough to win battles or not. He put in bad the officer who was fighting battles rather than feting newspaper-writers. Like-

wise, he gave many a tip to the enemy.

But now, with nothing but colorless official reports of engagements, with nothing told but the outlines of the fight, with no fine writin', with no spotlighting of this or that officer, with no wreathing of heroes in gorgeous descriptions—where's the glory? No officer can come home now and run for what he wants on the strength of what his press-agents have done for him. All he gets now is a mention of a line or a line and a half in the official bulletin. Who's going to fight for that?

☞ If war-corresponding is to be cut out we shall have fewer militarist heroes. We can be rid of our heroes just as we could be

rid of our city bosses in a month or two if the press men would cease boosting their game. A hero or a boss must advertise in order to stay in the game profitably. With the war correspondent and his power to give glory gone, we shall have less enthusiasm for war. Abolish the correspondents and there'll be nobody crazy for war but the Kaiser. Yes, there'll be nobody buggy for the glory of fighting him, because there won't be any glory, because there'll be no one present to

write it up. If we have nothing else for which to thank the Japanese, we can and should thank them for shutting the war correspondent out of the war zone and bottling him up comfortably a long way off. They did away with what was, at the same time, one of the horrors of and one of the incitements to war. There won't be much glory left for long in war if war is to be fought in the dark and without any sound-ing-board of fame. And who will lament the lack? We need not worry about the war correspondent. When he can't get his stuff into the papers he'll put it where it be-longs—in his ad-mitted fiction, where we don't have to read it unless we want to.—*William Marion Reedy.*

It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance toward all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of the liquor question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question

independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them.—*Washington Gladden.*

A thousand costly gifts can not bring to Love a gladness equal to the joy of just being needed.—*From "To Lovers and Others," by Harry C. Morse.*



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Half a day at books, and half a day at useful work—that's the plan at the Interlaken School for Boys, Rolling Prairie, Indiana. E. A. Rumely, M. D., President.

Studebaker

The Car You Can Depend On

By ELBERT HUBBARD



HEN I ride in a Studebaker I always know that I will get there—and also get back.

¶ The Studebaker is reliable. It knows no spark-plug spisissitudes. It never does the "off-day" nor argues the point with the cop at the crossing.

¶ Studebaker stands for strength, style, satisfaction. It is the car of culture, comfort and commonsense.

¶ The Studebaker embodies *the* ideal in motor beauty and perfect mechanical construction.

¶ The Studebaker is *not merely assembled*, it is made understandingly, in the Studebaker factories, by men enthused with personal and professional pride in their work, and imbued with the Studebaker spirit of service.

¶ The Studebaker Corporation have served the people of this nation for threescore years and more, and have built up their enormous industry on a basis of integrity, initiative and absolute fairness to customers.

¶ The motto of the Studebakers has always been this: **Give the Buyer the Benefit of the Doubt.**

¶ Only honest people with an honest product can deal successfully with the public.

¶ Studebaker customers are Studebaker friends, always and forever. The Studebakers allow nothing to mar the faith their customers place in them. And so they enjoy the good-will and confidence of an ever-increasing world-wide clientele.

¶ The Studebaker is a combination of the useful and the beautiful. No car is more satisfactory or more reasonably desirable than the Studebaker!

¶ There is probably a Studebaker man in your town—possibly on your very street. He is prepared to back up the great National Studebaker proposition with good local, reliable service.

Studebaker Prices

FOUR Roadster - - - -	\$ 985
FOUR Touring Car - - - -	985
SIX 5-Passenger - - - -	1385
SIX 7-Passenger - - - -	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

Applying to All Studebaker Cars

Full floating rear axle with Timken bearings—Electric starting and lighting—Extra size tires—Safety tread in the rear—Built-in wind shield—"One-man" type silk mohair top—Crown enders.

STUDEBAKER - - - - Detroit

SHEAFFER'S

SELF-FILLING
NON-LEAKABLE

Fountain
Pen

It's
A
SHEAFFER

The Pen That
Does All Things
—RIGHT—

Most Useful Christmas Gift

*Writes the Instant It
Touches the Paper*

*Can Be Carried in Any
Position Without Leaking*

*No-Limit Guarantee Should
Pen Prove Defective Any
Time, "We Make Good."*

WITHIN your family, from one to another, among friends, SHEAFFER'S Self-Filling, Non-Leakable, and Safety Pen makes the practical gift. Given in confidence and received with pride, indispensable in Business, College, Home, and Study. Pens to suit every one. Exchangeable until fitted.

"The Gift That Becomes a Treasure"

SOLD BY THE LEADING DEALERS

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

No. 21 \$3.50 Factory: FORT MADISON. Branches: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY

No. 2 \$2.50

Clip 25 cts
Extra

A SENSIBLE INVESTMENT FOR CONSERVATIVES



BEING a statement, now for the first time made public, and offered for the consideration of Roycroft readers and others, by the EASTERN GYPSUM COMPANY, Limited.

Company is incorporated under the laws of Nova Scotia, with an Authorized Capital of \$500,000.

Company owns what is thought to be the largest deposit of pure gypsum in all Canada, the property consisting of 798 acres at Little Narrows, on the Island of Cape Breton.

Conditions are favorable for a low cost of operation, the quarry being situated close to tidewater, so that the mineral can be mined and placed at once on board vessel. Thus is the cost of transportation, usually so considerable as to be prohibitive, neatly and effectually eliminated from the equation.

The Company's engineer, an expert of reputation, estimates that the deposit contains 268,000,000 tons of pure white gypsum above drainage-level, and at least as much more below.

The capacity of the quarry, after certain extensive development work, now in course of construction, is completed, is estimated at around 300,000 tons a year. This output is capable of material increase, should conditions warrant.

The uses of gypsum, both in the crude and the refined state, are many, and there is a ready market for all that can be produced. At the present time the demand is far and away in excess of the

available supply, a condition not likely to be reversed for years to come.

The bonds are for a period of 30 years, yielding interest half-yearly at the rate of 6 per cent. Secured by a First Mortgage on all the Company's assets.

¶ The total bond issue is \$150,000 and the profits from the production of only 25,000 tons per year will be sufficient to pay the bond interest and all other expenses, and still leave a handsome surplus.

Bonds are offered at 95 per cent, or \$475 for each \$500 bond. And with each bond the buyer is allotted two shares, par value \$100.00 each, fully paid and unassessable common stock—this in order that bondholders may share in the Company's surplus profits.

The Directors are:

J. H. WINFIELD, *Manager Maritime Telephone & Telegraph Company, Ltd.; Director Maritime Trust Corporation, etc., President.*

Dr. C. F. FRASER, *Director Eastern Trust Company.*

W. H. COVERT, *K. C.*

W. F. JENNISON, *C. E.*

H. F. BETHEL, *Secretary.*

Further information and prospectus will be sent you gladly on application to the Secretary,

P. O. BOX, NUMBER 816
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

to whom applications for bonds may also be sent.

ADDENDUM:

While I do not guarantee this proposition, I do know the men behind it. They are men of character and good judgment, and from all I can learn, the enterprise is founded on good faith, with bright prospects for success.

Edwin Hubbard

YOU SUCCESSFUL MEN WHO HAVE THINGS TO SELL:

HAVE you faith in the thing you offer to mankind over the counters of our World? Yes, you have. That's why you don't hesitate to advertise the fact occasionally—modestly, of course.

¶ This is an age of honesty, courage, fearlessness. And about the only fellow who is afraid to tell folks what he can do, is the Doctor. The reason for his timidity is that he does n't know that he can do it!

One thing I can do. I can sell things—and at a profit. I have what Fra Elbertus diagnosed as "Salesmen's Itch," which is well-nigh incurable. But it's my stock in trade—the thing I'm advertising.

¶ I can sell things from sample, from catalog—or without either. I can write sales letters, ads and circulars that will fetch an order from the man you had scratched from your list, with an entry opposite, "deceased." I can't get orders from the dead, 'course, only from those you imagined dead—which is about the same thing. I can give the "Itch" to others. I can teach and be taught; give orders and obey them. I'm worth \$2,500 a year to some good firm. Your Financial Department will be glad you found me.

Address: ADAMS, care Roycrofters

WATERLOO

LITTLE BELGIUM has been a battlefield for European nations since the time of Cæsar. You recall the compliment paid them by the first man in Rome: "Horum fortissimi sunt Belgae"—

¶ One hundred years ago Waterloo was won and lost. The record of that victory and defeat is inscribed by Victor Hugo in glowing language.]

¶ It's most fitting and appropriate that you should at this crisis reread *Waterloo*, considered by many, the greatest battle-story ever written.

¶ The Roycroft Edition is a beautiful specimen of the art of bookmaking. Bound in three-quarters Levant and printed on Japan Vellum, the Price is Five Dollars

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora - - New York

CHRISTMAS SWEETS



WHEN in doubt send candy—Roycroft Pecan-Patties. You can make no mistake. The patties are a skilful blending of pure maple-syrup and new-season pecan-nuts—Nature's handiwork transformed to meet demands.

A box of these patties will add the desired finishing touch to the Christmas feast.

A special pound box wrapped and tied in festive colors will be sent to any address for One Dollar.

We will enclose your card or one of our own if you so direct.

Send your orders early and we will make shipment at the proper time.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

BONBON BOX of HAND- HAMMERED COPPER



Price, \$5.00

HERE is a Christmas gift a little different. ¶ This box has a removable glass bowl. The copper cover is modeled in Poppy Design. The box will hold a generous supply of sweets.

Inside dimensions:

Diameter, 5 inches
Height, 2¼ inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.



C.S.

Any subscriber to *THE FRA* can insert an ad, not to exceed fifty words, herein, for Five Dollars net—Cash with Order

TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

By Harry C. Morse,
A copy of this exquisite
literary gem, bound as

only. The Roycrofters know how to bind, in full flexible leather, gold-edged, with rubricated initials and beautiful typographical effects, makes an ideal Christmas gift to friend or lover and will carry to the recipient proof of the giver's refined taste. It bears a message vital to all who would be true lovers. One Dollar a copy, postage paid.
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

BEATTY'S Made in CALIFORNIA Chocolates Finest Produced

Beautiful pound and a quarter box CHOCOLATES, assorted flavors of world-famed California fruits, mailed to any address in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00. Your card enclosed if desired.

A Delicious, Delightful Souvenir of Sunny California

WM. A. BEATTY CO., Inc. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Watches

Factory-New Direct to you at the
Inside Factory Price. We save you
Dealers' Profits on Eternally Accu-
rate Elgins and Walthams. Anxious

to render conclusive proof of our broad statements, we want you to write for our new WATCH TALK, which lets you in on the ground floor; shows you the very latest Extra Thin Model Lord Elgins and Royal Colonial Walthams—Masterpieces that slip into your pocket like a silver dollar and give you a lifetime of Faithful, Continuous Service.
SUTTON WATCH CO., 208 Keller Building, LOUISVILLE, KY.

GUARANTY

We guarantee the strength, elasticity and durability of the Rubber Bands in this package to be equal to the best in the market, and will replace any bands that lose their elasticity from any other cause than exposure to the sun, artificial heat or contact with any oily substance. All our bands are made from the finest quality Rubber, carefully selected, thoroughly seasoned, and guaranteed for five years.

Date, Dec., 1914

The above slip in every package of our pure Para Red Stock Bands—any size, price, \$1.00 per pound prepaid to you.

THE DYKEMA COMPANY

Pittsburgh, Pa.



Special Parcel-Post Offer

Indian Moccasins

Great for Christmas Giving

98¢

CUNNINGLY Made, Tough Rawhide, warm felt-lined moccasins, wide-trimmed sides, pretty burnt-work fronts, unshinable values. Infants' sizes, 3 to 5, 95¢; children's, 5 to 11, \$1.05; children's, 12 to 1, \$1.15; women's, 5 to 7, \$1.25; men's, 8 to 11, \$1.35; postpaid. Catalog free.
BATES BOOTS - LANSING, MICHIGAN

Avoid Fermentation!

Learn to Make DELICIOUS UNFERMENTED BREAD without yeast, baking-powder or chemicals; 25c brings recipe.

JESSIE L. DUETSCHER

Food Expert, Dept. F.

WOODBURY HEIGHTS, N. J.

SONG OF SERVICE by Charles H. Mackintosh

Modern Rubaiyat in sixty stanzas, done onto white antique paper and bound in silk-tied boards. A splendid Christmas Gift. Boxed and mailed (Your card enclosed) to any address for One Dollar.

M. I. STEWART COMPANY, Duluth, Minn., U. S. A.

MR. FRA READER

I want some efficient help to sell my newest invention, the "Autospra Bath or Flesh Brush." Patented November, 1914. The best yet for the bathroom. Still time for Christmas orders if you answer quickly. Information ready to mail you.

J. C. HUNTER, Box 238, New Britain, Connecticut

UNCOMMON GIFTS

FROM THE HANDS AND BRAINS OF
CLEVER PEOPLE. SELECTED BY AN
ARTIST. SEND FOR CATALOG

BLACK CAT GIFT SHOP - Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

REAL MAN OR SLAVE MAN

—the latest booklet by Sidney A. Weltmer, full of help, inspiration and freedom—a practical application of Thinking to personal problems. It shows why men are slaves to their thoughts and how limiting thoughts may be displaced. Postpaid 25c. Address Dept. F. D., Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Missouri

The Golden Calf Is Now A Business Reality

No Business Offers More Profitable Opportunity than Cattle. I need a partner with ten thousand dollars, for an equal interest in two thousand acre stock farm and one hundred cattle. Northeastern Wyoming, the untamed Beef Country.

Robt. Allan Smith

NEWCASTLE, WYOMING

Cash

We pay cash for watches, diamonds, platinum, gold, silver, discarded false teeth with or without gold, any jewelry new or broken. Send by mail. We send cash at once and hold goods 10 days, returning at our expense if our offer is not satisfactory. Strictly confidential. Or save about one-half on diamonds, and jewelry in buying from us. Ask for catalog.

Liberty Refining Co., 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



For Your Health's Sake

The PHONDATE prevents transmission of disease by way of the telephone mouthpiece. A sterile, antiseptic sheet makes it impossible for anyone to put mouth into the transmitter, improves the service by affording better sound, and when changed daily means an absolutely clean phone.

Order Yours Today

One whole year's supply, 365 daily-dated, medicated sheets, one for each day of the year, packed in a neat aluminum box with holder ring attachment, sent prepaid anywhere for \$1—2 sets \$1.75—4 sets \$3.

HYGIENIC PHONDATE COMPANY

Suite 700 Spitzer Building, Toledo, Ohio

Agents Wanted



Price, \$50.00

An American Bible

Edited by Alice Hubbard

CAN AMERICAN BIBLE is a book fitted to the needs of American men and women. It holds no promise for the morrow, but help for today. This American Bible is considered by many able men as the most important book ever printed in America.

¶ The writers represented are: Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Robert G. Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elbert Hubbard.

¶ This illustration shows a special binding in Modeled Leather, designed and modeled by our artist. Price, \$50.00.

¶ Special binding, modeled in Indian-Head design. Price, \$25.00.

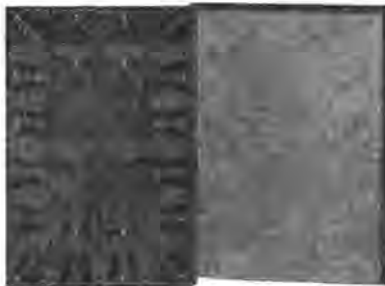
¶ Full Antique Pigskin. Price, \$10.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE ROYCROFT DICTIONARY

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

C This Dictionary is a curious compound of whimsicality and wisdom; a collection of definitions, good-natured, merry, sometimes cynical, but never bitter. It is a lexicon of laughter, a dictionary dynamo. Life is a sort of dull, drab affair anyway, and occasionally the thing turns turtle on us, thus preventing us suffering too



PRICE, \$100.00

much from introspection. Any good Roycrofter who is not in possession of a copy of *The Roycroft Dictionary* has dropped considerable gaiety out of his existence.

Special copies have been printed on Japan Vellum, with hand-illuminated borders on every page. Bound in full levant, hand-tooled.

Prices, \$40.00, \$60.00, \$70.00 and \$100.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

The Autograph Paper-Knife

A Little Preachment on Warming up the Trade

By Fra Elbertus

THIS is the open season for Christmas giving. The genus gent is just now divided roughly into two classes: Spugs and True Believers.

¶ Theoretically, I have no use for the former. I am for giving. And judicious giving is one way of making friends—and being one.

¶ If you do time at a roller-top, and indulge in the little game of business, you know, without my telling you, that most of the novelties passed around by your brothers and confreres soon find their way into the capacious maw of the wastepaper-basket, which always and forever stands ready to hand.

¶ I have received thousands of friendly tokens in my time, but never have I experienced a more genuine thrill of satisfaction than when my friend, Rollin Ansteth, of Buffalo, sent me a beautiful paper-knife, with my signature done in Sterling Silver on the handle. Here is something I will keep by me. I use a paper-knife more than any other one thing except a check-book.

¶ The picture shows the exact size of this handsome gift, which is known as the *Autograph Paper-Knife*.

¶ If I were a dealer, and wished to give Friend Prospect a token of my regard, which would at the same time keep my name constantly before him as a possible source of supplies, I do not know the gift I would present him withal, so quickly as this Autograph Paper-Knife of German Silver, with French Gray Handle and Polished Blade.

¶ You can not get without giving, and conversely, you can not give without getting. It's a poor rule that won't work going and coming.

¶ So, if you ask me to put the proposition in a cold-blooded, dollar-and-cents sort of way, I would say that putting a man's signature on one of these exquisite souvenirs was merely a preliminary to getting his name on the dotted line. And this way lies success.

¶ Why in the name of Big Business give a man some worthless gewgaw or jimcrack, when you can send him a gift that he will prize and appreciate!

¶ Here is something he will not throw away nor give away. Moreover, his name blazoned in Sterling Silver on the handle is a [prime deterrent to those who borrow your possessions in your absence. ¶ If you are interested in getting prices, write to

J. Rollin Ansteth

Wholesale Jeweler

18 Brisbane Building - - - - - Buffalo, N. Y.

Elbertus

This shows exact size of the space in which the name is to be written. In ordering, write name distinctly in this space, giving also address by Street, City and State.

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

VASETTE

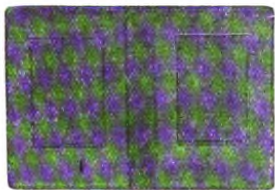


THE Roycrofters have evolved three odd little flower-holders of hand-hammered copper and glass. One is shown here. The second has a bar handle. The third consists of a copper base of one piece of copper and the glass holder.

These vasettes are intended for one or two small flowers. ¶ The height of each vasette including glass tube is four inches.

Price, Fifty Cents.

MODELED-LEATHER PHOTOGRAPH-FRAMES



Opening, 1½ x 2½ inches

Price, \$1.50.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Pig-Pen Pete OR Some Chums of Mine

By ELBERT HUBBARD



PIG-PEN PETE is a book of animal stories—twenty-three merry tales in all, of dogs, cats, chickens, guineas, horses, mules, cows, calves, birds, rabbits and lobsters.

¶ The stories are all more or less humorous, but in them is a vein of earnest appeal for gentleness, kindness and consideration toward our dumb brothers.

¶ It is a book for children and grown-ups. It is sure to appeal to any one who loves the great open, and whose heart goes out to all the living things.

¶ A few special copies have been printed on Japan Vellum and hand-illuminated.

¶ Bound in modeled-leather covers like illustration,

Price, \$25.00

¶ Individual designs in full levant, hand-tooled covers,

\$25.00 to \$150.00

The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

THE FRENCH AT THE FRONT!



For a half-century the name *French* has been the synonym of QUALITY in piano conception, construction, tonal excellence and structural beauty.

¶ The firm of French have earned a reputation of which to be proud. Their superb creations are known and appreciated everywhere. JESSE FRENCH PIANOS and PLAYER PIANOS have won their way into the hearts and homes of thousands of music-loving people, giving universal satisfaction and joy.

¶ For tonal qualities—"sweet," sympathetic and sustained—the "French" instruments are unequalled; and they stay in tune.

¶ Responsive to the lightest touch, they become almost human—fitting media for the expression of your "moods."

¶ Musical genius, expert mechanical knowledge, and exquisite craftsmanship enter into the making of JESSE FRENCH PIANOS and PLAYER PIANOS.

¶ The result is an instrument that artistically, mechanically and musically approaches the ideal.

¶ "Parlez-vous Français?" asked a Frenchman of an American tourist. "Nix! but I play one!" said the Yank.

¶ And so can you! Let us help you by sending you our Catalog from which to make your selection. It's free, and a postal will bring it.



JESSE FRENCH & SONS
- - PIANO COMPANY - -
NEW CASTLE INDIANA

NUT-SET OF HAND-HAMMERED COPPER



Price, \$10.00



LONG Winter evenings, nuts, cider and apples is an old-timey combination popular even in this day. The Roycroft Coppersmiths have fashioned a Nut-Set which will multiply the pleasures of a feast of nuts. ¶ The bowls, plates and service-spoon are in good proportions. The marks of the trusty hammers are the only decoration.

The nut-picks are of beaten copper, tipped with German Silver.

The Nut-Set has lasting beauty—and utility.

The price for the set, comprising bowl, spoon, six plates and six picks, is Ten Dollars.

The different parts can be purchased at the following prices:

Bowls	\$3.50
Nut-Picks, German-Silver Tipped, 25 cents each, six	1.50
Nut-Plates, 75 cents each, six	4.50
Nut Service-Spoon	1.50

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Spend the Christmas Holidays at the Roycroft Inn



THE ROYCROFTERS will observe Christmas this year with unaccustomed ceremony.

Would you like to be with them?

A Christmas-week itinerary, subject to change without notice, has been drawn up, as follows:

December 24th—Special illumination of the entire Roycroft grounds, in celebration of the spirit of Peace and Good-Will.

CHRISTMAS-DAY will be given over to Christmas festivities, unique and delightful.

THE EVENING of December 26th, a Musical in the Salon.

DECEMBER 27th, at 8 o'clock p. m., Elbert Hubbard will speak in the Music-Room. Also, there will be music.

DECEMBER 28th-30th—General fun and good times.

DECEMBER 31st—A supper, followed by a dance in the spacious Dining-Room.

JANUARY 1st—New-Year's Dinner, and afterward a hit-or-miss tramp through the woods to the Farm. Come prepared to be comfortable, for fun in the snow, and play with the Medicine-Ball.

We could say more about the blazing logs in the great fireplace, the cheerful rooms, fitted Roycroftie throughout, the good things to eat, the shops, the grounds, the hikes, the willowy-billowy beds; but only by coming and sharing the hospitality can you get an adequate idea of what it means to *Spend Christmas at Roycroft*.

Rates are \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day, American plan.

Roycroft Inn Booklet mailed to you free on request.

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, N. Y.

We have the equipment, and we have the teachers. The Interlaken School for Boys at Rolling Prairie, Indiana.

GLOBE-TROTTING AT HOME

THERE is no more beautiful or useful present than the "Colonial" Library Globe. I have examined this globe and consider it the finest made.

As an aid to the study of Geography and a means of keeping you in touch with world events, I know of nothing more effective and interesting than the "Colonial" Globe.

It is not necessary to travel extensively to be a Cosmopolite. Immanuel Kant wrote the *Critique of Pure Reason*, yet he was never ten miles from home in all his eighty-odd years.

Cultivate the globe habit. Learn to globe-trot in the privacy of your home. Use a globe in connection with your daily reading. You will be surprised to note how you will be running to the globe, to visualize a locality, a distance.

Locate Louvain and Liege.

Find German East Africa.

Put your finger on the Panama Canal.

Locate approximately the last resting place of the intrepid Captain Scott.

Look up Kiaochow, in China.

Unquestionably this is the finest and most distinguished library globe ever made—a beautiful and highly helpful ornament for office, school, club, library or home.

A handbook of interesting problems to be worked out with the "Colonial" is given gratis with each globe sold.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

A. J. NYSTROM & CO., Inc.,

U. S. Agents for W. & A. K. JOHNSTON, Ltd.
Makers of Master Maps since 1885
623 South Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

ON APPROVAL ORDER

A. J. NYSTROM & CO. (F 1214),
623 to 629 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Gentlemen: You may ship to.....

your "Colonial" Globe No..... at \$..... Charge to the account of.....

I place this order with the understanding that the Globe is returnable at your expense if it is not fully up to your representations.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY



You love your children—"think the world of them." Why not give them the world—this Christmas!

**Beautiful
Pleasurable
Ornamental
Educational**

A DOZEN times a day, at least, some one of the family will be consulting the globe. The "Colonial" has special claims to your consideration. I have jotted down a few of them, as follows:

Pedestal of Mahogany or Oak.

Meridian, hour-circle and all bearings of gold plate or lacquered brass.

Ball, 18 inches in diameter, covered with W. & A. K. Johnston's Globe Map, artistically colored.

Horizon shows accurately the difference in time between any two points.

Three distinct movements.

Made in special finish to match any interior woodwork.

If you were to take a Little Journey to the homes of the Forghans, Cudahys, Good-years, Cusacks and other of Chicago's good citizens you would find the "Colonial" Globe in their libraries. Why not furnish your library with one?

PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

No. 750 GM Mahogany Pedestal, Gold-Plated Meridian.....	\$100.00
No. 750 GO Oak Pedestal, Gold-Plated Meridian.....	95.00
No. 750 BM Mahogany Pedestal, Lacquered-Brass Meridian.....	87.50
No. 750 BO Oak Pedestal, Lacquered-Brass Meridian.....	82.50

GIFTS FOR THE TRAVELER

Modeled-Leather Articles which make for comfortable traveling
and which are equally useful on the dressing-table.

MANICURE-CASE



Price, \$10.00

Fitted with best imported instruments
Size, open, 6 x 10 inches

STICK-PIN AND CUFF-BUTTON CASE



Price, \$3.50

Modeled in Spanish cowhide and lined with
oese-morocco Size, open, 4 1/4 x 9 1/4 inches.

TIE AND CUFF CASE IN MODELED LEATHER



Size, closed, 7 x 19 inches

Price, \$8.00

JEWEL-BOX



Price, \$6.00

Size, 1 1/4 x 4 x 4 inches

CASE FOR TRAVELER'S CUPS

A necessary
convenience
Holds eight
waxed-paper
drinking-cups



Price, \$2.50

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE



Price, \$5.00

Size, closed, 6 x 6 inches

THE ROYCROFTERS, - EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Wholesome food and plenty combine with study, work and play, in judicious proportions, to make manly boys at the Interlaken School.

Modeled-Leather Mats

CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF MARVELOUS BEAUTY

MOTH DESIGN

THESE mats are colored in tones to harmonize with the fine woods used in library-tables.



MATS in Grape, Moth and Dragon-Fly Designs are made only in 18, 20 and 22 inch sizes.



Price, \$10.00

LOTUS DESIGN



WE can furnish mats in all sizes to 20 inches in Mistletoe, Lotus, Ivy and Conventional Designs.

THE oblong mat is made in one size only. Special sizes are made to order.

Price, \$3.50

Prices of mats ranging in size from 6 inches to 10 inches

6 inches diameter, \$.75
7 inches diameter, 1.00
8 inches diameter, 1.25
9 inches diameter, 1.50
10 inches diameter, 1.75

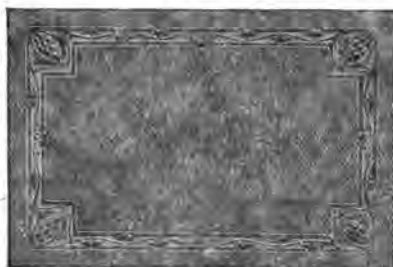
MISTLETOE DESIGN



Price, \$3.50

Prices of mats ranging in size from 12 inches to 22 inches

12 inches diameter, \$2.25
15 inches diameter, 3.50
18 inches diameter, 5.00
20 inches diameter, 7.50
22 inches diameter, 10.00



Price, \$5.00
12 x 18 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

It is no longer an experiment — our boys are well, happy, strong and useful. The Interlaken School for Boys, at Rolling Prairie, Indiana. Send for catalog.

An Order and a Letter of Appreciation

During the past year The Roycrofters have printed just six business booklets ordered in lots of a million or more.

The photographs on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

¶ We could give you some interesting facts about this order, but what's the use? The photos tell the story.

¶ As selling helps for dealers and merchandisers, these booklets, written in good-humored and entertaining style, seem to be specially prolific of good results.

Form 100

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

DEPARTMENT	PURCHASING DEPARTMENT	ORDER NUMBER
NO.	ORIGINAL	#1216
FORT WAYNE, IND.		JAN. 22, 1914.
CHECK Mr. Elbert Hubbard.		
East Aurora, N. Y.		

Please ship as the following materials viz.

Quantity	Quantity	ARTICLES	Price
1,000,000	Booklets - 16 pages, with half size insert, cover stock regular Philistine butcher's paper cover, inside regular Philistine laid paper, both inside and cover printed in two colors, full sheets 6 x 9, wire stitched, head and tail pieces in colors as you may determine.		
		U. S. O. S. East Aurora.	\$2800.00
		Delivery July 15 to Aug. 1.	

ACKNOWLEDGE PROMPTLY, and advise date of shipment.
Goods on this order to be delivered in full of the kind and quantity
OUR ORDER NUMBER must be mentioned in all correspondence and
marked on outside of each package.
Always put the number of the order on your ORIGINAL and DUPLICATE INVOICES to be on, reference to, and return them to you. Just
as soon as a Duplicate is received with full of delivery to us by the mail after
each shipment.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

By E. S. Keller.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS
MANUFACTURERS OF
Wayne Knit
HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FORT WAYNE, IND. Sept. 29, 1913.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.
My dear Mr. Hubbard:-

The "Little Journeys" are coming out to WAYNE
MILL stores. I thought you might be interested in getting
some of the comments made by these live merchants, so here
is a few.

"Have read with great interest the booklet by
Mr. Hubbard, and think it a very good piece of ad-
vertising."

"This advertising we consider aesthetically
good, being both dignified and effective."

"We consider the little advertising booklet
by Mr. Hubbard, a clever piece of work."

"We think it very clever and wish to contribute
our share."

"We highly appreciate your energetic and sensible
methods of advertising WAYNE KNIT Hosiery."

"We think the write-up of WAYNE KNIT hosiery by
Hubbard is fine, and will increase sale of same."

"I think it a very good write-up, and will make
a good ad to send out."

"We are very much impressed with it."

"Without a doubt it is an excellent write-up, and
as there are many subscribers of Hubbard in this town, we
believe the people will be interested in knowing what
he has to say about WAYNE KNIT hosiery."

To ensure you get send-offs like these frequently,
just have no doubt a few more will be welcome.

Sincerely yours,

Yours truly,

Wayne Knitting Mills.

(Letters on file, names on request.)

It is easy to manufacture, difficult to sell. This is bromidial. Some day you will be in the market for a booklet telling about your business. When that day comes, East Aurora is the place to look for original ideas and an interesting way of getting them down in black and white.

We have turned the trick for scores of progressive concerns, and we can do it for you, perhaps.

By the way, if you hanker after a copy of this booklet, written by Elbert Hubbard, you can get one by dropping a line to the Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Diximus!

THE CIGARETTE HABIT

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Q Once upon a time an Irishman was employed as one of a gang to demolish a Protestant Church. And as Fate would have it, this particular Irishman was of the Catholic faith. The foreman saw him quietly chuckling to himself, and at last the Irishman's mirth overran until he had to lean up against the wall to laugh it out. **Q** When the foreman demanded the reason for this unseemly hilarity, Pat replied, "It's because I am tearing down a Protestant Church, and being paid for it!"



Case open
Two-thirds
size

Case
closed
Actual
size

Q This is an advertisement. I accepted it for two reasons. One is because it gives me an opportunity to take a slam at cigarettes and get paid for it. Second, the order for the advertisement comes from a man for whom I have a high personal regard. He is eminently worthy—reliable, intelligent—and the proof of his intelligence lies in the fact that he subscribes for *The Fra* and *The Philistine*, and buys every Roycroft book as it appears.

Q Habits are of three kinds—good, bad and indifferent. **Q** Good habits are those that are beneficial and helpful—that tend to make a man better. **Q** Bad habits are those that are injurious in their tendency, costly, and which rob a man of his health, strength and efficiency. **Q** Indifferent habits are those that practically have no influence on a man's character, or mental and physical estate, either one way or the other. **Q** The cigarette habit is a bad habit, and very seldom will you find a man who attempts to defend it. No man ever claimed that it made a good man better; and often it makes a bad man worse. **Q** It is palliated by saying, "Oh, well, if you do not do this, you will do that!" **Q** The cigarette habit can not be classified as an indifferent habit, because it costs money to gratify it. Also, it takes time. And in some instances cigarette-smoking is offensive to certain worthy people—to say nothing of fire risks. **Q** Degenerates are usually cigarette-smokers. But it is not certain whether a degenerate is a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes, or is a cigarette-smoker because he is a degenerate. **Q** Of course it is not claimed that all cigarette-smokers are degenerates. Some are splendid men—the argument simply is that they are good men in spite of the habit. **Q** Cigarette-smoking usually begins with the youth who wants to do something smart and clever. The habit grows on him until it becomes a necessity. Then he is a "fiend."

Q Nevertheless, if you are going to use cigarettes in spite of all I say, then I pray you, carry a HAVONE. **Q** The HAVONE cigarette-case is one of the most lovely and artistic pieces of metal-work ever devised by ingenious man. **Q** The design of the HAVONE is rarely delicate, harmonious, esthetic, lovely to look upon. **Q** This cigarette-case has a curve that slips into your hip-pocket and fits your glutius maximus. It is fluted, chaste—also chased. Mine is in Havone silver-plate, gold-lined. **Q** It holds ten cigarettes, and by a clever spring invention holds them unsmashed—unbroken. You press a little key and the case flies open, and it is an invitation to your friend to have one. **Q** The HAVONE cigarette-case, in HAVONE Silver Plate, is \$4.50; in 24-karat Gold Plate, is \$5.25; in Sterling Silver, \$12.00 up. **Q** If you will not quit cigarette-smoking, then order a HAVONE, and it will tend to neutralize the nicotine in your ego, and you will be what the Venus de Milo is not—a perfect gentleman—or nearly so. **Q** There is a delightfully illustrated little book entitled, "HAVONE AUTOBIOGRAPHY." A copy of this book will be sent you on request. It gives some pictures of the HAVONE case, in various designs, with monograms, etc. Address, Dept. F.

HAVONE CORPORATION, 21-23 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK CITY

Roycroft Leather Pillows



ANTIQUE LEATHER
PILLOW

Price, \$6.00

A pillow as a Christmas gift will be appreciated by matron, college girl or man, lone bachelor or busy spinster.

With the attractive appearance of Roycroft pillows is the added quality of serviceableness.

Antique Leather Pillows	\$ 6.00
Soft Leather Pillows (two full skins)	5.00
Soft Leather Pillows, Laced Edges	6.00
Modeled-Leather Pillows	10.00



FULL SKIN PILLOW, PRICE, \$5.00

The soft leather pillows are red, gray, green, tan and brown. We have sheepskin table-covers of whole skins in the same shades.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, N. Y.

Hand-Wrought Copper Serving-Trays for the Christmas Feast



Price, \$5.00

SERVING-TRAY WITH TWO HANDLES
Diameter of Tray, 15½ inches

SERVING-TRAY WITHOUT HANDLES

Diameter of Tray, 14 inches
Price, \$4.00

SMALLER TRAY WITHOUT HANDLES

Diameter of Tray, 12 inches
Price, \$3.00

FRUIT-TRAY

Diameter of Tray, 8 inches
Price, \$1.25



Price, \$3.00

These trays are burnished to a subdued beauty, which adds to the pleasure of the service. The hammer-marks are the only decoration.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, N. Y.

Work, play, study, health — these habits are inculcated at the Interlaken School.

Special Announcement

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME is a new institution ❧ ❧

The Roycroft Shops were founded twenty years ago. The enterprise has grown steadily and surely.

Various new departments have been added from time to time, as circumstances seemed to require.

For instance, the Roycroft Inn was inaugurated in self-defense. Visitors came this way with appetites like grasshoppers, and needed accommodations ❧ We took care of them in private houses, until they got to coming in swarms, and then the Inn!



HERMAN G. WAHLIG, M. D.

G. Wahlig, a physician of experience and a man of character.

Doctor Wahlig is more interested in health than in disease. He is a fine specimen of the goods himself.

He is an out-of-door man — athletic, strong, able, sensible, friendly, with the ability to work, study, laugh and play.

If you need rest, and require a change of surroundings, with all that Roycroft suggests, and all the help that I can give you — plus the services of a skilled commonsense physician — write us. ¶ Address

Herman G. Wahlig, M. D.

Director "THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME"

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Thomas Jefferson used to entertain ten thousand people a year at Monticello. They literally ate him out of house and home, and pushed him up close to the Commissioner in Bankruptcy. Thomas Jefferson should have started a hotel.

Among the visitors at the Roycroft Inn have been many who needed physical culture. Some needed not only a trainer, but medical care.

With these we did the best we could. There was the medicine-ball, walks afield, horseback, and health talks. Dozens of folks who came on crutches walked away without them — and some ran for office.

All were benefited, just by right diet, exercise and cheerful surroundings. And now to meet the needs of those who require a bit of personal attention we have started the Roycroft Health Home, in beautiful quarters, separate and apart from the Inn.

As Director of the Roycroft Health Home we have secured the services of a gentleman for whom I have a great personal regard, Doctor Herman



A CHRISTMAS GOODIE BOX

From Farm to Family

*A Treasure Chest of Choice Things for any family; for the boy or girl at college;
for a wedding, birthday or Anniversary Present!*

*Here is
what is
in the
box:*

- Two (2) pounds of Roycroft Bacon, sliced.
- One (1) pound of Butter (*Extra Choice!*).
- One (1) bag of Butternuts and Hickory-Nuts, in a Gran'ma Laundry-Bag.
- Twelve (12) ears of Pop-Corn.
- One (1) box of Pecan Patties.
- One (1) jar of Cottage Cheese.
- One (1) jar of Mince-Meat.
- One (1) jar of Preserves.
- One (1) jar of Honey.
- One (1) roll of Ginger Cookies.
- One (1) brick of Maple-Sugar.
- One (1) loaf of Roycroft Nut-Bread.
- One (1) jar of Pickles.
- Twenty-five (25) Prize Roycroft Potatoes (wrapped)
- Twenty-five (25) York State Apples (selected)

*These potatoes are a new variety, the biggest and best ever.
—the kind that is sold in Piccadilly for a shilling each.*

Also — and here is where a special surprise comes in —

A Piece of Roycroft Art Work That Will Make Your Heart Thrill

THE Roycrofters own and operate Six farms, aggregating over five hundred acres, in the vicinity of East Aurora, N. Y. From these farms the tables of the Roycroft Inn and the Roycroft Health Home are supplied with fruits, vegetables, meats, dairy and poultry products. In addition we supply many of the Roycroft workers. ¶ We have for several years been sending a few of our Roycroft Farm products direct to friends in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and always to their great delight and satisfaction. This Goodie Box is a move to interest a few more discerning families in our Farm Products.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

THE delightful articles packed in this Box are the products of the Roycroft Farms and Shops. All are produced under the most hygienic conditions, and carefully packed by our boys and girls. Dainty, delicious, delectable!

☞ But the wonderful part is the Box itself. The idea came as a happy surprise, when one of our boys made a mortised-and-tenoned tool-box of Gumwood, and gave it a "mahogany finish," trimming with wrought metal.

☞ The whole thing was so beautiful, so complete, so satisfying, so artistic, that we just said, "Why not make one thousand more boxes just like it?"

☞ It was a big job all right, but the boys turned them out—and one of them has been reserved for you.

☞ To fill these beautiful boxes with Roycroft Farm Products came as an afterthought. If we are to ship the boxes, why not put in something attractive and valuable?

☞ The box is 24 x 14 x 12 inches. It is a delight to any boy for a tool-chest; to any girl for a "Hope Chest"; or to a grown-up for love-letters and all of those dainty nothings that you have n't the heart to destroy or give away.

☞ So there you are! Figure it up—the contents would cost 'Steen Dollars in any good gro-

cery—you get the Treasure Chest gratis.

☞ **OUR PRICE FOR THE WHOLE BOX IS TEN DOLLARS.** We ship by express, carefully crated, charges prepaid to any point East of the Mississippi. Respond and the Box goes forward the day your check is received.

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOUR
PURCHASE, IT IS MONEY BACK ON REQUEST

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

THE ARMY OF BLEEDING FEET

By Bartholomew F. Griffin

(IN "THE BOSTON NEWS BUREAU")

O'ER ruined road past draggled field,
O'er twisted stones of shaken street,
Marches an army terrible,
The army of the bleeding feet,—
Of skirted feet that now first leave
Immaculate field and kitchen floor,—
Old feet that slept beside the hearth,
Wee feet that twinkled by the door.
To strange world past the parish line
(More strange with sound and sight today),
Recruited fast at every hedge,
The gathering army takes its way.
Commanders? Aye, they trudge ahead,—
Not badge but babe on every breast.
The troops? They straggle at her skirt,
From tot to crone, in ranks ill-drest.
And uniformed,—in rusty best
From cedarn chests and linen bags;
Ah, rough the roads and chill the winds
To sabots split and sudden rags!
Equipment? Aye, 't is furnished well,
This army of the old and young,—
On shoulder bent a bundle small,
A doll from little fingers swung!
Almost complete,—it only lacks
The battle oath and cheer and song;
Save infant fret and aged sigh,
Now dumbly marches it along.
Past gaping window, roof and sill
It fares to red horizon's edge,
Past blackened furrow, hearth and fane,—
And fast it grows at every hedge!
O'er ruined road past draggled field,
O'er twisted stones of shaken street,
Marches an army terrible,
The army of the bleeding feet.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.



HERE is a distinctive-ness about Roycroft furniture that places it in a class by itself. The simplicity of design and the intent are strictly Mission—made to use and to last. The monks of the California Missions made their own furniture because they had to. Having the right idea of the simple life, and the belief that beauty and durability were best displayed in the plain, straight-line effect, they originated the now so-called Mission design. And, as they had all the time there was, they made their furniture as well as they knew how.

Roycroft furniture resembles that made by the old monks, in its simple beauty, its strength and its excellent workmanship. We use no nails—but are generous in the use of pegs, pins, mortises and tenons.

The pieces shown here are characteristic specimens of Roycroft furniture-making. They all fill a need, and you can make use of all of them. Immediate shipment can be made of any piece, or all **25 25**

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, N. Y.

Prices are F. O. B., East Aurora

Send 25 cents for our complete catalog of dining-room, library, office and bedroom furniture.

As an appreciation of your order, we will send, gratis, one of these Oak Book-Racks with any of the pieces shown on this page, provided cash accompanies the order.



Tabouret, No. 0504

12 x 12 inch top; 20 inches high
Oak, \$5.00 Mahogany, \$6.25



Wastebasket, No. 023

12 inches square at top
13 inches high
Oak, \$8.00 Mahogany, \$10.00



Footstool, No. 048

15 inches wide; 9 inches deep
9½ inches high
Oak, \$5.00 Mahogany, \$6.00



Book-Rack, No. 0116

15 inches long; 6 inches wide
Oak, \$1.50 Mahogany, \$1.75

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

by Elbert Hubbard



HE essay first appeared in *The Philistine*, run in without a caption, as not deserving special attention. In a day the first thousands who read it and were thrilled by it had sent it broadcast among friends who in turn handed it on.

¶ Since its first publication it has gone to the printer for more impressions than we can remember.

¶ The demand is still great, and to meet this The Roycrofters have just struck off another edition. This is printed in two colors, on Blandford book, with frontispiece of the author, and bound in flexible leather covers.

¶ The price is Fifty Cents.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

A Thousand and One Epigrams

By ELBERT HUBBARD



HE world rightly concedes to Elbert Hubbard the first place among orphic writers.

A generous measure of his best epigrams have been culled from the longer writings and gathered in one book.



Price, \$5.00



HIS book is a joy to see and a delight to read. ¶ It is printed in two colors on Old Stratford and bound in three-quarters levant, hand-tooled back, Morris paper sides and end-sheets.

The price is Five Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.

ROYCROFT BOOKS

IN FULL LEVANT BINDING

Hand-tooled in gold, after individual designs

A DOG OF FLANDERS, Ouida	\$ 25.00
A WILLIAM MORRIS BOOK, Hubbard and Thomson	25.00
CONTEMPLATIONS, Elbert Hubbard	35.00
FRIENDSHIP, Henry D. Thoreau	60.00
HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW, Elbert Hubbard	30.00
.	100.00
JOAQUIN MILLER, Elbert Hubbard	50.00
JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA, Elbert and Alice Hubbard	25.00
LIFE LESSONS, Alice Hubbard	35.00
LOVE, LIFE AND WORK, Elbert Hubbard	25.00
RESPECTABILITY, Elbert Hubbard	\$25.00, 30.00
SELF-RELIANCE, Emerson	25.00, 50.00
SONG OF MYSELF, Walt Whitman	25.00, 50.00
THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL, Wilde	25.00
ESSAY ON NATURE, Emerson	25.00
THE HOLLY-TREE INN, Dickens	25.00
THE LAST RIDE, Browning	150.00
THE LAW OF LOVE, William Marion Reedy	25.00
THE MAN OF SORROWS, Elbert Hubbard	\$25.00, 30.00, 35.00
.	40.00, 50.00, 100.00
THE RUBAIYAT, Omar Khayyam	125.00
THOMAS JEFFERSON, Hubbard and Lentz	25.00
WHITE HYACINTHS, Elbert Hubbard	25.00
WOMAN'S WORK, Alice Hubbard	125.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
 East Aurora, Erie County, New York State

The new Roycroft Catalog is now ready. A request from you brings a copy.



FMAN once wrote an essay on Pure Reason, and before he concluded, proved that there was no such thing. ¶However, there is a power of the mind known as reason. It can make a diagnosis of subjects, events, history, man himself, including the reasoner, which is sane, therefore wholesome and necessary. ¶Mr. M. M. Mangasarian has reasoning power which he uses on all occasions. He is a mental aristocrat, which is a higher distinction than honors which kings can bestow. ¶If you would tarry for a season in the celestial city of fine minds, read the following books, a few or all, published by M. M. Mangasarian :

VOL. I

- No. 1 St. Francis, the Second Christ.
- No. 2 Marcus Aurelius.
- No. 3 Ships that Sink in the Night, or God and the *Titanic*.
- No. 4 What Has Christ Done for the World ?
- No. 5 Lyman Abbott on Immortality.
- No. 6 Voltaire in Hades.
- No. 7 The Gospel of Sport—What Shall I Do to Be Saved ? Play !
- No. 8 A Poet's Philosophy of Happiness—Omar Khayyam.
- No. 9-11 A Rationalist in Rome. (In three parts.)
- No. 12 Jew and Christian—According to Shakespeare.
- No. 13-14 Christian Science and Common Sense.
- No. 15 A Message from Abroad.
- No. 16 The First Modern Man.
- No. 17 The Monk and the Woman in the Garden of Allah.
- No. 18 The High Cost of Living and the Higher Cost of Superstitions.
- No. 19 The Debate Between Three Clergymen and a Rationalist.
- No. 20 Rationalism and Crime.
- No. 21 Woman and Crime.
- No. 22 Was Jesus a Socialist ?
- No. 23 The Catholic Church and the Socialist Party.
- No. 24 What Is the Trouble With the World ?

VOL. II

- No. 1 Who Made the Gods ?
- No. 2 Marriage and Divorce, According to Rationalism.

THE BIBLE UNVEILED. Cloth bound, 270 pages. Price \$1.25. Postage 8c.

THE STORY OF MY MIND, or How I Became a Rationalist. Paper 50c.

A NEW CATECHISM. Fifth Edition, with Portrait of Author, \$1.00.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JESUS. IS HE A MYTH. Illustrated. Price, cloth \$1; paper 50c.

MANGASARIAN-CRAPSEY DEBATE ON THE HISTORICITY OF JESUS. 25c.

PEARLS. Brave Thoughts from Brave Minds. Paper, 25c.

Price of Single Lectures, 10c a copy.

- No. 3 The American Girl.
- No. 4 The Catholic Church in Politics.
- No. 5 Christian and Turk.
- No. 6 The Gospel According to Bernard Shaw.
- No. 7-8 Morality Without God.
- No. 9 A Letter to My Flock.
- No. 10 A Missionary Convert.
- No. 11 The Ex-Priest in Paris.
- No. 12-13 Joan of Arc.
- No. 14 Quo Vadis ?
- No. 15 Damaged Goods.
- No. 16 Books and the Social Agitation.
- No. 17 The Jesuits and Their Morals.
- No. 18-20 How Freedom of Thought Was Born. (Three Parts.)
- No. 21 What Is an Infidel ?
- No. 22 Bryan's Prince of Peace.
- No. 23 What Is an Educated Person ?
- No. 24 The Religion of Herbert Spencer.

VOL. III

- No. 1 The Religion of Goethe.
- No. 2 The Radical Woman.
- No. 3 Is the Morality of Jesus Sound ?
- No. 4 The Montessori Method of Child-Training.
- No. 5 How the Bible Was Invented.

God and Man, or the First Official Call to Prayer.

Rome-Rule in Ireland, Postlude Francisco Ferrer.

The Martyrdom of Hypatia.

The Religion of Washington, Jefferson and Franklin.

Mark Twain—the Laughing Philosopher, with a prelude on "An Open Letter to President Wilson, or Praying for Peace."

Publications of M. M. Mangasarian

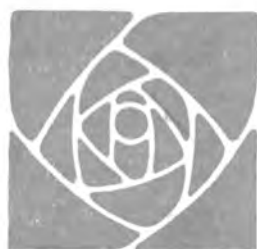
OFFICES, 922 LAKESIDE PLACE

CHICAGO

THE FRA



■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. XIV

JANUARY, 1915

No. 4



C. L. Lewis, Photographer

BRAND WHITLOCK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



*Brunswick "Baby Grand"
Pocket Billiard Style*

Confessions Of A Father

I HAVE two kiddies," says a busy Business-man of my acquaintance, "both boys, and they keep me on the hop, skip and jump, you had better believe!

When I get home from the office, there they are to greet me as I step off the trolley. One carries a ball and bat, the other a big mitt.

"Till it comes time to go in and wash up for dinner, I swat the fly with energy and vim, if not always with accuracy and precision. They ought to make me Perpetual President of the Fly-Swatters' Union.

"After dinner we used to play pinochle and auction. But not since the new Billiard-Table came. As a young fellow, I was fairly good at billiards, and I have n't altogether lost the knack yet. I consider Billiards the finest indoor

game ever devised for the entertainment of mere man, and I wanted my boys to know how, so we bought a beautiful little table on the instalment plan, and now we play billiards every evening for an hour. ¶ I have a five-foot shelf of books waiting for me, but I don't seem to find time to cut the pages. My boys keep me on the go, but they also keep me young. And when you come right down to it, anyway, playing billiards with a live boy—or with two live boys!—is a heap more fun than reading classics written in defunct languages. If you've got a boy, you know what I mean."

The Brunswick "Baby Grand," shown at the top of the page, has achieved enormous popularity. We have devised a plan whereby you can purchase this table, and pay the money at your own sweet will. The chances are that this plan will interest you. The coupon will help you to fuller information.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.,

Dept. 6-L, 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

An Advertising Creed

For 1915

By W. G. BRYAN



I BELIEVE, with one of the foremost Apostles of Advertising,

That the first requisite of success is not to achieve the dollar but to confer a benefit—and the rewards will come automatically and as a matter of course.

That when advertising makes a successful sale it must also make a friend.

That falsehood makes for friction, while truth is a lubricant.

That the fraudulent withers before the fact.

That righteousness is a form of commonsense.

That commerce is eminently a divine calling. And that business is the science of human service.

I BELIEVE, with one of the foremost Sales and Efficiency Experts,

That Advertising is a science, and the practise of it an Art worthy of one's best thought and effort.

That it pays to be a Booster always—a Knocker never—and to play the game like a Gentleman.

And that it is better to advocate a good cause with little reward than a bad one with big.

I BELIEVE, with one of the foremost Advertising Writers,

That an Advertisement is great or little as a whole, not because of certain paragraphs.

That men forget the wording in a moment.

That they must not forget the impression.

That the greatest stories are most simply told.

That the story of the crucifixion as told by Saint Matthew is the greatest story told in any language.

And that never was a story told more simply or with less affection.

I BELIEVE, with one of the foremost Public-Service Corporations,

That "The Voice With the Smile Wins."

That when talking through type, as with the telephone, it pays to remember that the smile on the face, the twinkle in the eye, are invisible to our audience.

That this being so, it is well to try to put the smile and twinkle in the tone.

And that a careful choice of words will enhance the value of what we say—never forgetting that scolding is non-productive of quick results.

I BELIEVE, with one of America's foremost Merchants,

That if there is one enterprise on earth that a "quitter" should leave severely alone, it is advertising.

That to make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom.

That advertising does not jerk—it pulls. And that the pull, though gentle at first, is steady and increases day by day and year by year until it exerts an irresistible power.

I BELIEVE, with the Associated Advertising Clubs of America,

That truth is the cornerstone of all honorable and successful business—truth not only in the printed word but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication and dissemination of advertising.

That there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller of advertising or advertising materials.

That as Government agencies insist on "full-weight" circulation figures, so should they insist on "full-weight" delivery in every economical transaction involved in advertising.

I BELIEVE, with other wise men,

That life is what we make it—and that business is a big part of life.

That unless we are in it to win, it is better not to be in it at all.

And that the man who labors for the love of it is the man who is doubly paid.

That advertising is the fire under the boiler of business, and we must keep these fires hot if we expect to attain and maintain success.

That one step won't take you very far—you've got to keep on walking.

That one word won't tell folks who you are—you've got to keep on talking.

That co-operation is the most far-reaching business word in the English language.

That to live up to its full meaning is to profit by advertising's mightiest power.

And that in advertising, as in all things, success has no foe but fear—no limitations save those that are our own.

That, therefore, courage and confidence and energy in advertising are as sure to win—as sure to bring prosperity to us in the New Year—as the dawn of tomorrow brings a new day.



Resolved

That a set of
"Homer Laughlin" China will result in a greater
degree of solid concrete satisfaction than any other
one thing costing a like amount of money, you can purchase
for 1915. ¶ Habit and hunger bring us around the table three
times a day, as per the reliable old Arabic motto which reminds us
that "*neither joy nor sorrow is enduring—you go ahead and eat!*"
¶ The quality of the feast is more likely to be keyed by the quality of
the dinnerware than by the quality of the food served up.

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

Made in the world's largest pottery, is beautiful, durable and marvelously inexpensive. Dealers of the better sort carry Homer Laughlin, and will gladly show you a wide range of exquisite patterns—all open stock. Let the "Homer Laughlin" trademark, found on the underside of each dish of sufficient size, be your infallible guide in buying china for the home.

¶ As a preliminary step, send now for a copy of *The China Book*, an attractive Art Brochure in eleven colors. It is sent free to all readers of *THE FRA* who apply.

The Homer Laughlin
China Company,
Newell, W. Virginia

and then suddenly pose as gazelles.

"No; when Europe and America come to settle a treaty that will end this business—for America is concerned in it as much as we are—they will not deal with us as lovable, innocent victims of a treacherous tyrant and savage soldiery. They will have to consider how these two incorrigibly pugnacious and inveterately snobbish peoples, who have snarled at one another for forty years with bristling hair and grinning fangs, and who are now rolling over with their teeth in one another's throats, are to be tamed into trusty watchdogs of the peace of the world.

"I am sorry to spoil the saintly

WHO is to blame for the war? We, all of us, according to George Bernard Shaw. He says:

"When the German fire-eaters drank to 'The Day,' they were drinking to the day of which the Navy League fire-eaters first said, 'It's bound to come.' Therefore let us have no more nonsense about the Prussian wolf and the British lamb, the Prussian Machiavelli and the English evangelist. We can not shout for years that we are boys of the bulldog breed

image with a halo which the British jingo journalist sees just now when he looks in the glass, but it must be done if we are to behave reasonably in the imminent day of reckoning.

¶ "However, the immediate responsibility for the war lies chiefly with Austria and Germany.

¶ "The ultimatum to Servia was the escapade of a dotard and a worse crime than the assassination that provoked it. Peace was really on the cards. The sane game was to play for it. ♣ ♣

"Instead, Germany flew at France's throat and by incidentally invading Belgium gave us the excuse that our militarists wanted to attack her with the full sympathy of the nation ☹☹☹

"What then was England to do?

"Now comes the question in what position did this result of a mad theory and a hopelessly incompetent application of it on the part of Potsdam place our own Government?

It left us quite clearly in the position of a responsible policeman of the West. There was nobody else in Europe strong enough to chain the mad dog ☹☹☹

"It was evidently England or nobody; there was no possible alternative ☹☹☹

"But the present war is a war on war.

"We are supporting it. Why?

"As a war on war, on military coercion, on domineering and bullying, on brute force, on military law, on caste, on insolence, on what Mrs. Fawcett called 'insensate deviltry,' only to find the papers explaining apologetically that she as a lady had of course been alluding to war made by foreigners and not by England ☹☹☹ Some of us, remembering the things that we ourselves have said and done, may

doubt whether Satan can cast out Satan, but as the job is not exactly one for an unfallen angel we may as well let him have a try."

THE experiment of woman suffrage will be made, whatever our theories and prejudices may be. Women are the most religious, the most moral and the most sober portion of the American people, and it is not easy to understand why their influence in public life is dreaded.—*Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding.*

Victor Record
of "Celeste Aida"
sung by Caruso



Caruso
as Rhamesses
in Aida



Photo Bert,
Paris

Both are Caruso

The Victor Record of Caruso's voice is just as truly Caruso as Caruso himself.

It actually *is* Caruso—his own magnificent voice, with all the wonderful power and beauty of tone that make him the greatest of all tenors.

Every one of the hundred and twenty Caruso records brings you not only his art, but his personality. When you hear Caruso on the Victrola in your own home, you hear him just as truly as if you were listening to him in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you Victor Records by Caruso or any other of the world's greatest artists. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berlioz Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors





The SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness

Edited by
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
and H. L. MENCKEN

The features of the January number of The Smart Set:

¶ A novel complete novel by **Robert Vale**, entitled, "**The Funeral King**"—a story that will stimulate you to an hour's laughter.

¶ "**The Bureau of Exchange of Trouble**," by **Lord Dunsany**—the latest story from the pen of this illustrious Irishman.

¶ "**First and Third Tuesdays**," by **Charles Hanson Towne**—a story of one of New York's most familiar off-Avenue salons.

¶ "**Simple Suzanne**," by **Elinor Maxwell**—the story of the turmoil created at a smart house party by a highly proper young chicken.

ELTINGE F. WARNER, Publisher
ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS
Beware of the Several Cheap Imitations



their mothers and wives and sisters by this time. The women deserve a change of attitude like that, for they have wrought well. In forty-seven years they have swept an imposingly large number of unfair laws from the statute-books of America. In that brief time these serfs have set themselves free—essentially. Men could not have done so much for themselves in that time without bloodshed—at least they never have; and that is argument that they didn't know how. The women have accomplished a peaceful revolution, and a very beneficent one; and yet that has not convinced the average man that they are intelligent and

A STANDING argument against woman suffrage has always been that women could not go to the polls without being insulted. The arguments against woman suffrage have always taken the easy form of prophecy. The prophets have been prophesying ever since the woman's-rights movement began in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight—and in forty-seven years they have never scored a hit.

Men ought to begin to feel a sort of respect for

have courage and energy and perseverance and fortitude. It takes much to convince the average man of anything; and perhaps nothing can ever make him realize that he is the average woman's inferior, yet in several important details the evidences seem to show that that is what he is. Man has ruled the human race from the beginning—but he should remember that it was a dull world; but it is not such a dull world now, and is growing less and less dull all the time.—*Mark Twain*.

THE subject of Salesmanship is one that has been well exploited; I might say, viciously so.

A little book entitled, *Successful Selling*, by E. Leichter, however, treats this matter in a unique, interesting and distinctly human way. Speaking of personality as a salesman's asset, he says:

"A young seller, a very glib and delightful speaker, approached a farmer, who, leaning over his hayfork, listened eagerly to the fluent presentation. This presentation was more gripping in its manner of delivery than its lead to the object. The farmer fell quite in love with the young man and watched him as he would a clever performer. 'Come into the house,' he said eagerly, 'I must show you to my wife. Talk for her, too, will you?' And likewise the farmer's wife quite approved of the young man. As he was not for sale, however, no sale was made."

The book is a handy mental monitor for the salesman—good-humored, good-natured stuff, that is worthy of your attention. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, are the publishers, and the price is fifty-four cents.

His Will-Power Pulled Him Through!

The doctors had given up hope. Every medical aid known to science had failed. The end seemed only a question of hours. But the man rose up and said, "I will live—I WILL live." And he did. He had been at death's door, but by sheer force of will he had refused to be drawn in.

Everyone of us has heard of cases of this sort—any doctor can quote a number of just such instances showing the wonderful power of that God-given faculty called the Will when developed to its full possibilities.

But it is not only in the great crises of life that the vital need of will-power is felt, it is in everyday life—in business as well as in the home.

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement.

Show me a big successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time—whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor or fighter. The problems which baffle you right now will find an easy solution if you but train your will to that end.

How to Strengthen the Will

Latent in all normal human beings—is will-power waiting to be developed and trained? Is some it is stronger than in others without conscious training. But in ninety-nine out of every one hundred people the will is dormant—inactive—undeveloped, from lack of use. The trouble is that we carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance, instead of asserting ourselves, until we finally become unable to use our own will.

■ If you carried your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a spoon. The same is true of the will, it weakens like a muscle when not used, and just as you could quickly strengthen your arm by intelligent exercise, so can you strengthen your will by intelligent exercise and use.

Scientists all agree on the truth of this statement, but never until now has a systematic, practical method for training the will been perfected.

"Power of Will"

By Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D.

The author is a scientist whose name ranks with Royce, Bregson and James. "Power of Will" is the only scientific course in will training, and is the result of twenty years of research and study. While contained in a single volume, this course consists of twenty-eight simple, practical lessons which anyone can easily study and master—



Pelton Publishing Co., 20 Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO., 20 Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" without charge. I agree to remit \$3.00, or remit the book in 5 days.

Name

Address

City

State



for it not only tells what to do, but shows how to do it and provides the necessary exercise to develop the will into a faculty of irresistible power.

Over forty thousand intelligent men and women of all ages are using "Power of Will." It has helped such master men as Ben B. Lindsey; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; Asst. Postmaster General Britz; General Manager Christus of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, Vice-President Art Metal Construction Co.; Chas. W. Mears, Advertising Manager of Wintou Motor Co.; and literally thousands of other successful men of affairs. What it has done for these men and \$0,000 besides, it will do for you.

You Can Accomplish What You Will.

Any reasonable ambition can be realized. Man can accomplish what he wills, if his will is trained to that end. "Power of Will" shows you just what to do to get results—it enables you to become master of yourself, master of others—master of circumstance—master of your own destiny, instead of being the blind tool of others—a cog in a wheel. It provides a purpose in life and shows how to accomplish that purpose surely and quickly. It can easily mean the difference between failure and success, between sickness and health, yes, and even between life and death.

Send No Money—Examine Book First.

The price of "Power of Will" is only \$3.00. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford not to own it. Send no money now. Simply send the attached coupon, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. You can keep it five days. If at the end of five days, you do not want it, mail it back. Tear out the coupon now, before you turn the page and forget. This announcement may not appear in this magazine again.

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Four Factors on Which It Depends.
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How to Overcome Indecision.
How Permanent Influence Over Others is Secured.
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How to Maintain the Central Factors of Bodily Health.
How to Secure Steady Nerves.
First Principles of Success.
How the Will Acts, etc., etc.

What Readers Say

"The first thing I happened upon when I opened this book was 'Some diseases of the Imagination' and I tell you that chapter alone is worth ten times the price of the book. I wish such a volume had come into my possession 25 years ago."—Thos. O'Connor, 270 Fremont Ave., San Francisco.

"It is the greatest book I ever looked into. The testimonials regarding it are inadequate as to its merits. It has startled me already—though I have read only a few chapters."—Rev. A. Turkington, Blanchesville, Ohio.

"One of the greatest books ever written."—Emil H. Bensch, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada.

"The book backs up every statement and claim made in your advertising."—J. Munroe, 4510 Broadway, Galveston, Texas.

THINK on thy wants, on thy faults. Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shown thee. Think also on life—how short it is, how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses; how much which it is easy either to bear or chase away; and think how the power of affection can make all things right.—*Frederica Bremer.*

The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Learn How to Read these Faces



**If you are a good judge of character
—I can make you a better one**

IN spite of your ability to judge men you have made many a mistake during the past year. These mistakes were costly, maybe. You could have avoided them. You will avoid them in the future if you learn from me the accurate.

Science of Character Analysis

Taught by Mail by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford

I HAVE saved large firms thousands of dollars in selecting men. I have trained assistants who are now earning large salaries as employment experts with great corporations. For years letters by the thousands have come in demanding instruction.

At last the Review of Reviews Company suggested that I put the science in such form that you could study it by mail.

Send the coupon promptly and you will be in time to be enrolled.

I have spent years in studying and analyzing character. I have been a practicing physician. From sciences of psychology, physiology, biology, anthropology and anatomy, I have

evolved a new Science. I have put this Science through a most rigid test. I have analyzed over 100,000 people.

I have "sized-up" thousands of prospects for jobs, and I tell you that the judging of people is not a gift, or a special talent of my own; it is a science based on facts that you can learn and that you can apply with just as much success as I can.

I will teach you why your eyes are blue or brown; why your face is convex; why the texture of your hair is coarse or fine, and how all these things affect you in the choice of your business.



What You Learn from the Course

How to judge all people.

How to understand yourself, and decide what you are best fitted to do.

How to sell goods by understanding your customer.

How to judge the aptitudes and abilities in your children.

How to have social ease. How to read the secrets that men reveal in eyes and face and hand.

I can teach you to judge your client, your jury, your congregation, your assistant, your employer, your employee, your guests, the man you meet casually at a dinner table, and the man, who, as your partner, may make a success or a failure of your business ventures.

Only a limited number of students can be taken. Send coupon for whole story FREE before the rolls are filled up.

Katherine M. H. Blackford

Review of Reviews Company 30 Irving Place, New York

KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD

Review of Reviews Company

30 Irving Place New York

Please send me full information regarding your Science of Character Analysis. I wish to have the complete course. The specific use for which I wish it is the following.

(I had an X marked the line of greatest interest to you.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | To employ help. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | To select my own vocation. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | To decide my children's future. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | To help me socially. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | To sell goods. |

Name.....

Address.....

to Catholics, or the Jews to the two denominations? Would the property-holding classes submit to the decision of the wage-earning classes, or the native-born to that of the foreign-born, or vice versa? Men of all classes consider the suffrage as "the right protective of all other rights," and they would never consent that their possession of it should be decided by other men, no matter what their qualifications for deciding wisely and justly.

This, however, is precisely the condition imposed upon the women of the United States, that while they possess exactly the same citizenship as men, they can have no voice in the

IS there any class of male citizens in the United States that would be willing to allow all other classes to pass upon the question of its enfranchisement and acquiesce in the result? To put the question in more definite form, would the Catholics consent to allow the men of all other or of no religious denominations to decide by balloting whether they should have the franchise and be themselves debarred from voting at this referendum? Would Protestants accept such a referendum

Government until a majority of men give their written permission at the polls? Their disadvantage is much greater than would be that of a disfranchised body of men, for, added to the reluctance of any class to share its power are the tradition, prejudice, and custom of the ages opposed to granting women any civic or political recognition. The constitutions of the States were made by men alone; they gave the vote only to "male" citizens; women can not be included except

by amending the constitution. It can be amended in but one way; the Legislature, composed entirely of men, elected by men only, must submit the amendment to an electorate consisting wholly of men. On their decision rests absolutely the enfranchisement of women.—*Ida Husted Harper.*

WOMEN are today and always have been the mainstay and chief support of the churches, and the leaders in all great moral reforms; yet, as a disfranchised class, they are powerless to aid in bringing about any reforms that depend upon legislative or governmental action, and the church is thereby deprived of more than two-thirds of its power to help extend civic righteousness throughout our land. Now that there is a worldwide movement among women to demand their political rights and political power to be able to do their part in the world's work, they have a right to ask and to receive from ministers, and from all Christian people, support and help in agitating for this greatest of all reforms.—*Mary E. Craigie.*

Righteousness is wise expediency.

The Santa Fe

is the only line to both expositions

Four trains a day, including *California Limited*
 The *Santa Fe de Luxe* (extra fare) weekly in winter - Visit *Grand Canyon of Arizona* en route

On request will send you our Panama Expositions and California trains folders.

W. J. BLACK, Pass Traffic Manager
 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
 1044 Railway Exchange, Chicago

"Two fairs for one fare"

Santa Fe **California 1915** **San Francisco**
 All the way **Panama Expositions** San Diego

WOMAN suffrage will not come until women cease to think of it as a scrabble, a quibble, and a desire to be like men. Intelligent women see in woman suffrage a great opportunity to work, a great opportunity to help men solve the problem of the race.

—*Everett Colby.*

Our whole social life is in essence but a long, slow striving for the victory of justice over force.—*John Galsworthy.*

Suppose the Apollo does cost us both a little more.

If you want to know *why* the Apollo
Player Piano readily sells at a slightly
higher price than any other make,
write for our literature.

MELVILLE CLARK
PIANO COMPANY
402 FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO.



—first aid to efficiency

The Corona is a capital first aid to efficiency. It stands for everything you require in a writing machine.

The Corona is an ideal machine for personal use, either at home or while traveling. It is simply and strongly made. Light and compact. Easy to operate. Very attractive in appearance.

The

CORONA

is especially popular with literary people and private secretaries; lawyers, doctors, traveling men and clergymen; teachers, newspaper men, scholars and college students.

The Corona weighs only 6 pounds and occupies but little more space than a large camera. Send for complete details. Simply ask for Booklet No. 12.

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
GROTON, N. Y.

New York Salesroom: 141 W. 42nd St. at Broadway
Agencies in leading cities of the world

BABSON South American SERVICE

Our Mr. Babson sails on January 20th for a comprehensive trip around South America, per S. S. Kroonland, in order to inaugurate a confidential service for United States manufacturers and merchants which will give the real facts concerning trade opportunities and credit conditions on this Southern Continent.

¶ Those contemplating such a trip and all who cannot personally spare the time, who have *some special question which they would like answered or special mission which they would like performed*, are urged to subscribe for this new service. *For terms and other particulars address*

Dept. F-44-A of

THE BABSON STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION

Advisory Block — Wellfleet Hills, Mass.

Largest Trade Organization of its Character in America.

Keeping Tab on the Ticket

USED to clerk in a grocery where a twelve-year-old boy stole eggs from us at the back door and brought them around in front and sold us our own property —

He kept this up for a year, and he might have kept it up indefinitely had he not taken in a partner and tried to do a wholesale business.

But the day of reckoning came, and ever afterwards Johnny and his pal were known as "a couple of fresh yeggs."

Every business suffers from "leakages" — petty pilferings that annoy and aggravate.

In order to avoid these leaks there must be a system that will locate them, or, better still, eliminate the possibility of their occurrence.

My attention has been called to two ingenious devices that forever forbid petit larceny in connection with the selling of, and accounting for, tickets at places of amusement. One of these machines is a ticket-seller, and the other is a ticket-mutilator.

The ticket-seller registers *every* ticket sold, and prevents tickets being sold through any other medium.

¶ The old way permitted the enacting of a little drama between the cashier and the doorkeeper that was not billed by the proprietor — yet one which he nevertheless paid for!

A "full-to-capacity house" did not always insure a correspondingly big box-office return.

But often it did mean a "full"-to-capacity cashier — wearily wending homeward his wobbly way after "hours."

And the S. R. O. sign was the sure earnest of the doorkeeper hanging out the S. O. S. ticket next morning — his tongue like a piece of flannel and with a breath like a buzzard.

With this excellent machine, which sells its tickets honestly, the law of diminishing returns is rendered inoperative. It keeps tab on every ticket, counts without a mistake, rings true every time.

Also, it delivers the ticket gracefully, neatly, and with dispatch —

To have the ticket-seller tear off an uneven, scraggy "scrap of paper" and deliver it like an ultimatum is calculated to destroy your peace of mind.

The ticket-seller cuts off a perfect ticket, presents it in an upright position to you, and it is a positive pleasure to accept the clean, fresh, unsoiled strip. You feel as if you had got something besides a piece of paper — a sympathetic service.

A step brings you to the ticket-mutilator — a well-made, artistic box — into which you drop your ticket. A turn of a crank and it disappears between the knives in the interior and the ticket's life is ended forever. It is perfectly annihilated!

And having chopped,
The ticket is destroyed;
Not all the touts can make a sale of it!

The Allies are put to rout!

To be indicted is bad, to be convicted is worse, but to work under suspicion is *hell*!

Moving-picture managers, amusement-house proprietors and theater-managers owe it to their employees as well as to themselves to install devices that will put dishonesty at a discount and eliminate the chances of its happening, and at the same time relieve the atmosphere of the oxygen of suspicion.

Such devices are efficient, reliable, and in every way satisfactory to both management and helpers.

They are time, temper and character savers.

And they give you peace of mind — and save the "pieces."

If you are a showman, write for literature to the
AMUSEMENT SALES CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



This Watch Cost \$50,000 New Thin Model

Ingersoll

Dollar Watch

Including the cost of the new machinery it took to make it—the first of the new thin model Ingersolls cost over \$50,000!

Fifty thousand dollars invested just to make the dollar watch a little better-looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very *many* watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the thousands of you who *are* buying them every day—that enable us to spend more on the mere *improvement* of this, the lowest-priced watch in the world, than can be spent in the *creation* of the expensive watches made for the few.

The result is a wonderful little time-keeping machine, ticking away the seconds at the rate of 360,000 beats a day—and never skipping one.

Jolted and turned over and handled, looked at and tested and counted on time after time every hour;—treated as no other machine is treated;—its hundred and twenty-eight parts so harmoniously designed, so accurately made, as to fit into the smallest possible space, the Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for a dollar, a product worth a year of a skilled watch-maker's time for half the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage. See the new thin Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by laying in one to have as your own.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Ave., New York

That's the way I look at this voting business. I don't believe the average woman wants to vote at all. I think the average woman has so much to do now that it is all she can manage to keep from having nervous prostration before she's forty, and I do wish she didn't have to have the extra burden of politics and the understanding of politics put upon her shoulders.

But wishes are not horses, and beggars do not ride these days.

¶ The appalling number of women who earn their own livings and the livings of two or three others dependent upon them answers the voting question—before it's even asked.

The average woman doesn't

WOMEN work these days. They don't stay at home and read novels or do tatting; they come downtown, either to buy the baby a new pair of shoes or to get a new nutmeg-grater for the kitchen, or to go down to the office and earn a living—and most of them don't go in carriages.

They walk part of the way and ride the rest of the way in a crowded street-car; so they can't dress as they want to—they dress as they must.

want to vote, but the average woman will have to vote—just as long as she has to work.

It's the only way she can get equal wages, equal hours and fair treatment.

I wish it were not so. I wish all women were protected and taken care of. But they are not, and the world is as it is and not as it ought to be, and so we must face it, we women, as well as all other human beings.

“Would not political differences between husband and wife have a tendency to increase the

business of divorce courts?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't believe so. A man and a woman who want to quarrel will find plenty of excuses for quarreling without dragging politics into the matter at all.

I do not think that the records of the suffrage States show any more divorce cases than the records of the States where the women are not allowed to vote.

Woman suffrage isn't much of a question any longer; it is almost an established fact, like the heavy-soled shoes and the sensible skirts and the shirt-waists and the other badges of hard work which are worn, and worn not always willingly, but always of necessity, by the modern woman.—*Winifred Black.*

A Woman's Work is NEVER Done These Days in Part by Mechanical Maids

THE LATEST and one of the MOST ATTRACTIVE is

London Tea Bob

"The intelligent Tea Pot"

AUTOMATICALLY BREWS PERFECT TEA



HERE 'S nothing to do but start it—just tea leaves and boiling water. When the leaves are perfectly steeped, an AIR FLOAT automatically lifts the tea leaves out of the liquid.



Brewing the Tea

There 's no bother of timing the steeping; nor of warming another teapot; nor of pouring the liquid off the leaves. No fussing with dripping tea strainer. The TEA BOB does all this for you—giving you the service of a MORE than careful cook—an English servant trained to perfection in the art of brewing tea.



When the Tea is Brewed

There is nothing about the BOB that is likely to get out of order; just an attractive earthenware pot of special shape, that is easily replaced if broken. It is fitted with a German Silver collar that holds the tea-basket—a simple but really wonderful tea-basket. You merely put the tea leaves in this tea basket—pour in the boiling water—then forget it until ready to serve. At the very instant you would commence to pour the liquor off the leaves—if you stood over each brew with a stop-watch—the tea-basket starts to rise, and quickly lifts the tea leaves out of the liquid.

It stops the steeping and holds it, ready to pour when wanted. And no matter how much pains you take you cannot more than equal its full-flavored tanninless brew.

OUR GUARANTEE is that you will like tea the BOB brews for you better than that you brew for yourself. The OPINION that we want is yours alone.

TEA BOBS are now made in many styles and sizes—\$2.00 up. FREE BOOKLET sent on request.

THE BEVEFUSER CO., 34 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
Send TEA BOB booklet

Name

Street and No.

Town and State

Best Seller, family size
Casserole ware ... \$2.50

The Bevefuser Comp'y
34 Oliver Street, BOSTON, MASS.

NOW is certainly a most excellent time for the American people to find out how much they can do for themselves of the things they have been depending upon foreign workmen to do. We not only can, but must, find out now whether or not this nation can stand firm on its own two hundred million feet and make its own inventions to meet its own necessities and provide its own luxuries, and

at the same time feed and clothe a great part of the rest of the world. We have the youth, energy, capital, will, the men and women to do these things.—*John Wanamaker.*

BELIEVE the basic conditions in this country are extremely good, and I believe that after the people become accustomed to the war headlines in the papers and settle down, business conditions in this country are going to be of great benefit to us.—*Hugh Chalmers.*



WHEN you advertise in *The Fra*, you address an audience of kindly, cultured people who have both brains and money. The combination spells success. Go to!—what more would you!

Elbert Hubbard

richly endowed than his with the opportunity for full development. That responsibility man in ordinary circumstances takes with a good deal of philosophy, being much disposed to get all he can, and let woman help herself to such a share of it as she is inclined to convert to her use. This method seems to work pretty well. I think the great majority of American women are still as nearly satisfied with it as they hope to be with things in this world. But a very considerable fraction of them in England and a very active, if not considerable fraction, of them here, insist, nowadays, that their life is not as full nor their opportunities as

ARE votes for women worth while? It is not exactly man's business to decide, though he and his vote constitute the machinery by which the decision will be made, if it ever has to be made at all. Man's business, as it concerns woman, is to provide, in so far as it lies in him, that she shall not regret being born into this world a woman and not a man. His concern is to see that she has, in so far as he can manage it, as full and satisfying a life as he has himself, a life unlike his, but not less

ample as they should be, and that they won't be until woman gets the right to vote.

This disposition, when it has gone on long enough and been expounded with sufficient vigor on enough platforms and in enough newspapers, tends after a while to make man a bit uneasy, and brings him into the condition of continually taking stock of himself and his belongings to see what he has got that woman wants, and whether he has got enough to satisfy her. ¶ For every wise man knows

that one of the things most worth while is to command the active, willing and intelligent co-operation of women in the management of human affairs. He must have it. There is no price, consistent with human progress and the persistence of humanity, that is too great for him to pay for it. If woman ought to have an immediate, instead of an indirect, share of political power, of course it is only a matter of time when American women will have it. In the long run, nothing that they want is going to be denied them that is in the gift of American men.

—E. S. Martin.

TODAY, more than at any other time since the beginning of the world, the producer should be in the saddle. He it is who is the maker of all good and the leader in all progress. It is his enterprise and hard work which have made possible the prosperity that Americans today enjoy. It is commerce—that is, production and distribution—that has given America her proud place among the nations.—David M. Kirk.

A pessimist is one who sees two evils where but one exists, and accepts them both.—Seth Low.

If you are thirty years old



the small sum of \$2.01 (monthly) secures for you a policy for \$1000 in the Postal Life Insurance Company—a standard legal-reserve Whole-Life Policy, with guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up and Endowment Options, and participation in the Company's surplus earnings; but the Policy will cost you only \$1.61 (monthly) during the first year, for you get the benefit of a saving from the agent's commission because you deal direct. In every subsequent year the earning is nine and one-half per cent. of the premium.

That's an example of Postal service and Postal saving.

All other companies in the United States employ large forces of agents, and the policyholder necessarily foots the bill.

But the Postal Life has no agents at all. It does business direct with those who desire insurance-protection, and the benefit of the saving thereby effected is given to the person who takes out the insurance.

Strong Postal Points

First: Standard policy reserves, now more than \$9,000,000. Insurance in force more than \$45,000,000.

Second: Old-line legal reserve insurance—not fraternal or assessment.

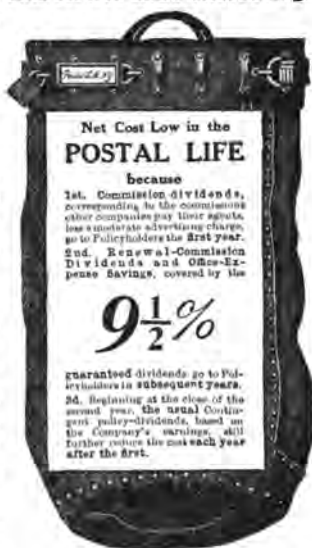
Third: Standard policy-provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict New York State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year if desired.

Of course, you are interested in insurance protection, and it is therefore worth while for you to



Find Out What YOU Can Save at YOUR Age

Simply write and say: Mail official insurance particulars as per advertisement in THE FRA for January

And be sure to give: 1. Your full name, 2. Your occupation, 3. The exact date of your birth.

And bear in mind. No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life does not employ them but gives you the benefit of the agent's commission because you deal direct.

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT

(Thirty-five Nassau Street, NEW YORK)

It is absurd that woman should be considered inferior to man from a political standpoint. In these days most questions are settled by popular opinion. Why, then, should the saner—certainly the soberer—half of humanity be silent? It is neither reasonable nor logical.

—Lucie Felix Faure.

I have already put myself on record in favor of votes for women. I stand for equal rights in all things for both sexes.—Marcel Prevost.

The Inside of the Cup



IF you hanker after a cup of real coffee, supremely satisfying from the psychological "money" on top right down to the "ground" floor, stop off at the Roycroft Inn and sample *Old Master*, the blend that tastes like more. Here is coffee in which there are no grounds for complaint. A hotel is known by the coffee it serves, just as a man is known by the company he keeps, and a woman by the cut of her haberdashery. The hotel that boasts good beds, good pic, and good coffee will get the business. We have all three at the Roycroft Inn, and our bellhops work in eight-hour shifts.

In closing let me quote from an old handbill I once saw in the British Museum. It was published in the Seventeenth Century and reads as follows.

"It (coffee) much quickens the spirits, and makes the heart lightsome. It is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way."

In point of aging, roasting, cleaning, and "blend," *Old Master* has no equal. Ask for *Old Master*, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and GET IT!

THE BOUR COMPANY
MASTER MAKERS OF OLD MASTER COFFEE
TOLEDO KANSAS CITY

When You Build A Home Do Not Fail To Install



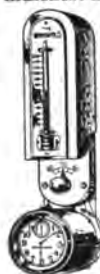
THE MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
The Heart of the Heating Plant

KEEPS the temperature in the house exactly as desired, day and night, regardless of outdoor conditions and variations.

The time attachment enables one to secure a change of temperature at any predetermined hour. For example, at bedtime the indicator is set for a lower temperature during the night hours, with the time attachment arranged for a change at, say, 7 a. m. At the hour thus set the indicator moves to 70 and the rooms are

warm at the time to arise. This morning change takes place automatically and silently, and with model No. 60 both time and temperature change operate eight days with one winding.

The perfect service of this device insures healthful temperatures, fuel economy, and does away with all attention to drafts and dampers. Used with any heating plant. Sold and guaranteed by the heating trade everywhere. Write for Booklet



Model No. 47
1-day clock



Model No. 60
8-day clock

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

Factory and General Offices:

2780 Fourth Avenue, South - - - Minneapolis, Minn.

THE GIFT FOR HER

Pearl String
16 inches long



At Your Jeweler
\$10

LA TAUSCA Perles de Geylon

The most sought of all gems—priceless oriental pearls, perfectly reproduced. Always in fashion. Appropriate on all occasions. If your jeweler cannot supply you, write us to have your order filled. Send for Free booklet.

Other La Tausca Qualities from \$3.00 per string to \$100.00 per string

THE LOW-TAUSSIG-KARPELES CO. PROVIDENCE, R. I. or NEW YORK, N. Y.

Banishing Worry and Fear-Thought

THERE is relief for you in Books—not Drugs. Mental worry, fear-thought, dread, wrong-thinking, make you unfit—sick—suffering. Dope and drugs have failed. Now try books. Your own mind can set you right if you get help you need to think right.

Don't confuse this with "mental healing", "faith cure", or Christian Science. Send your name and address for a big, illustrated, free circular that tells vital facts helpful to all who worry, who are sick, or who are held back from greatest achievement.

Your trouble is not physical—it's mental. Books, not drugs, effect a cure.

Parks Book Co., 255 Madison Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Do You Know



EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M.

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Dept. 825, Holyoke, Mass.

the eight psychological principles which when applied unlock the door to success in any line for which one has aptitude? Edward B. Warman, A. M., makes them plain in a booklet which is given with 3 months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS Magazine

ALL FOR 10 CENTS
NAUTILUS is the leading magazine of the New Thought and Mental Healing movement. Edwin Markham, William Walker Atkinson, Orison Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A. M., Paul Ellsworth, Horatio W. Dresser and many others are regular contributors. Elizabeth Towne is editor. Send NOW and we will include the booklet, "How To Get What You Want."

RESOLVED:

That every good Roycrofter who stammers will enroll with The Lamb School at Pittsburgh now, thus starting the New-Year right.

Communicate with Mr. Lamb at once concerning reservations.

He is a big man in this work, and will serve you well.

Address: JOSEPH J. LAMB

1252 FRANKLIN ST.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

A SENSIBLE INVESTMENT FOR CONSERVATIVES



BEING a statement, now for the first time made public, and offered for the consideration of Roycroft readers and others, by the EASTERN GYPSUM COMPANY, Limited.

Company is incorporated under the laws of Nova Scotia, with an Authorized Capital of \$500,000.

Company owns what is thought to be the largest deposit of pure gypsum in all Canada, the property consisting of 798 acres at Little Narrows, on the Island of Cape Breton.

Conditions are favorable for a low cost of operation, the quarry being situated close to tidewater, so that the mineral can be mined and placed at once on board vessel. Thus is the cost of transportation, usually so considerable as to be prohibitive, neatly and effectually eliminated from the equation.

The Company's engineer, an expert of reputation, estimates that the deposit contains 268,000,000 tons of pure white gypsum above drainage-level, and at least as much more below.

The capacity of the quarry, after certain extensive development work, now in course of construction, is completed, is estimated at around 300,000 tons a year. This output is capable of material increase, should conditions warrant.

The uses of gypsum, both in the crude and the refined state, are many, and there is a ready market for all that can be produced. At the present time the demand is far and away in excess of the

available supply, a condition not likely to be reversed for years to come.

The bonds are for a period of 30 years, yielding interest half-yearly at the rate of 6 per cent, Secured by a First Mortgage on all the Company's assets.

¶ The total bond issue is \$150,000 and the profits from the production of only 25,000 tons per year will be sufficient to pay the bond interest and all other expenses, and still leave a handsome surplus.

Bonds are offered at 95 per cent, or \$475 for each \$500 bond. And with each bond the buyer is allotted two shares, par value \$100.00 each, fully paid and unassessable common stock—this in order that bondholders may share in the Company's surplus profits.

The Directors are:

J. H. WINFIELD, *Manager Maritime Telephone & Telegraph Company, Ltd.; Director Maritime Trust Corporation, etc., President.*

Dr. C. F. FRASER, *Director Eastern Trust Company.*

W. H. COVERT, *K. C.*

W. F. JENNISON, *C. E.*

H. F. BETHEL, *Secretary.*

Further information and prospectus will be sent you gladly on application to the Secretary,

P. O. BOX, NUMBER 816
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

to whom applications for bonds may also be sent.

ADDENDUM:

While I do not guarantee this proposition, I do know the men behind it. They are men of character and good judgment, and from all I can learn, the enterprise is founded on good faith, with bright prospects for success.

Edwin Russell

Albert Hubbard Banker

East Aurora, N. Y.

You are invited to open an account

4%

Interest Per Annum
figured and added to the account
Quarterly

All accounts are subject to check at any time



fession in the world.

But here comes to my desk a little book that I surely intend to keep by me and read again. It is beautifully printed on hand made paper, from type that "clearly" invites inspection and perusal.

¶ The title of the book is *Better Business*, and the subject is ably presented by a member of the oldest advertising agency in this country, and therefore, in the world. A house famous for its "courageous conservatism"; an organization that has started scores of advertising ventures on the road to success, and kept them there.

The book is written out of a profound experience, and I wish every businessman and



Price, \$2.00

Single-Flower Vases

of
Hand-Wrought Copper
and Crystal

¶ From the Japanese we have learned the art of graceful flower arrangement. A few flowers placed with studied carelessness in a low bowl, or a single spray in a slender vase, makes an expressive decoration. Here are shown two vases of hand-wrought copper with crystal flower-holders. These are made to hold just one lovely blossom. The vases themselves are slender, graceful and decorative. The burnished copper helps to bring out the beauty of the flowers. The vases are 8 inches in height. Price, \$2 each.

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, N. Y.



Price,
\$2.00

PEOPLE who can not solve this world's problems solve those of the next, on the principle that a man who can not run his own business knows all about running somebody's else.—J. W. Beckman.

OF writing many books on "advertising," saith the sage, "there is no end."

And the reason for this prolificness is that more people are self-constituted experts on publicity than in any other science or pro-

manufacturer who reads *The Fra* would write to N. W. Ayer and Son, 300 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for a copy of *Better Business*, the book with the cosmic kilowatts.

BRITISH orders for more than fifteen million dollars' worth of vehicles, automobiles, wagons, sleds, harness and equipment were brought back by Frederick S. Fish of South Bend, Indiana, who has just returned from England.—*South Bend "Tribune."*

THE legislator ought to be whole and perfect, and not half a man only. He ought not to let the female sex live softly and waste money and have no order of life, while he takes the utmost care of the male sex, and leaves half of life only blessed with happiness when he might have made the whole state happy.

—Plato.

THE recent utterances of Doctor Eliot about the war have brought him so many letters that he has been unable to answer them all. He writes that a majority of these letters approve his reasoning and his conclusions, but a fair minority condemn them. Among those of the latter class, unfortunately anonymous, he gives the following as an interesting example:

Doctor Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.

Highly Esteemed Sir: I have read with intense indignation your un-neutral, and therefore un-American, fulminations. I have not forgotten any more than other devout Christians your remarks on Christianity. I have not forgotten that you have stated

“—unless my health should fail me”

AND try as you will, sometimes you cannot banish that nameless dread of ill-health. For already the endless worries and the overwork and the insistent pressure of business seem to be telling on you. And when you think of all that you hope to do for that boy of yours or for your family, you cannot help but wonder: “Will my health last?”

We cannot stay the march of time, but we can wisely aid nature to repair the ravages of years of toil. And Sanatogen, true food- tonic, has splendidly fulfilled its mission of infusing new vigor and endurance and reserve force into those who, perhaps like yourself, have undermined their health.

Col. Henry Watterson, the famous editor writes:

“I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this Sanatogen operating equally on the digestive organs and nerve centers.”

Mme. Oliva Schreiner, the gifted writer, states:

“Nothing that I have taken for years has given me such a sense of vigor as Sanatogen.”

And so scores upon scores of other famous people have testified in grateful letters to the good that Sanatogen has done them. But even more convincing is the testimony of 21,000 doctors, who after watching countless cases, have endorsed Sanatogen in terms of sincere praise. And with that weight of evidence in mind, how long will you postpone *knowing* how Sanatogen protects *your* health?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in 3 sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.



SANATOGEN
ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to Address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 34 Y Irving Place, New York.

that no thinking man believes that Christ performed any miracles nor that Christ rose from the dead.

Your insincere war articles are on a par with your blasphemous articles on religion.

Therefore, I say from the bottom of my Christian heart, may God Almighty forever damn you and all your descendants.

Boston, Mass. (Signed) John Smith.

A woman's vote is always a patriotic vote.

Stillwell Guaranteed CALIFORNIA HOMES

Meet the climatic requirements of every locality. Distinctive. Artistic. Comfortable. Inexpensive to build. Easy to sell.

3
BIG
PLAN
BOOKS
FOR
\$1
Postpaid



Each has
photos
and full
descriptions
plans
costs

"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES"

50 Plans—\$1,600 to \$6,000—Price 50c

"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS"

51 Plans—\$600 to \$2,000—Price 50c

"LITTLE BUNGALOWS"

31 Plans—\$300 to \$1,700—Price 25c

WE SELL BOOKS AND BLUE PRINTS ON A
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

E. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects
4281 Henne Building LOS ANGELES



The European War

has created a great demand and unlimited commercial opportunities for those who know Spanish, French, German or Italian.

Take advantage of the war situation! Better your position and increase your salary. Extend your business. Establish export trade with South American countries. Prepare for your trip to Europe and the battlefields. Equip yourself to read foreign books and papers and enjoy your travel. Brush up on the language you studied at college and make it of practical use. You can acquire a foreign language, easily and quickly, in your own home, during spare moments, by the

Language-Phone Method

Combined with Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry. This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or for hours at a time. Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language. The method is endorsed by members of leading colleges: Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Minnesota, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, St. Joseph's, U. S. Military Academy.

Special loans to owners of talking machines. Our records fit all machines. Write for free "Treatise on Language Study," particulars of free trial and easy payment plan.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
965 Putnam Building 2 West 45th Street, N.Y.

you up. I knew a man who never used profane language. Be the provocation what it might, he never removed the lid.

¶ I noticed, however, that he had a way of relieving the situation, which served the purpose. When life became dull and drab, and his nerves began to get on the outside of his clothes, he would smoke big black cigars, and tell funny stories filled with profanity.

The unction with which he rolled the cosmic curses under his tongue was a matter for remark.

Swearing is not a sin, if discreetly indulged. When things get unbearable and life turns turtle, curse roundly and then forget it.

And now that



If you expect to build Don't miss this offer

At the time you are planning that new home and naturally desire to study the ideas of several leading architects who specialize on residences of the moderate-cost type, you can get valuable

suggestions from the many beautiful designs, plans and details shown in eight issues of

Building Age

The National Building Publication with a Monthly Circulation of 25,000 among Builders, Architects, Owners

The information contained in *Building Age*, both in the editorial and advertising pages, is of the keenest interest to home builders, and will enable you to introduce numerous features in your new home, that add to the convenience, comfort and value, without material additional cost. *Building Age* also contains data that should save you many dollars.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

The price of these eight numbers is \$1.00. We will mail a set to you for special price of \$1.00 if you order at once and mention THE FRA. Don't delay, as the supply is very limited.

THIS \$1.00 SHOULD SAVE YOU HUNDREDS

BUILDING AGE, 146 39th St. Building, New York City

For enclosed \$1.00 send the eight numbers, according to special offer in THE FRA.

Name

Address



THE old precept, urged by the Society for the Prevention of Anger, used to be this: "When angry, count ten before speaking. If very angry, count one hundred." This on the theory that "least said is soonest mended."

This may satisfy some, but for others it does not answer. There is no denying the fact that occasionally, at least, it is a real joy to rip out a few choice mouth-filling oaths, and have done. It is like working off steam. It sort of tones

the Germans have set the civilized world a pace in the wanton destruction of marvelous monuments that have come down to us from the past as a rich legacy, let us delete the the past as a rich legacy, let us delete the common ordinary cuss words that have become terms, calculated to satisfy the oversoul.

If you are peeved, and silence only aggravates, grit your bicusps and grimly mutter, "Wilhelm der Grosse!"—under your breath—like that! If strangled by an excess of passion,

vent your spleen by using this potent combination: "Ach du lieber Augustine!" or this: "Gotterdammerung!"

Swearing is provincial, vulgar, bad form. Don't swear—*sprich deutsch!* If berserker rage lodges in your manly chest, and you must say something, or spontaneously combust, get it out of your system with this: "Unter den Linden!" When the whole world turns against you, and life has lost its power to please, cough once, sneeze twice, and with the dreadful imprecation, "Hoch der Kaiser!" throw down all fardels and your quietus make with a bare bodkin.

BELIEVE that the door of political free-

dom and equality, at which women are knocking louder and louder, should be opened to them. And why? In order that their special knowledge and practical experience in regard to their own sex and in regard to children may influence legislation for the physical, moral and social protection of girls, rich as well as poor, and for guarding the child's natural home from evils that carry with them criminal poverty and disease. Cardinal Archbishop Vaughn has publicly stated that he is for



THE Hoosier Philosopher, J. W. Beckman, has been sojourning at the Roycroft Inn receiving the Holy Ghost, harmonizing with the East Aurora Borealis, and indulging in fistic fantasies with Freddy Welsh, the Lightweight Champion of the World.

This time our Pal of the Portrait pen, Jack Sears, has caught him in a highbrow pose discussing THE TOUCHSTONE, which is the ROY-CROFT PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, with Fra Elbertus.

The Fra is completely taken by the book, and he says to the Hoosier Philosopher:

You certainly are the Kid Philosophicus with the willopus-wallopus write.

You have got the world by the tail, looked down its throat, X-rayed it and told us how it runs.

When ALI BABA resigns his job as Chief Engineer of the Universe it's you for the place.

And so saying the Fra turns and says to the Fra Fraternity:

The cosmic quirks of THE TOUCHSTONE have the kick and pep. After SIX THOUSAND YEARS of silly, stupid, scarlet superstition, this Hoosier of human humor and habits tells us the whole thing in a chatty, charming way without fuss or feathers.

The Philosophy of India is mystic, clear as Indigo, but the Philosophy of Indiana is illuminating, intelligible, entertaining, practical. This remarkable, readable little book has the endorsement of the world's greatest practical authorities, and there is not a dull line in it. Beckman knows most of the things that won't work, and he puts in his books the things that will.

Just send a dollar to J. W. BECKMAN, RENNELAER, INDIANA, and you will receive THE TOUCHSTONE by return mail, postpaid.

Burpee's Annual

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1915 is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free to everyone who wants to plant

Burpee-Quality Seeds that Grow

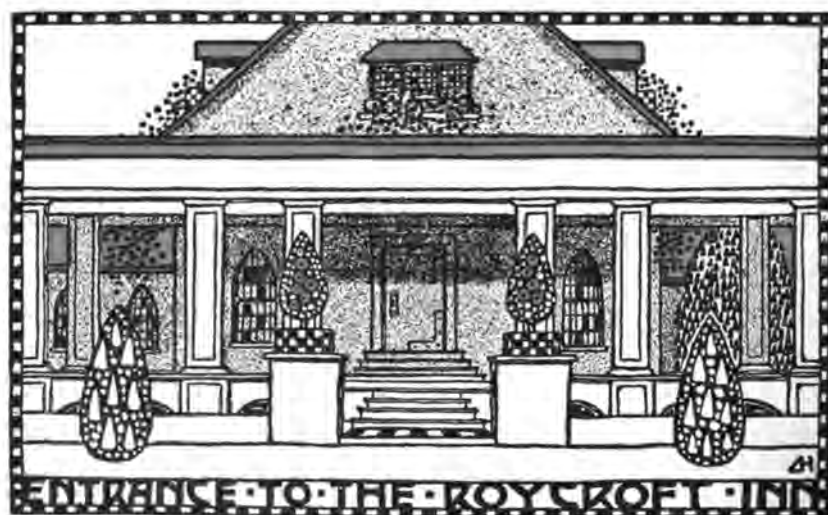
Our reputation for efficient service is built about the Burpee Idea of Quality First, and to "give rather than to get all that is possible." Hence, we have not advanced prices because of the shortage caused by the war and we deliver seeds free by parcels post. We trust that you will read our *Silent Salesman*. A post card will bring it. Write today, and kindly mention *The Fra*.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

woman suffrage. The first woman on this side of the Atlantic who demanded the right to vote was a Catholic—Margaret Brent of Maryland, on January Twenty-first, Seventeen Hundred Forty-seven.

—*Reverend Thomas Scully.*

I look up at the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither, and over, and below; and all is Life, and Warmth, and Light, and all is Godlike or God.—*Jean Paul Richter.*



THE INN IN WINTER



In the Vintertime, you remember, the Vimmen-folks in the *vaudyvilleride velocipedes* on the *vindasill*.

Also, they have an amiable way of sojourning at *The Roycroft Inn*, when trees are bare and the winter wind whines shrilly through the dark, dead branches overhead.

Many, in fact, agree that at this season the *Inn* is at its best. Certain it is, a flavor of the old holiday heartiness of Merrie England seems to cling and twine about a week spent at the *Inn* in Midwinter.

Pleasantly situated in the very heart of the little village, and just across the way from the Roycroft Shops and Grounds, the *Inn* is a sort of civic social center, an intellectual Mecca, where the Faithful gather to talk things over and spend the time right joyously.

There is always something doing—talks by Elbert and Alice Hubbard;

lectures and readings by notables from away; music in the art Salon; games and roughhouse of a mild type on the Peristyle, passing persiflage and the medicine-ball; walks about the village streets and out to the Roycroft Farm; not to mention a jolly dinner-dance held in the snug dining-room once a month throughout the Winter. The next event, by the way, is scheduled for New-Year's Eve. You had better plan to come and join in the fun with belz on.

If you are cultured, cultivated, and yearn to discuss with some congenial, sympathetic soul, momentous questions of politics, morality, ethics, eugenics, esoterics and the higher education, there be wights will condescend to engage ye with merry quip and modest, withal.

The fare is of the good old-fashioned variety, wholesome and healthful, made from home-grown materials and assembled by *chefs-d'oeuvres* and culinary craftsmen extraordinary.

All rooms are furnished roycroftie and named instead of numbered. The beds are soft, downy, reposeful. If you leave a call, the girl at the desk will "call you down" to breakfast betimes. Otherwise you can snooze till noon.

The *Inn* is operated on the American Plan, and rates range from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day.

Inn Booklet will be sent you on request.

Address: THE ROYCROFT INN
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

SELF-CONTROL, SELF-RELIANCE, SELF-RESPECT

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE tragedy of motherhood is that the mother is bringing up her child to do without her. ¶ School graduation takes place at the vanishing-point of the teacher. ¶ The great doctor is the one who is showing his patients how to do without him. ¶ And, paradoxically, the only doctor we can not do without is the one who shows us how to do without him. ¶ "Know thyself," said Socrates. ¶ "Know Nature," said Aristotle. ¶ "Know humanity," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. ¶ And when you know Yourself and know Nature and know Humanity you have pretty nearly boxed the pedagogic compass. ¶ Then, if you have



self-control and self-reliance, you certainly have self-respect. And the man who possesses self-control, self-respect and self-reliance has the love and admiration of the world. ¶ And the recipe for having friends is not only to be one, but it is to have the capacity to do without friendship, to be sufficient unto yourself. ¶ Under these conditions the circulation is natural, the heart-beat normal, digestion perfect, thinking a pleasure, and expression a delight. ¶ Thus we get what Aristotle called *The Reality*, that is, the highest condition of happiness that a mortal can possibly know. ¶ Doctor Edmond R. Moras is a great physician who shows people how to do without him. His business is to put his patients in a position where they will cultivate self-control, self-reliance, self-esteem, so Nature will play through them, and every organ, including the brain, will function naturally and normally. The

laws of health are simple and easy to understand. Doctor Moras has tabulated and formulated these laws of health in a book called *Autology*. ¶ About all of the principal physicians in America have copies of this book, and a great many laymen as well. The book is written in plain English for the average intelligent person. It is direct, simple, without sophistication, and the rules laid down are those which we can easily follow. ¶ In addition to the book called *Autology* there is a little book entitled *A Guide to Autology*, paper-bound, well printed, and this little book gives a pretty fair idea of what the big book contains. ¶ The little book, *A Guide to Autology*, is sent gratis to any subscriber of *The Fra*. ¶ After you get it, if, like *Oliver Twist*, you ask for more, Doctor Moras will accommodate you. ¶ But you incur no obligation when you send for *A Guide to Autology*, and if you are in a receptive mood when you read it, you may absorb a few ideas that will double your efficiency, lengthen your life-line and allow you to greatly increase your points of contact—all to the end that you will cultivate and secure self-control, self-reliance and self-respect. ¶ I nearly forgot to say that the address of Doctor Edmond R. Moras is Highland Park, Illinois.

Roycroft Leather Pillows



Price, \$6.00

A pillow as a gift will be appreciated by matron, college girl or man, lone bachelor or busy spinster.

With the attractive appearance of Roycroft pillows is the added quality of serviceableness.

Antique Leather Pillows	\$ 6.00
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FULL SKIN PILLOW, PRICE, \$6.00

The soft leather pillows are red, gray, green, tan and brown. We have sheepskin table-covers of whole skins, in the same shades.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, N. Y.

Hand-Wrought Copper Serving-Trays



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SERVING-TRAY WITH TWO HANDLES
Diameter of Tray, 15½ inches

SERVING-TRAY WITHOUT HANDLES
Diameter of Tray, 14 inches
Price, \$4.00

SMALLER TRAY WITHOUT HANDLES
Diameter of Tray, 12 inches
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FRUIT-TRAY
Diameter of Tray, 8 inches
Price, \$1.25



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These trays are burnished to a subdued beauty, which adds to the pleasure of the service. The hammer-marks are the only decoration.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, N. Y.

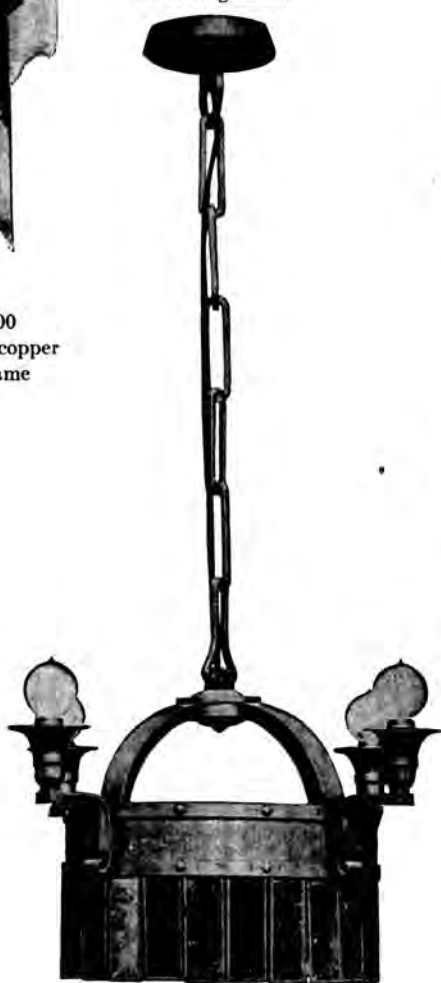
Newel Light



Price, \$14.00
Hand-wrought copper
and mica frame

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The Roycrofters are prepared to furnish the right kind of lights for your home. The lights shown here are complete, ready to attach.

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Lantern-Bracket



Price, \$12.00
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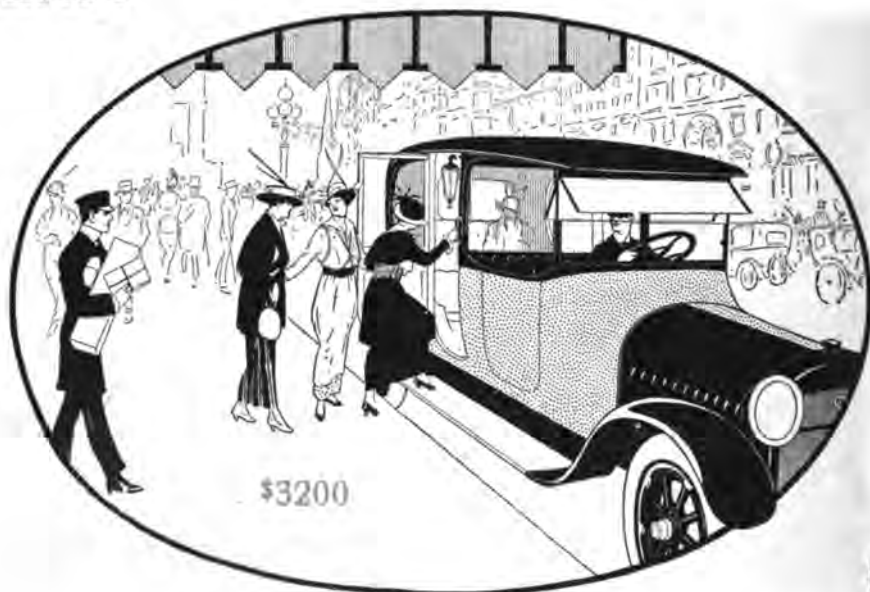
Side Bracket



Price, \$6.00
Wrought-copper wall-plate

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Chalmers



The Matchless Winter Car

Matchless—not in one respect but in all. In both the big and little qualities of luxury and refinement this Chalmers Limousine proclaims its right to first place.

To itemize its qualities is to confirm its superiority. The aluminum body—with rounded back—is of the French type. The roof, too, is of solid aluminum—and in one piece. All vibration and drumming is eliminated. This roof is an exclusive Chalmers feature.

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Mechanically, too, is this model matchless. It has a powerful, six-cylinder, non-stallable Chalmers motor—always smooth and dependable in operation. Come to our show rooms at once and see this beautiful car—the \$6000 limousine value at a moderate price—\$3200.

7-pass. Limousine, \$3200 5-pass. Sedan, \$2750
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 Fully equipped f. o. b. Detroit

A NEW CAR FOR ALL-YEAR USE

The Chalmers Coupelet is the most convenient—most adaptable—car you can buy. In rain or shine or any time it's almost at your elbow. In two minutes (actual time) you can change it from a "racy" roadster to a smart enclosed car. Mechanically the Coupelet is above question. 2 or 3-pass. Coupelet, \$1900.

Chalmers "Six" Coupelet



Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 14

JANUARY, 1915

No. 4

Men and women must go forward
hand in hand—single file is savagery

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Loss and Gain



OUT of the waste and woe of war across the seas, comes to us a grain of gain. And I do not have most in mind the gain in trade—that is assured. The immediate effect is a loss of our export trade, but gradually our manufacturers and merchants are seeing that this war means America's opportunity.

It will be for us largely to feed and clothe a starving and shivering Europe. ¶ Many of the things we have depended upon Europe for, we will now make for ourselves.

Chemicals, dyes, perfumes, and a multitude of toilet and household articles, fabrics and textiles, we will find way to make, and in the making we will evolve men and women, and therein will lie our chief gain. ¶ For as a boy grows when thrown upon his own resources, so does a nation. *Made in America* is a slogan that is swelling into a chorus, and will pass into the current coin of commerce.

Why should we look to Europe for our fashions, when often these fashions symbol ineptitude, inconvenience, inefficiency and immorality? ¶ American fashions will mirror the mind of its honest American women, rather than the lisp, limping, tortured creature of the pave of foreign capitals.

Why must we look to "European Culture" (how ironical, now, the phrase!) for our art and our artists? Have n't we the soil, the sunshine, the summer showers, and the winter's snow, that produce people of quality and character? Not only will we now "see America first," but we will hear America. And this disposition to discover America and what America offers will develop and bring to the fore the things for which we search. "Seek and ye shall find," is a saying freighted with a meaning wide as the world.

The Heroic Attitude

BUT the great gain from this war is in the heroic attitude of mind which forgets to complain and declines to whimper. The weather has ceased to be a topic for conversation. We have discovered that all weather is good, and stormy weather glorious. Things are comparative.

When we think of the "Army of Bleeding Feet"—that army of homeless women and tired, hungry children—of the aged, stricken with grief too great for tears, and the woes that are beyond words—will we complain of a social slight, a toothache or a loss in trade? The high cost of living becomes trivial when we think of bloody wounds and crushed bones and starving widows and outcast orphans. Out upon the faultfinder! Our every hour is jeweled with a joy, and blessings are at our doors beyond that of any people in the whole wide world.

And while our hearts go out in sympathy to our brothers and sisters across the sea, it is for us to face each day with courage and with faith, and we will indeed make America "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The Ideal Life is only the normal or natural life as we shall some day know it.

In Colorado



SUALLY, in times of disturbance, the constabulary or the police handle the situation. If the disorder gets beyond the power of the police, the Governor calls out the militia. If there is danger of the trouble extending beyond the State, so that other States may become involved, or if the State is unable to cope with the difficulty, the President, as head of the Army, may order Federal troops into the danger zone.

During the past year, my work has taken me through the war district in Colorado, six times. In each instance I have seen troops, visited with officers, with coalminers and coalmine operators, and talked with scores of businessmen.

In Colorado you may search for days before you find a person who sympathizes with the "strikers"—just as in New York, you will need the services of William J. Burns to find a person who sympathizes with the I. W. W. In very truth, the trouble in Colorado was not a "strike."

A "strike" means that certain men have quit work and refuse to return until certain things are granted them.

The "strikers" in Colorado do not intend to work, under any conditions—and many of them are not miners.

In fact, they are not even working people, any more than those people were wage-earners who paraded in front of Twenty-six Broadway, and went up to Tarrytown, flying the red rag of anarchy.

The army of unemployed men in New York that marched into churches and disturbed the services could not be bribed to work. They were unemployed because they were unemployable. They said they wanted "turkey, champagne and five dollars a day"—but this was conversation.

Work at any wage would break their hearts. Mother Jones is not a working woman, and never has been. Her profession is something else.

The question in Colorado was not a question of wages, or conditions of labor, nor working hours. It was a matter of changing the form of government of the United States.

Coalmining in Colorado

THE coalmining business in Colorado is comparatively insignificant.

The highest number of workers that have ever been employed is approximately twelve thousand five hundred.

At present there are ten thousand men at work, and these are able, by the improved methods in use, to take ample care of the fuel needs of the people. No one is suffering, not even the men on strike.

There are only two thousand of these strikers, at most.

Many bona-fide miners left the territory, fearing to be mixed up in the strife. But their places were taken in the strike ranks by adventurers, "Weary Willies," and quite a number of college men (strange to say) who call themselves "Students of Economics," and "Comrades of the downtrodden proletariat."

Colorado has an eight-hour day, and no miner works longer than this.

The average wage is over four dollars a day, with work three hundred days in the year. Several miners I met have incomes of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

There is now on deposit with Mine Operators, over four hundred thousand dollars, in the form of savings-bank accounts, that belong to employees.

A Miners' Clubhouse

IN Nineteen Hundred Eleven I spent a week at the Orpheum Theater in Denver. On this occasion, some Denverites, wishing to show me something about industrial conditions in Colorado, took me on a visit to the property of the Sunnyside Mining Company.

Here I saw a Clubhouse for miners.

There were hot and cold water, tub-baths, shower-baths, a library, a reading-room where all the principal magazines were on the tables, a piano, phonographs, billiard-tables, a gymnasium, and a schoolroom where night classes were held, with instruction free.

All the sleeping-rooms had steam-heat, and were furnished as well as most country hotels. The place was cleanly, well kept, and revealed a goodly degree of art.

I dined with the miners, and enjoyed a meal equal to that which often has cost me a dollar. There were Chinese cooks and Japanese waiters.

"And is all this just for coalminers?" I asked.

¶ And the answer was, "Just for coalminers."

On Friday, April Twenty-fourth, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, a mob of about two hundred strikers attacked this Sunnyside Mine property, and the beautiful Clubhouse and the store were blown up and wrecked, causing a loss of upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The strikers want one thing—and one thing only—and that is recognition of the union. This "recognition" means that no operator or company shall employ any one who is not a member of the United Mine Workers of America.

It also means the inauguration of the "check-off" system.

That is, all dues, fines and assessments that the union decrees, shall be held out of the wages and turned over to the treasurer of the union.

Here we get a condition where the Mine-Operator and the "business agent" or "walking delegate" combine in order to rob the union.

This system, once put in, would mean millions for union labor leaders, with funds to maintain a strike in any part of the country.

Continued, it means a chain system that would take "labor" captive over the world.

¶ And this is exactly what the I. W. W. and

the United Mine Workers of America want—and nothing else.

Publicists With a Vengeance

THE literary and oratorical ability of the striking miners and their champions deserves the admiration of every lover of the noble art of expression.

These publicists even deceived the President of the United States, as to the facts at issue. The President, in his innocence, appealed personally to John D. Rockefeller to stop the strike.

If John D. Rockefeller should endeavor to make the employers of the United States accede to the demands of Upton Sinclair, Mother Jones, Harry Kemp and Frank Tannenbaum—he would deserve the execration of every lover of liberty in the land.

Besides this, Mr. Rockefeller has n't the authority, or the power, to bring about any such abdication.

The Rockefellers own a minority interest in one Colorado concern—that is, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. ¶ In addition, there are forty-two other companies involved in the controversy in Colorado, all of which have stood as a unit from the first against the demands of the anarchistic strikers.

And with these companies, the Rockefellers have nothing to do. These mines in which the Rockefellers have no part nor lot represent by far the largest portion of the Colorado output.

The attack on the Rockefellers was because they are in the public eye, and have been involved in lawsuits with the Government. In putting John D. Rockefeller in the fight and bumping him up against the President of the United States, the strikers revealed great skill. It made the strike a national issue.

Emma Goldman, Doctor Reitman, Colonel Berkman and Upton Sinclair have never been accused of working anything but a type-writer and their submaxillary muscles and vocal cords.

But they are adepts in their line.

When they wore mourning-bands on their sleeves, and got themselves arrested for blocking traffic on Broadway, they secured one end of the Associated Press wire.

And the world listened, agape.

The President, his Secretary of Labor, several Congressmen, a Senator or two, all cried, "Terrible!"

"Tent Cities"

THE "tent cities," of which we have heard so much, were a war contrivance, invented since the strike began.

These Colorado mines are not vertical—they are horizontal—running into the coal from the sides of the deep gulches or canyons.

The tent cities are at the mouth of the canyons, where all miners have to pass night and morning.

Every miner is spotted. He is insulted with cries of "Scab" from the women and children, and often assaulted; and in several instances, miners who wanted to work were killed by those who not only would n't work, but would n't allow others to do so.

The tent city is a strategic war move, and filling these tents with women and children is another.

Mother Jones is protected through the fact that she is aged, and a woman.

Here we get a diplomacy that moved even the District of Columbia to tears.

The right to quit work is undenied.

So, also, is the right to join a union.

But to intimidate, coerce and finally murder men who wish to work, and destroy the property of employers—these things are something else.

Some years ago, in Chicago, a frail and innocent maid got up a scheme of her own. With her pretty personality, aided with a hat-pin and a bottle of muriatic acid, she canvassed the big offices of the buildings. When she found a man alone, she opened up her mitrail-leuse. And she usually got what she wanted, which was merely a ten or twenty dollar bill, mebbe.

If the man was unreasonable or rude, the girl backed off, opened the door and screamed wildly, in soprano, for help.

This brought a crowd, and in the rush the fair one escaped.

In one instance, a man in reply to her hat-pin and acid argument, pasted her on the nose, so the claret flowed.

The result was, the mob seized the man and actually got a rope around his neck before the police rescued him.

The cries of "Stop Thief!" and "Murder!" from these Colorado Anarchists have succeeded in turning attention to Mr. Rockefeller until certain editors nearly got a rope ready for him.

The inkfish is the most wonderful animal in Nature.

To becloud the issue, and escape under cover of the fog, is a fine art.

Great is Publicity, wonderful is Oratory—sublime is the Brochure, miraculous the Pamphlet.

When men and women who have never worked, take up the cause of the workingman, and win the politicians who work the people, the noble art of expression is surely coming into its own.

The Colorado Militia

IN Colorado I met Adjutant-General Chase, of the militia. Chase is a businessman, and an individual of genuine worth and quality. The people of Colorado believe in him.

I have also seen the Colorado militia in armory, in barracks and in the field.

They are a fine body of men—intelligent, strong, able, well disciplined—and would charge, if ordered, into a regiment of wildcats.

Left alone, they could have controlled the situation as easily as the New York police said to the I. W. W. mob, "Quit your kiddin'!" and used their locusts with effect.

The strikers were armed with high-power rifles. They pretended to disarm, but the fact that a deal of their shooting was done after they "disarmed" tells its own story. These armed anarchists were too shrewd to fire on the United States troops. With the Federal soldiers they played the humility dodge, knowing perfectly well that if they resumed their original tactics, they would at once forfeit the sympathy of Washington.

So we have hypocritical sighs of sorrow, execrations for "Jondee," the inane, insane mouthings of Mother Jones, the occasional eruptions of Upton Sinclair, the lurid lightnings of Emma Goldman, and the rolling thunders of Colonel Berkmann.

LITERATURE is the noblest of all the arts. Music dies on the air, or at best exists only as a memory; oratory ceases with the effort; the painter's colors fade and the canvas rots; the marble is dragged from its pedestal and is broken into fragments; but the *Index Expurgatorius* is as naught, and the books burned by the fires of the *auto da fe* still live. Literature is reproduced ten thousand times ten thousand and lodges its appeal with posterity. It dedicates itself to Time.

History in Tabloid



THE invention of explosive powder is lost in the fog of antiquity.

It is quite possible that the idea came from China, traveled through India, and later reached Egypt.

The Egyptian priests knew the value of that which appealed with thrilling effect to sight, hearing and sense of smell. In their "mysteries" they utilized red fire and explosives.

Then we had the "Greek Fire," which was used at pageants, spectacles and initiations, for the Greeks borrowed every idea which the Egyptians had used.

The Romans added to the splendor of their parades by pyrotechnic flurries, the bursting of bombs, and other things that made the onlooker say: "Ah!" "Oh!" and "My Word!"

The first use of explosive powder in war was for the purpose of scaring horses. Not being able to meet a charge of cavalry, fire and explosives came in to protect combatants from the rush of the oncoming charge.

The first use of powder and projectiles was at the Battle of Crecy in France in the year Thirteen Hundred Forty-six.

Forty thousand Englishmen were lined up against one hundred thousand French.

The English had wooden cannon, with which they threw stones and handfuls of gravel by the aid of "villainous saltpeter."

These wooden cannon were strengthened with iron bands.

They sent a shower of stones a distance of a quarter of a mile with consternating effect.

The powder used was made from almost the exact formula by which black "sporting-powder" is produced today.

Approximately, this is forty per cent saltpeter, thirty per cent charcoal, and thirty per cent sulphur, ground together.

This substance will burn in the open air, but when it is confined there is thrown off a gas which explodes.

The recipe is practically the same as that which is found in a Grecian manuscript prepared by Marcus Græcus according to a secret formula by which he manufactured

that mysterious thing known as Greek Fire. This was first used for priestly purposes, and there is no doubt that it made a very profound impression on the observer. Had the process remained secret it would have been especially valuable today in persuading the ungodly to hit the sawdust trail, and secure immunity at a minimum of expense.

The first cannon were fired by means of a match. The flintlock gun struck a spark into a pan.

When the powder in the pan failed to explode the powder in the barrel of the gun, they spoke of the attempt as a "flash in the pan." The flintlock was invented in Fifteen Hundred Fifteen at Nuremburg, and in the invention that very gifted man, Albrecht Durer, was an important factor.

The percussion-cap, exploded by a hammer, was invented about Eighteen Hundred Thirty-three, and curiously enough it was the work of a Scotch clergyman.

The world is under great obligation to the Scotch. They invented the iron steamship, the propeller and the lamp-chimney, and have supplied the world more literature to the square mile than any other people on earth. They have produced history, poetry, romance, philosophy, theology, humor, whisky and explosives.

The cartridge was invented about Eighteen Hundred Fifty, and came into general use during the Civil War. During the Civil War, volunteers who did not have good teeth were not accepted, as it was necessary for a soldier to bite off a cartridge.

The needle-gun, which is a refinement of the cartridge, was used by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian War, and it was not until about that time that the muzzle-loader in warfare was pronounced obsolete.

The magazine-rifle dates to Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

Smokeless powder comes in, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight.

Alfred Nobel of Sweden made nitroglycerin from nitric acid, sulphuric acid and glycerine mixed in a certain way, but the product was so deadly in its force that it was impossible to use it in guns. It would blow any gun to pieces, exerting a power in every direction that made its use impossible except for purposes of pure destruction.

Dynamite is made by mixing nitroglycerin

with a very fine sawdust known as "wood flour." The amount of nitroglycerin absorbed by the "flour" gives us what is known as sixty, fifty or forty per cent dynamite.

The Castle of Nemours

A FEW miles out from Paris is an old-time castle known as Nemours.

For centuries Nemours was a center of feudalism, with all of its interwoven romance, poetry and tragedy.

Early in the Thirteenth Century, Nemours began to shake off the shackles of the Middle Ages. It became known as a place of liberty, of free thought and economic independence. It was a school, a laboratory, a factory, an intellectual center, all in one.

It was near enough to Paris to be in touch with learning and the arts. Writers, philosophers, scientists, made it their home. It continued to be a center of learning down to the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

Here lived Turgot, the adviser of the King—the man behind the throne. Associated with him was a family known as the "du Ponts."

¶ The word "pont" means bridge. The people who fought and protected the draw-bridge at Nemours were known as the "du Ponts."

And finally the family-name of du Pont was evolved and has continued for over half a thousand years.

Pierre Samuel du Pont was born at Nemours, December Fourteenth, Seventeen Hundred Thirty-nine, and died at Wilmington, Delaware, August Seventh, Eighteen Hundred Seventeen.

This man was educated in Paris for the practise of medicine.

He was a scientist, a chemist, a naturalist, a humanitarian.

He was one of the founders of the Society of Economists—a distinctly democratic organization that in the course of time very naturally clashed with the power of the King.

Doctor Pierre Samuel du Pont met Benjamin Franklin prior to Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. Franklin had a direct influence on the man, as he had on Thomas Paine and on every one else he met. Franklin gave du Pont his first lessons in democracy. But du Pont's mind, it seems, was ready for the inoculation, and he was a willing pupil.

Doctor du Pont was a many-sided man. He was an able speaker, a brilliant writer, a man

of simple habits, active, earnest, unselfish. We have several portraits of Doctor du Pont, and these show a marked resemblance, in form, feature and cast of countenance, to our own Franklin.

Du Pont was closely connected with Turgot and Quesnay. When Turgot was caught in the toils and condemned, the Economist School fell, and out of the ruins emerged Doctor du Pont with a price upon his head.

Read the Memoirs of Turgot and you will find du Pont mentioned many times.

Doctor du Pont was a member of the French Assembly. He was one of a committee appointed by the French Government to formally recognize the independence of the United States.

He prepared a Treaty of Commerce between Great Britain and France, and served his country in various important ways.

He became President of the Constitutional Assembly, and here we find him championing the cause of monarchy, believing that freedom for the people was to come more quickly through a liberal monarchy than through the energy of the mob.

Again he went into hiding to save his head, and while in exile wrote a book entitled, *The Philosophy of the Universe*.

He was liberated by Robespierre.

He became a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and fought the Jacobins to a finish—that is, to his own finish.

His home was overrun by the mob in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three—read Victor Hugo. His property was confiscated, and his life was saved by a friend who fixed him out with a pitchfork and sent him through the mob clothed as a country bumpkin.

He found safety on board a ship at Calais, bound for America. He reached America in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-nine.

Du Pont carried letters to Benjamin Franklin, who in turn introduced him to Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson, recognizing du Pont's abilities, authorized him to prepare a scheme of national education.

This was done, and practically forms the germ of our public-school system.

The youngest son of Doctor Pierre Samuel du Pont was Eleuthere Irenee. This young man had graduated at the University of Paris and was working in the laboratory of Lavoisier,

one of the greatest chemists and scientists of his day. Lavoisier has been called the "Father of Modern Chemistry."

Lavoisier was in the employ of the Government, and was chief adviser in the manufacture of explosives.

The French Government was making its own gunpowder, and E. I. du Pont, the young man, was working with his chief, studying explosives from every possible standpoint. Political exigencies demanded that the young man should follow his father into exile.

In Eighteen Hundred E. I. du Pont reached America.

He was then twenty-eight years of age.

The United States at this time had no mills or manufactories for the purpose of making powder, and Thomas Jefferson immediately grasped the opportunity of engaging the services of this skilled young man.

Jefferson put the du Ponts in communication with General John Mason and John Hancock—who had a habit of signing his name in a way the world could read.

Before this time gunpowder had been made just as the early pioneers molded bullets. The mixing of powder was wrought with more or less risk, but these pioneers were willing to take their chances.

Thomas Jefferson, now President, was filled with the idea that Americans should make powder in a big, safe and scientific way.

The du Ponts rode horseback through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, stopping at Wilmington, Delaware.

The beautiful banks of the Brandywine appealed to them. Here was wood for charcoal, water-power for turning mills, and everything in the way of facility which Nature could supply.

A grant of land was given them by Thomas Jefferson, consisting of sixty acres.

They had shipped over machinery sufficient for one mill, and they started this mill going in short order, and others were added from time to time.

So began the business of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company. They proudly used the whole name—the name they had been indicted under in France. They were still the men who had held the bridge at Nemours.

The first powder manufactured was for the Government. After the Government was supplied, powder was made, with permission of

President Jefferson, for commercial purposes. The pioneers were hunters, and it was found that the so-called "store powder" was much superior and cheaper than anything the pioneers could manufacture for themselves. The business grew. More land was added.

The March of Empire

WHEN the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve came, the du Ponts placed all of their facilities at the disposal of the Government.

The Government at that time was short of funds, but the du Ponts worked night and day and banked on victory.

And American powder won. General Jackson sent a letter of appreciation to the du Ponts.

E. I. du Pont continued as head of the business until the time of his death in October, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four.

By this time the business had become immensely successful. Du Pont powder had been carried West beyond the Mississippi River. Special wagon trains had carried powder from Wilmington to supply the ships of Perry on the Great Lakes. When Perry sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" he won his victory with du Pont powder.

A Business Institution

E. I. DU PONT had four sons, brought up in the business, and so the passing of the founder did not interfere with the work of the concern.

When the Mexican War was on, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, the United States used du Pont powder and none other.

There is one peculiar thing just here about the relationship of the du Ponts with the United States Government, and that is this: no matter what the demand was for powder, however sudden or however great, no advance has been made in price.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, for instance, when we went to war with Spain we had on hand a very small amount of powder. The price then paid by the Government was thirty-two cents; but the du Ponts reduced the price from thirty-two cents to twenty-nine cents, and turned all of their force to the getting out of ammunition.

The du Pont Powder Company has been simply a business institution, founded on private capital, some of which was loaned by Thomas Jefferson in person, or on his sollicita-

tion by private parties in Philadelphia and New York.

These loans were paid back by the du Ponts, and since Eighteen Hundred Five they have asked nothing from the Government save a fair rate of payment for the goods they have supplied. Nevertheless, the patriotism of the du Ponts and their ability and desire to serve the Government have never been questioned by fair-minded men. The powder used by the Federal forces during the Civil War was mostly supplied by the du Ponts. Lincoln had unfailing faith in Delaware powder.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one Lincoln sent Lamont du Pont, son of E. I. du Pont, to England, with the tidy sum of five hundred thousand dollars in gold, with orders to buy all the saltpeter in England. The young man bought the saltpeter, had it loaded on ships, and then had a deal of difficulty in getting these ships out of the harbor at Liverpool. And it was only on threat of war between the United States and England that he was able to make Lord Palmerston release the ships which gave us the goods.

A few years after this, Lamont du Pont lost his life by a premature explosion while experimenting in one of the mills.

Lamont du Pont was a volunteer soldier in the War, and in addition there were no less than fifteen other du Ponts—members of the family and descendants of Doctor Pierre S. du Pont—who served as volunteers.

The successive Presidents of the du Pont Powder Company have been as follows:

E. I. du Pont, who passed away in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four.

His successor, Alfred du Pont, who continued in office until Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

¶ On his death, Henry du Pont became President, and served from Eighteen Hundred Fifty to Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine.

Eugene du Pont became President in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, and served until Nineteen Hundred Two, when T. Coleman du Pont was elected President, and still occupies this office.

During the Spanish War the Government placed an extra strong guard around all the plants of the du Pont Powder Company, thus following the example set by Lincoln in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two. It would not do to run the risk of having the mills blown up by the enemy.

Friendship with the Government has marked the relationship with this concern from its very founding.

The du Ponts have been the willing public servants of the Government and of the people. ¶ That they have prospered is a thing for congratulation to everybody.

The rosters of Harvard, Yale and West Point contain the names of various du Pont graduates.

West Point and Annapolis, it seems, have not been without students from the du Pont family for a hundred years. Look over the city directory of Wilmington today, and no name is more numerous repeated than that of du Pont. It even outstrips the Browns, the Smiths and the Johnsons.

No visitor in Wilmington can overlook the du Pont Hotel, a magnificent structure covering a square, and positively the last word in hotel construction—beautiful as architect can make, furnished as fine and well as ingenuity and unlimited means can supply, and yet withal very simple in its arrangement.

In this magnificent building the offices of the du Pont Powder Company are housed.

The Arts of Peace

¶ N Nineteen Hundred Five an action was brought for the dissolution of the so-called "powder trust."

The result was a separation of the du Ponts from several other companies. The du Ponts, however, retained the various plants they had established throughout the United States, about seventy-five different manufactories in all.

Of necessity, powder-mills have to be distributed over a wide area in order to decrease risk, and for the added reason that transportation of explosives is costly. So orders are now received at Wilmington and filled at various mills all over the United States.

But, curiously enough, only one-tenth of the present du Pont output is for war and war purposes.

Nine-tenths of the business is in the line of peaceful industries; and every year has shown a decrease in the sale of powder for destructive purposes, and an increase in its sale for mining, building and commercial use.

The erection of steel-frame sky-scrapers has demanded better and deeper foundations. The tunneling of mountains and rivers has given a big impetus to the business.

Thousands of tons of dynamite and powder were used in the opening up of Hell-Gate Channel. ❧ ❧

There is no such thing as tunneling under rivers now without the use of dynamite. ❧ McAdoo would never have been able to build his monument underground without du Pont powder. ❧ ❧

The Panama Canal was a big consumer.

The mining of copper, zinc, coal, gold, silver, all require explosives of peculiar kinds, and the du Ponts have made it their business to keep abreast of the times and supply the peculiar explosives which each special operation demanded.

As the United States has grown and evolved, so has grown and evolved the du Pont Powder Company.

❧

The big reward is not for the man who will lighten our burdens, but for him who will give us strength to carry them.

❧

One of Civilization's Pivotal Points



IN the United States the manufacture and sale of strong drink is licensed, and under the direct control of the Government. ❧ Instead of supervising the manufacture and sale of strong drink, the Russian Government monopolized the business. In Russia strong drink was manufactured by the Government and sold by the Government direct to the consumer.

A short time ago something occurred in Russia, seemingly unpremeditated, unscheduled, that did for the nation what centuries of argument and agitation have been unable to do, say, for Great Britain or America. A man arose in the Duma and said:

"I hold in my hand an official report showing that the Government now owns and has stored in warehouses and elevators rye, wheat and oats to the extent of more than one hundred million bushels. This grain was purchased for the manufacture of vodka. It is apparent that if we use this grain for the manufacture of vodka, we can not use it for bread. The deciding factor in this great war in which we are engaged, will be famine. That is, the

country that has the greatest food-supply will eventually win. If we use our grain for vodka, we can not use it for bread. I therefore hereby introduce a bill providing that the Government shall cease the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors in every form; that it shall also prohibit the manufacture and sale of strong drink; and that, on penalty, no grain or other food substance shall be used in this country by any one, under any condition, for the manufacture of strong drink."

And behold, the bill was passed, and received duly the signature of the Czar.

It was several days before the thinking men of Russia awoke to the fact that they had put into operation one of the greatest, most far-reaching and beneficent laws ever enacted. ❧ It all turned on the matter of economics. The question was: We have this grain. Shall we use it for bread or shall we use it for whisky?

And in Russia's time of trial there was only one answer to this question.

The Russian people said, "We vote for bread!"

A Commonsense Proposition

NOW suppose we take this question home to ourselves.

In your pay-envelope is twenty-five dollars. What are you going to do with this money? Are you going to spend it for strong drink? If you are a married man, are you going to spend this money for liquor, or are you going to buy shoes for the babies; books, slates, pencils, pads of writing-paper, for your boys and girls who are going to school? Are you going to buy a clock, a rug, a chair, a table, curtains for the windows, or are you going to spend the money for strong drink? Just a matter of commonsense, just a matter of deciding between this and that—is it bread or vodka? ❧ ❧

Does liquor add to your length of days, to your efficiency, to your thinking power? Does it make your employer prize your services more? Are you more apt to get an increase in wages if you drink? Are you a better citizen? Does your wife urge you to drink whisky? Are you more to your old father and mother?

How are you going to use the money in the envelope? ❧ ❧

Is it whisky, or bread, books, clothes, a savings-bank account and a home?

Let your commonsense decide, and then stand by your resolution.

New Science of Advertising



T was only about two hundred years ago when men were still availing themselves in England of "the benefit of the clergy."

¶ This meant that they were exempt from statute law.

The word "clergy" means clerque, or cleric—clerk.

The clergy kept the records, because they were the only men who were educated.

We do not have to go back very far in history before we find that the majority of people believed that writing was of a miraculous origin.

In Mexico ninety per cent of the population can not read or write. In America an adult who can not read and write is a curiosity.

The writer must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own.

The value of allusion of every sort and kind in literature is the fact that it makes the reader pleased with himself.

A Widening Field

ADVERTISING has opened up a field for any one who can shake the literary brush-piles, and put salt on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and, of necessity, inertia prevailed to a degree that an ad once written was run in the paper until the electrotpe was worn out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements.

¶ He wrote them in the impersonal style, simply: "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linens, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the Palace of Business, and offered to the first-comers at fully ten per cent below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time.

The argument would have been made also that no man could write about things unless he

happened to be an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply and that the outsider often gets a better perspective than the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out, or in being out and looking in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with details, perplexed, aggravated, worn, and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

Some Classic Advertisements

THERE are now upwards of twenty thousand men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say a thousand dollars a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day.

Dean Swift said that a good man could write on any subject and make the theme interesting. "Then," said Stella, "write me an essay on a broomstick." And straightway the Dean accepted the challenge, and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on *Roast Pig* is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

Both Charles Lamb and Dean Swift, if they lived today, would be writing advertisements for department-stores, and they would be making a deal more money than they ever made in literature.

America has five thousand men who can write just as well as Dean Swift, Charles Lamb, Coleridge or Doctor Johnson. There are, however, but few writers in America able to match ideas with Addison, and none who can play the Cadmean game with Shakespeare.

We have a precious few who use the Victor Hugo sentence.

We work from the complex to the simple. Your high-school graduate always writes Johnsonese—long, involved, strange sentences. Men with minds like little fishes write like whales. If this individual keeps on writing, however, and accumulates ideas, as he will if he continues to write, he may take on the Victor Hugo style.

Good advertising copy has the gentle flow of Addison and the swing of Hugo. All good literature is an advertisement, and all advertisements well written are good literature.

Economic Independence and Women

By Alice Hubbard



SINCE our civilization is built on an economic structure, since wealth is reckoned in terms of dollars, women must be vitally interested in economics.

The primordial instinct of every living thing is to earn its own living. The activities of plants and the lower animals are focused, first, for that one thing —

One blade of grass does not depend upon another blade of grass to get its living from the soil.

No apple-tree that bears fruit depends upon another apple-tree to lure from the earth its food-supply. Each tree works for itself.

The Mother Partridge, who invariably has a large family, has economic independence. She is not only a good provider, but also a great teacher. Her first lesson to her young is obedience. But concomitant with that, she instructs them in the complete round of becoming economically independent. She herself earns her own living, and feeds, protects, houses and teaches all her large family.

If Mr. Partridge dies, "It is too bad." She is sorry, she mourns, but the household does not suffer. Because Madam Partridge, in partridge terms of wealth, is wealthy. She is able to fill all the needs of her family and does this. She has all the luxuries known in partridge society —

Primordial Instincts

THE primordial instinct of woman is to be economically independent. Where a girl in her childhood participates in the economic problems of the family, she becomes familiar with the processes of making a living.

If she participates in the economic life, she becomes as skilled in solving economic problems as a boy.

In a primitive community, she is economically as independent as a boy. Her desire and her relish for economic independence are equal with his. In her natural state, it would be as ridiculous for her to be a parasite as it would for Madam Partridge, Madam Coyote or a lioness —

Imagine Mother Grizzly Bear holding out her

sinewy paw for her weekly dole with which to pay the grocer's bills!

Proffered assistance from Mr. Grizzly would meet with a rebuff which he would remember long and accept with cries for mercy.

No matter how far in the ages of evolution women are apart from primitive conditions, they retain natural instinct, and the primordial instinct is for economic independence.

No matter how far the refinements of civilization have removed women from the primitive female, the primordial instinct has not changed — Unnatural conditions, woman's present economic status, have evolved women, varied in degrees of intelligence, physical power and general ability. But no matter how helpless a woman may be, she demands independence, and claims a right to it. She may base her claim on a ridiculous hypothesis — "she is a woman," "somebody promised support," "she has earned it." Always to herself she claims she is entitled to money.

Witness the universal unrest of women which the enlightenment of this age has brought them. Witness also the terrible price some women have paid for the promise of a living: the price of their individuality, their chance to evolve into citizens of this world. Hence a heaven for women with crowns and ease — And other women, noting position, luxuries without the exercise and toil which bring these, found a still easier way to luxury and death.

Primordial Rights

HEALTHY women, just as men, have preferred independence. They were and are now willing to take their chances in a man's world of commerce in order that they may have an economic independence, rather than lose their natural right to exercise of judgment and of will, development.

When another provides and you come into contact with the vital, primitive necessities only vicariously, at second hand, you have lost vital connection with life. Any one or any thing that does this throughout a lifetime becomes the "weaker sex," also the "fair sex."

"Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat:
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet."

When the contact with vital things through another becomes a custom, there is established that which endangers the entire race.

Why should men, who prize most physical strength, want mothers who are pretty, frail, fair and undeveloped?

"Virtue has gone out from me," said one who supplied vitally for another what that other should have got for himself from the same source ❧ ❧

It was said that England, until her more absorbing trouble, was terribly afraid of a sex war. The whole world knew she was in grave danger of such a deadly conflict.

We in America have not had such danger, but we have had, and still have, a serious agitation, whose cause is similar to England's greater trouble ❧ ❧

And this cause is a primitive one. Our married women are deprived of the primordial right to economic independence. The finances? Men arrange them!

Wars, quarrels, disagreements, all come from misunderstandings—a lack of understanding. When man and woman, married, live in different worlds, when their vital interests are in opposite or opposing directions, they have very little common ground for understandings. What has the day's work been for him? How has she spent her day?

Woman's Destiny

THE destiny of every healthy, living thing is activity. The very fact of existence implies some exercise.

Activity is work when it is directed toward a definite purpose whose result serves human needs ❧ ❧

When men and women work together for a common purpose, they have a basis of a great understanding.

Activity without definite direction toward service is play.

Activity continued after joy in it has gone, is drudgery ❧ ❧

With children, play serves to develop body and sometimes brain. With grown people, it serves to relax mental and physical tension. Play as a recreation is a necessity. Play as an occupation is degenerating.

When man works and woman drudges they live in different worlds. One is full of life, while the other is exhausted and symbolizes death.

When man works and woman plays, they have little basis for understanding. Activity directed to a service or purpose and activity undirected to a purpose are foreign to each other ❧ ❧

When man works and woman plays, and man pays the bill for the expense of the playing, between this man and woman there is a great gulf fixed, and no human being has ever been able to build a bridge that would convey passengers to and fro.

Work is a habit of mind formed in youth. Undirected exercise as an occupation makes a habit of mind quite incompatible with that of the worker.

And those habits of mind diverge until finally they take opposing directions.

There are women whose activities are directed to a purpose, who do the work, but do not have the full exercise of the faculties naturally developed through this work. These women are in the world, and of the world, and yet are disbarred, simply through the accident of sex, from taking full part in the world which they help to create, and of which they are an essential part.

It is consequences of these facts that make the element of healthy unrest in England, America and the world.

Such women can not fail to be discontented ❧ They are Tantalus in Tartarus. They are Prometheus in chains.

Theirs is the noble discontent, just as was the discontent of those who set sail in the *Mayflower* ❧ ❧

No people or class of people has ever made a demand and acquired a greater exercise of freedom but what the whole world has been benefited. The progress of the human race stands waiting for woman to regain her primordial right.

The Underlying Causes

THE natural demand for the economic independence of woman is the underlying cause of all woman movements. It is the human want to exercise that primordial instinct which can never be changed while life is on earth. It is natural law eager for expression.

Recently, in a Western city, in a Western State, which now has suffrage, a school board (male) passed a law that the marriage of any woman teacher was equivalent to her resignation and would be considered a resignation by the school board.

Western women, both married and unmarried, took this matter into their very serious consideration. There is no woman who has had economic independence who would not see the seriousness of this act.

The primordial instinct is stirred. No woman who has enjoyed economic independence can endure long to contemplate or receive money which can be construed into a bounty.

Any woman who has been economically independent can not, without serious loss to her personality, womanhood and virtue, ask for money.

The "excuse" given by the school board for such action was that its members had noticed that women, who married and continued in their occupation of schoolteaching, had either no or very few children.

No one disputed or could refute this as a fact. And the measure now stands.

The school board did not deem it wise, if it thought of it at all, to consider the fact that they were doing what they could to enforce motherhood. More than that, they were blinding themselves to the fact which is as persistent as Banquo's ghost, that, sooner or later, civilization will be compelled to solve the problem of how women may become mothers and maintain economic independence.

The Trend of the Times

OUR present civilization has done everything possible—I can not think of one thing more it can do—to discourage motherhood. Were it working directly for race suicide, every thinking person could applaud its progress as progress. It has aimed its sharpest blow of destruction directly at the primordial instinct, and it has hit.

Women who are deprived of economic independence, of the vital struggle in life for life, are denatured. When they have the vital struggle without the natural exhilaration that comes as a reward for such exercise, they are crippled.

Natural women, natural mothers, superwomen, are so rare that we look upon them as unnatural, because they are so uncommon.

Fish in Mammoth Cave had no use for eyes and are now without them.

Parasitic women and those who dwell in the Mammoth Caves of life have had no use for executive ability, will, decision, life, limb or torso, and have adjusted themselves to these conditions so that they have no activities in the primordial affairs of life. They have adjusted themselves so that the very "nicest" women look upon natural exercise as vulgar, simple food as unpalatable, to earn a living as unthinkable.

The high cost of living to them is an uninteresting subject. How to teach their children the primitive lessons of obedience and how to earn their own living, are to them the height of impropriety.

And man's world concurs with them in this superstition. That is the reason for the great struggle.

But thinking, healthy women, a great army of them, are calling the world's attention to the fact that the time has come when women ask, not for privilege nor for bounty, but for the exercise of a natural right. The proofs are many that such exercise is a necessity—a necessity to the life of the human race.

Nature through these women is making a demand in order to save the race. These women are saviors of the race. And wise men are giving attention and understand.

The trend of the times is to give back to woman her primordial right to economic independence and in such measure that she may live in this world on a parity with man.

Women never have and never will maintain, either their moral, natural or legal rights save by the possession of political rights.

The Nation of Mothers

By James Douglas



IN the immeasurable anguish of the war there is a nation without a name, without a language, without a ruler, without frontiers. Its territory is not marked upon any map. It is a secret nation which is bound together by invisible ties. This nation dwells in all the lands that are being plowed by the sword. It is the nation of mothers. The quality of motherhood is the same in every race. The full tragedy of the war can be grasped only by those who see the nation of mothers hidden within the warring nations, and who feel the beat of all these aching hearts. There are at this moment millions of mothers suffering the same silent agony. No census can compute the precise number of mothers who are carrying a ceaseless pang in their breasts. But if we try to imagine the sum-total of pain involved in the vigil of ten million mothers, then we are by

way of comprehending the dreadful magnitude of the calamity which has visited the human race.

Ten million mothers weeping, like Rachel, for their children! What an ocean of tears! And each tear is the same salt sorrow, whether it be shed in Warsaw or Munich, Cracow or Cologne, Bruges or Amiens, Arras or Ely, London or Louvain. The grief of motherhood is a thing apart. It is outside the causes of war, the quarrels of races, the pride of empires. It is an older and more durable passion than any of the motives which send brave men into battle. States rise and fall, empires come and go, but through all the vicissitudes of governing machinery the nation of mothers remains undestroyed and indestructible. And when all the human links between nations are broken, this link holds fast—between the mothers of the young soldiers who are slaying each other there is the link of a common love.

The Link of Motherhood

It is well for the world that this last link holds when all the other links have snapped in the storm of war. The link of brotherhood is the first to go, and men with reluctant violence teach themselves to hate fellow-creatures whom they have never seen. This hate is an artificial passion, and it is not easy to keep it fed with the food upon which it lives. One of the mysteries of war is the undoubted fact that soldiers are not nearly as good haters as civilians. The truth is that you can not kill a man without realizing that he is your brother. The British subaltern who kicked the unsuspecting German patrol rather than shoot him in cold blood was more than a humorist, more than a sportsman—he was a human being. All the other links go with the link of brotherhood—the link of art, the link of science, the link of religion, the link of learning, the link of poetry, the link of music, the link of social amelioration, the link of medicine. War melts them all. And our poor humanity has only the link of motherhood to save it from the fury of the jungle and the ferocity of the primeval slime. The war-god may take everything else away, but this he can not take. Through the smoke of burning cities we can descry the sweet, sad face of the eternal mother yearning over a thousand battlefields, searching the trenches with patient tenderness for the beloved face, laying a reverent hand on the graves of the unknown and unnumbered dead,

and shedding over all the wild chaos of carnage a hallowed radiance of undying devotion.

Mother-Love

NO man can not divine the deeps of agony endured by the mothers of Europe. They can not overpass the great barrier which separates the heart of the father from the heart of the mother. The love of a father for his son is different in kind as well as in degree from the love of a mother for her son. The poverty of language forces us to use the same word for the two affections, but there ought to be a word to express the wonderful passion of motherhood. We speak of mother-wit, but seldom of mother-love, and yet mother-love is the highest form of all love. It is in its supreme form utterly selfless. It is proof against ingratitude, against cruelty, against all the evils which are fatal to all other kinds of love. Wherefore when a country asks a mother to give her son to its service it asks for something that is dearer than life itself. There are few mothers who would not prefer to give their own life rather than the life of the son they bore. Greater love has no man than the love of the mother who gives her son's life to her country.

And this mother-love is above all the conventions and distinctions of class, rank and caste. All mothers are equal in sacrifice. The poor mother in the town slum or the rural hamlet gives her all when she gives her son to the Army, and the greatest lady in the land gives no less and no more. The mothers in this ordeal are drawn together. They are made one by suffering and self-abnegation. They are a great, silent sodality of voluntary sorrow. Our new Army owes more than can ever be guessed to the simple heroism of motherhood. These young men who march in long columns through our London streets are tied to their mother's heart-strings. How many of them could or would have answered the great call if their mothers had held them back? It is their country that cries "Come!" but it is their mothers who cry "Go!" What son guesses the ache, well masked, that throbs behind the twisted smile and the trembling voice and the surrendering arms?

Grief and Responsibility

FOR the valiant dead there is peace, but for the mother there is a grief that can never be assuaged. Others may forget, but she never. She bears her pang to the grave.

Hers the long, slow remembrance kept fresh by cherished relics—a fair ringlet of childhood's curls, a series of photographs, school caps and colors perhaps, garments that bear witness to each stage of youth, toys, and all the flotsam and jetsam that survive in an empty home. And yet these mothers do not flinch nor falter. They say their farewells with fearless smiles and a plain courage that simulates indifference. When the foreseen blow falls they hold their heads high and face the bareness of life without regret or remorse. On a day not long ago there were two brothers in the Roll of Honor—one a soldier, the other a sailor, both boys on the threshold of manhood. The one died for his country in France, the other died for his country in the North Sea. The sonless mother had given them both, and now her life holds little but a deathless sorrow. ¶ In the presence of such a sacrifice a man can only get down on his knees in humble reverence and wordless gratitude. Nothing but a pure and stainless cause could sanctify a gift so great. The mothers of mankind will not have suffered in vain if their suffering is the redemption of humanity. Out of their anguish let the will of the world be born—the will to establish and keep peace on the earth against all its adversaries forever.

The continued disfranchisement of women is a relic of antiquity that belongs to other days.

Renaissance of Motherhood

By Mary Macpherson



THE last century saw many changes in values. The old ideas concerning religion, science, education, society, marriage, home, woman's sphere and her work in the world, all were questioned and brought to trial. It was a period of transition, in which there was a general awakening of the social conscience and a demand for a new morality. Even the prevailing estimate of the great elemental fact of motherhood was tested and thrown into the crucible. Fifty years ago no one questioned its importance and dignity. Motherhood was the favorite theme of poet and painter; it was regarded as the

most sacred of human functions and woman's highest happiness.

Robert Browning sang:

"Womanliness means only motherhood,
All love begins and ends there."

It can not be denied, however, that for some time past there has been a decline in motherhood itself and in the estimate of its value. This is due to various causes, chief among which are the growing emancipation of woman, her revolt against the old ideas of marriage and morality, and the severe conditions under which many women labor in the industrial world.

Ellen Key's Position

ELLEN KEY, in *The Renaissance of Motherhood*, traces the history of this change. She maintains that women originally fashioned the customs that held good in home and society, showing how her natural conservatism trained her in habits which became instincts, and how motherhood, which was the first germ of altruism, came to receive the highest sanction as a duty.

When women began to demand increased freedom and a share in public life, they grew impatient of the constraints and limitations of home, and conscious of needs and desires which became motive forces toward higher conditions than those which they had long honored and accepted.

This time of transition was one of some confusion. Individual and social duty were often in conflict. Change did not always show itself synonymous with real progress. Perfect freedom of action was demanded, and this sometimes meant license. Deep-seated instincts, when fertilized with new ideals, often produce excesses and exaggerations. But in spite of conflict and error, there was general advance. Although some women rebelled against maternity and the sentimental belief in its instinctive holiness, although they might believe that work in offices and public professions was higher than the care of children and the duties of motherhood, and that the training of the young could be better done in institutions than in the home, there has been a growing demand for more rational education and a greater care of infant life.

The most valuable part of this very interesting and suggestive book is that in which the writer emphasizes the importance of the direct

influence of the mother on the child. She shows how the essential education of the child is that which radiates from the mother's own personality and the spirit which she creates in the home. She is compared to "the fire on the hearth, the cool shade under the tree, the water in the well, the bread in the Sacrament." ¶ Children need personal love, individual care, much sympathy and petting; no education in a large institution can take the place of the real mother.

Educated Motherhood

ELLEN KEY contends that, though many mothers today fall far short of the ideal of motherhood, children are happier in an average, ordinary home than in the most admirable public institution. While believing in woman's social and political emancipation, she goes so far as to say that "if the destruction of the home were the price the race must pay for woman's attainment of full human dignity and citizenship, then the price would be too high." But in another and better state of society this price would not have to be paid. If women were educated for their mission as mothers, if there were no economic need forcing so many to find work outside the home, if Society required labor of some kind from all its members, if the rights of the child were fully recognized and protected, there would be a renaissance of motherhood in the truest sense. ¶ Great stress is laid on the need for educated motherhood. Ellen Key advocates a year's course for all women, in which they should study hygiene, psychology, the fundamental principles of eugenics, the planning of a home, the management of a household, and the care of children. There is much to be said, too, in favor of the idea of a year of social service, in which women should use their knowledge of hygiene, domestic science and economics for the benefit of society.

LIFE should not be treated as a solemn matter. I like to see the children at table, and to hear each one telling of the wonderful things he has seen or heard. I like to hear the clatter of knives and forks and spoons mingling with their happy voices. I had rather hear it than any opera that was ever put upon the boards. Let the children have liberty. Be honest and fair with them; be just; be tender; and they will make you rich in love and joy.—Robert Ingersoll.

You Can't Put a Butterfly Back Into a Cocoon

By Lucille Wetherell



IN connection with the Woman's Peace Parade, Charlotte Perkins Gilman has pointed out a significant fact. This fact is the reaction of the movement on the women themselves. The pith of the signification is the formation of the habit in women of standing together.

Women standing together! An entirely new thing on the face of the earth!

But—is there no further significance in this movement?

There surely is. It will leave its mark on all time that is to come.

In order to understand just what it is that these women have done, it is necessary to bear in mind what they are striving to effect for themselves.

They are trying to become human beings, with the full rights of the most privileged human being in their time. That is—citizens of the United States.

In the Peace Parade they asked for the lives of innumerable men who are strangers to them.

Weed-Citizens

TOLSTOY said that the time has arrived when the struggle presented in literature must be for something that is more valuable than physical life.

That's true of living, too.

The struggle must be for something that is worth more than physical life.

One thing is to be a human being—with the full rights of the most privileged human being of the time!

That is what the women who paraded for peace are after. That is their ordinary business.

¶ But—they laid aside their own business, for a time, to get Life—physical life—for somebody else.

For men—strange men; hordes of them. The Flower of the Youth of Europe, the Weeds of the Youth of Europe.

When the war is over, however it ends—if America is still America—these men whose lives the women have demanded, will come to our shores. The Flower of the Youth of Europe,

THE FRA

MAGAZINE

A Periodical of Progress

ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor

Issued once every month by The Roycrofters, at their Shops, in East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.



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The IDEALIST



THE Idealist maps for us an undiscovered country whose bourne we hope to reach. He is a seer, a prophet of better things and conditions, a poet, a priest. He shows us distinctly the Ideal World in which we should live.

¶ His office in this great scheme of life is to create a desire for a better life and for better living, to give us the divine discontent.

¶ His province is not to show us the way, but simply to announce to us the fact that there is a Promised Land, a beautiful world, and to tell us that it is ours by divine right.



The REALIST



THE work of the Realist is to connect this known world with the unknown. It is he who must create and make actual the Ideal World, and then lead the Children of Israel, even the Idealists themselves, into the Land of Canaan.

¶ While he toils in the fields, he appreciates the glory of the sunset, the beauty of the landscape. When working for better conditions for the ignorant and vicious, he is patient with their criticisms, their accusations.

¶ He is very wise; he has prescience; he is a man of this world and the world to come—the Ideal Condition. He is the supremely great man.—*Alice Hubbard.*



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the Weeds as well—especially the Weeds. We may leave out of consideration the Flower of Europe—the women can probably count on the Flower to remember—the Flower has a way of doing that.

But the Weeds—the Weeds! How about them?

In just a minute or two after they arrive they will become citizens—human beings with the rights, the full rights, of the most privileged human beings of all the world.

The women of America are not that.

It won't take the Weed-Citizen long to see that they are not.

He will grab and grab surely that thing which is better than life. And—you can count on him to do all in his power to prevent the women from reaching it.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend?"

Ah—dawn of the new time!

Greater love have the *women* than this—they can lay down, without knowing they have done it, that thing which is greater than life—the right to be a human being; a citizen with the full rights of the most privileged human being of the time!

They can do it for hordes of strange men who will turn and rend them.

Ah—these women of marvelous instinct—these Wide-Eyed Children of Beautiful Hope! It needs must be that the master—He of Gethsemane and the Cross—will see it thus. This mighty, unconscious, unpremeditated burst of generosity!

The germs of Christhood in a multitude of hearts have found another common avenue of expression—"The Standing Together of Women."

The first guest to pass over it was a new Christ-principle. The power to ask for others *more* than you have for yourself.

Women have put that power into the world's work and patented it for all time.

You can't put a butterfly back into a cocoon.

The Children of Beautiful Hope

THE world's work is not mainly done by those who have vision—those who can see an end from the beginning. These are too few—they see life too clearly and too hard. Their mission is to stand on the housetop and say, "Just here the road leads through a morass—over there the stones slip on the hill-side." Whether the world shall turn out, keep

to the road through the morass, or climb over the slipping stones, is for the multitude to decide.

Meanwhile—the world's work is getting done by the Wondrous Children of Beautiful Hope, whose eyes are held so that they see but one step at a time—see it always as the ultimate, the only step.

Another great avenue has been opened up to those ultimate steps of all good.

It is the avenue of asking for others *more* than you have for yourself.

It is paved with the small pebbles of individual Christliness, set in the cement of unpremeditated generosity, by the concerted "Standing Together of Women."

It is the greatest spectacle of doing away with jealousy that the world has ever seen!

You can't put a butterfly back into a cocoon!

The laws of a State are a true index of its degree of civilization.

War and the Duel

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

From "The Forerunner"



WAR is a fight between the men of one nation and the men of another—or nations.

The duel is a fight between individual men.

This individual fight is of plain ancestry. Wherever two stags lock antlers, two bulls charge thunderously, two cocks leap stabbing, two stallions rear and bite, two tomcats roll and scratch, entangled—there is the duel.

It is the old, old fight between males—originally for the favor of the female, and later developed to a sort of universal chip on the shoulder. It has been refined and modified, hallowed by the light of that vague later product, honor; but under it all the fighting male remains.

War is a larger form of the same thing, with the addition of the predaceous instinct—the long-established process of taking what is wanted by force.

To this have been added certain social instincts, higher, nobler, more useful: the rising sense of comradeship; the pursuance of

abstract "duty"; ideal generalizations of service, glory and honor; and, best of all, the large recognition of social unity, with our, so far, fullest height of human devotion—to be willing to give all—life itself—for one's country.

¶ Those feelings are good, wholly good, but they are by no means dependent on war.

The duel, meanwhile, in spite of all its glamor and romance, has remained on a low plane because of its individualism. Even the "honor" attached to it is a silly abstraction, and has become ridiculous in the eyes of most civilized people.

We have, to a great extent, outgrown the duel.

We have not, to any great extent, outgrown war.

America's Prestige

THE proud superiority of America is more geographical than social. We share the same black record in regard to our weaker neighbors that we condemn in other nations.

¶ Our treatment of our savage predecessors is not so much beyond that of other white conquerors that we need feel self-righteous over it; and our great Southwest was not given to us by any means.

"Scalebacks"

WAR is still the constant resource of nations whose honor is offended, or who need the money; but the duel, whether in the form of a hold-up, or of defending the honor of a gentleman, is out of date.

How is it that we have learned to ridicule the duel, and still honor war?

Some there are who boast of all the fine qualities war develops in us. Why are they not equally developed in the duel? If fighting is so much nobler than working, why not turn all our pruning-hooks into swords, permanently?

The only noble qualities developed in war are those social ones above mentioned, and they can be developed by working together for a common interest much better than by fighting.

Apart from these social qualities war brings out not the best, but worst in us. It is reversion, social reversion, as horrible as when starving men drop down the centuries and eat one another like their brute ancestors.

Those who defend war, and even some who deprecate it, consider it a "social necessity"—like that other man-made horror, prostitu-

tion. War is no more a necessity than cannibalism. It is a hideous habit of the past, and not only hideous, but ridiculous.

If in a "civilized" city we found men personally fighting on every street corner, in every office—bankers, lawyers, floorwalkers, gas-fitters—any and everybody settling their private differences, increasing their property, or defending their "honor," in sweat and blood and powder-smoke, what should we think of that civilization?

If they were naked savages we might be shocked, but would not be surprised. If they were modern educated people, and "Christians" at that—we should laugh.

Greater than all the horrors of war is its absurdity, its pathetic, conspicuous, out-of-date absurdity.

Talk of "mossbacks"! Men in warfare are scalebacks—they revert to the glyptodon and its armored compeers.

The armaments of nations belong to the Reptile Period—the strongest teeth and claws against the thickest scales.

The greatest problem before humanity today is the conservation of the human race.

Economics of Equal Suffrage

By Roger W. Babson



OR two reasons, I have said little relative to the movement for equal suffrage: first, because I have felt that clients might think the subject unbecoming to this service; and secondly, because it is bound to come irrespective of our wishes for or against. Hence, I feel that the sooner it comes the better, especially since what is really needed is a revision and contraction of the entire franchise.

Such a contraction will never come until the franchise has first reached a maximum. After every one has had a vote, and it is found that conditions are no better than at present, then there will be a general movement for a restriction of the franchise to those who have rendered some service to deserve it.

In the meantime, as the women gradually acquire the vote, there will be much legislation passed in their favor. I refer to laws relating to

the inheritance of property, exemption from certain forms and customs, and the further protection of women and children. Labor laws, which heretofore have been enacted by men primarily for men, will be enacted for women, all of which will result in higher commodity prices and increased taxation. Shorter working-hours and safety-appliances are good and are to be recommended, but both result in increased prices for manufactured products. Under equal suffrage, the women on our farms will receive attention heretofore undreamed of, which will still further increase the price of food-products, unless we get busy and compensate therefor by using new labor-saving devices.

But by far the most interesting will be the effect of the woman-suffrage movement upon dress, millinery and other lines depending upon constantly changing fashions. History shows that as man has acquired independence he has dressed more simply and has gradually standardized his clothes. It is common knowledge that the development of the equal-suffrage movement in England and other nations has been accompanied by a growing simplicity of dress among its followers.

That women should standardize their dress seems, at first thought, unthinkable, but it is wholly possible and very probable. As the Indian and Oriental nations have given up their gay decorations when they have grown wiser; as our ancestors forsook their wigs, ruffles and gay dress after they acquired independence; so it is very probable that today may be witnessing the height of woman's folly in useless hats and gowns. What the economic effect of this great saving would be, is almost beyond comprehension. It may offset the increase in prices which the legislation above referred to would ordinarily necessitate. Certainly, it will cause many to seek other lines of work, turning them to the production of things which will make people fundamentally happier and healthier than will mere clothes.

Moreover, unless some such change takes place, the American woman will become extinct. Our daughters are of little use today. They produce nothing and demand much. When married they insist upon commencing housekeeping on a scale reached only by their parents after a life of effort. From the beginning they must have maids and conveniences

which are both uneconomic and deteriorating. Their time is given to "bridge" and "tangoing," while their one child is being brought up by servants.

Unless there is some change, the self-respecting, honest young man who wishes to have a family can do only one thing—namely, forget the American woman entirely and marry a frank, healthy specimen of some other nation. Moreover, we can not consistently criticize young men for seriously considering this today. If the advent of equal suffrage would be to cause our young people to better realize their responsibilities, and thus prevent the people of some other nation from swarming here and putting us on reservations as we have the Indians, its economic effect will be good. At any rate, its development is worth watching, both for financial and social reasons.

To think is natural, and if not intimidated or coerced a man will evolve a philosophy of life that is useful and beneficent.

Brand Whitlock

By Alice Hubbard



AN'ST thou look into the seeds of time and say which grains will grow and which will not?"

¶ More than that, darrest thou see what fruit those grains will bear?

Had Brand Whitlock had power to look into the seeds of time and see what life would bring to him, would he (would any of us, for that matter?) have had the courage to live?

The old theology says, "Ye must be born again." Any one who has really lived during the last forty years has been born again and again many hundreds of times. Is there a resurrection? Never of the old. It is always a new life that rises again. It resembles the old only in its form.

The Book-Paved Road

BRAND WHITLOCK was born March Fourth, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine, in a parsonage in Urbana, Ohio.

His parents were scholars and learners.

He knew books before he knew people. The little world of his parents' parish was what he thought the world was. The small horizon of

the orthodox world was his universe of right and wrong.

From people to books is a natural road. It is also easy.

But to go from books to people must mean soul tragedies. A person who travels a book-paved road leaves his lifeless, shattered ideals all along the way. It hurts fearfully to leave these dear, dead things, for our ideals are the most sacred of all our soul's possessions.

People fight for their religion. They lay down their lives for it. Our religion is one of our ideals. Patriotism is another. Standardized social institutions and customs—these are ideals. How dear, how precious, they are to us!

¶ Any one who knows life through living and prefers truth to all else will have to sacrifice his illusions, no matter at what cost.

No matter how often the disillusion comes, a person who genuinely lives, graduates every night from the old life and every morning awakes to a new one.

To be consecrated to living, to be able to live each day a new life, that is a very great ideal.

¶ Olive Schreiner relates a dream of one who pursued the bird of truth over hill and plain, beside the still waters, over mountains, rocks, glaciers, through hardships and terrors of every zone and clime, and at last found one feather from the bird of truth.

Brand Whitlock can doubtless read this dream of the Hunter with an understanding which comes from experience.

Formative Influences

BRAND WHITLOCK studied law in Springfield, Illinois. It was sacred soil there. He went over the ground which Lincoln had consecrated when he was finding for himself truth.

In his imagination, Mr. Whitlock lived the life of Abraham Lincoln there in Springfield, on to Washington, in his home, even into the intimate experiences of the great man's soul. He was saturated with the spirit of this genuine lover of what is.

Then Brand Whitlock went to Toledo, and there he met "Golden Rule Jones."

What an ideal that great man had! He put into practical, actual experience the doing to others what you would have them do to you!

To make an ideal city through the enforcement of the Golden Rule, known to the human race since the human race realized the first social relation, and yet never practised!

Surely everybody would be happy to work out this ideal, this dream of right, this working philosophy called monism.

And Brand Whitlock became the eager Aaron to the Moses of Toledo—he who should lead the city out of the bondage of selfishness into the Promised Land of brotherly love.

"Golden Rule Jones" would do unto others, every one of them, as he would have them do unto him—and he would do it first. He was Mayor of the city, and he could.

And Brand Whitlock, working with Mayor Jones, began to have experiences with people, and he began to know human nature other than his own.

"Golden Rule Jones" died. Shall we say he was a martyr to his ideals? Of course.

And yet his life was magnificently a success, for he presented to people the old truth in a new way, putting life into that something which human beings had talked about, but had reserved for use in heaven—a place to which they expected to go.

Mayor of Toledo

THE mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha.

Brand Whitlock became Mayor of Toledo. Then his vital experiences began. For there is a great difference between being second in command and first.

So far as I know, Brand Whitlock has never complained. He has erected no monuments in the graveyard where lie buried his ideals. In fact, he probably had no graveyard—just an incinerating-plant where were consumed his illusions and their ashes scattered to the winds of new life into which he was compelled to enter every morning.

He probably knows more intimately than any other American the depth of degradation to which the human mind can go, and still be classed as human.

He knows the chasms that separate human beings. He knows the abyss that separates a man's ideals from his actual living. He knows every disappointment that can come to a man who is willing to give up every interest, every prospect that he has, in order to save or give assistance to another, and to find that apparently he has sacrificed, and all to no purpose.

He knows every phase of ingratitude. He knows every degree of hate that can come to a human being from every grade of development of human beings.

He has suffered all that he is capable of suffering. He has drunk from a full cup of sorrow. He is a chastened soul and a man.

If you want to read a biography of this man, read the books which he has written. Read the *Turn of the Balance* for sympathy; *Abraham Lincoln* for his ideal; on the enforcement of law in a city, and for a little of his experiences as Mayor of Toledo, read *Forty Years of It*. Read his essays, poems and short stories for beautiful literature.

Minister to Belgium

WHEN Augustine Birrell was elected Member of Parliament, I think it was George Bernard Shaw who said he had left the turmoils of a life of literature to go into the peaceful fields of political life.

After eight years of perpetual agitation, and heckling while being Mayor of Toledo, all the time holding the purpose of dispersing only kindness, charity and love to sinners and saints, alike, Brand Whitlock received the appointment from President Wilson, December Second, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, as United States Minister to Belgium.

You can imagine the dreams of peace, the sweet satisfaction, the sighs of relief that Brand Whitlock felt as he heard the great heart-throbs of the engine that took him in the great steamer out of the harbor of New York. Now he would have time to look it all over. Now he would have perspective on these troubled years. He would have a newer and a truer view of life.

The new responsibility would not be very great. The Belgian people were charming to live with. Our relations with Belgium were all that could be desired.

Brand Whitlock would have time to think, to compose, to write out for us all the essence of his mottled experiences with human beings. What a valuable document it would have been! An honest man's honest opinion of human beings after having had every experience that could come from all grades of society, which is the same as saying from all grades of criminals. What wonderful new being would rise from these dead! What a resurrection from Brand Whitlock's graveyard of ideals!

The Awakening

LARA BARTON left the horrors of the Civil War and that terrible aftermath, the identification of the dead in the National

Cemetery, and went to Europe to get away from all the tragedies and tragic scenes of war and the sorrows of those whose lives were broken by the death of those who went to war.

¶ She went to Switzerland, where she could breathe life-giving air, where she could mingle with those honest, peaceful, industrious people. And she found she had involuntarily gone where her services were required on battlefields more terrible than those she had ever before known.

Her reward for work was—more work.

Suddenly, without warning, Brand Whitlock's beautiful blue sky, the green pastures, still waters and peaceful surroundings were turned into scenes of war more terrible, more tragic, than the world has ever before known. Every brutality, every tragedy, that human beings can experience came suddenly into little Belgium.

From this Belgium, this Golgotha, Brand Whitlock's work in Toledo must look very small to him now. The diplomacy, the quintessence of wisdom which before had been required of him, must now seem like mental pastime.

These are adventures strange and new! Brand Whitlock has proved to be the man for the crisis.

He was fitted by an Unseen Power to do magnificently the work that was his to do. A tangled web was woven about him unlike any other in the history of civilization.

The German Army came marching down through Belgium on its way to Paris. It did to little Belgium what armies must do. Husbands, fathers, sons, lay dead on the field of battle. The king and every man, and as many women as could leave their children, went out to defend their homes from these foreign soldiers.

¶ Little Belgium was laid waste and captured, and is declared by the Kaiser to be a part of the German Empire. And this has been done through might.

Brand Whitlock is United States Minister to Belgium, by appointment of the President of the United States.

The United States is a neutral nation. For this nation to withdraw its minister must be interpreted, either that we acknowledge Germany to have the right to hold Belgium, or that we have broken our neutrality and sympathize with Germany, or that we are at war with Germany or Belgium.

Brand Whitlock could not leave Belgium unless he were called home or because he was afraid ☛ ☛

It was and is a most delicate and complicated situation ☛ ☛

The Belgians do not consider that they belong to Germany. To them, Belgium still is. Their king is Albert.

One day Brand Whitlock received an official document from Germany. The stately letter recognized the fact that Mr. Whitlock was appointed by the United States Government as Minister to the Kingdom of Belgium, but, as Belgium was no more, as it had become a part of the German Empire, Mr. Whitlock was at liberty at any time to return to his home ☛ ☛

It looks as though the fate of Americans was in the hands of this man at that time. One blunder would mean war to us, who now hold in our keeping for the earth and posterity the treasures that the civilization of all time has given to the world.

Brand Whitlock's answer to the War Lord was, that he was in the employ of the Government of the United States. The United States had sent him to Belgium, to Brussels. That was his home, until his Government should send for him. As a faithful citizen of the United States, he must remain and do his work ☛ ☛

Brand Whitlock is a great American. He is a great United States minister. He is a great man. Greater than all this, he is a great human being ☛ ☛

The Fruition

DOES Brand Whitlock want to look into the seeds of time and see what grains will grow for him? I think not. He has grown so great that he has the great faith. And that faith is that the Power which holds the future for him, which he can not see, is giving him experiences whereby he is in training and he is equipped to meet that future and do any work that is in store for him.

Out of his experiences in Belgium, Brand Whitlock will find a resurrection of ideals, noble, new, vital. And he will help the whole world to live the new, chastened life which shall be ours.

Thought is supreme. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good-cheer. To think rightly is to create.

Desire for World Empire

By Charles W. Eliot

President Emeritus of Harvard University



THE prime source of the present immense disaster in Europe is the desire on the part of Germany for world-empire, a desire which one European nation after another has made its supreme motive, and none that has once adopted it has ever completely eradicated it. Germany arrived late at this desire, being prevented until Eighteen Hundred Seventy from indulging it, because of her lack of unity, or rather because of being divided, since the Thirty Years' War, into a large number of separate, more or less independent States. When this disease, which has attacked one nation after another through all historic times, struck Germany, it exhibited in her case a remarkable malignity, moving her to expansion in Europe by force of arms, and to the seizure of areas for colonization in many parts of the world. Prussia, indeed, had long believed in making her way in Europe by fighting, and had repeatedly acted on that belief. Shortly before the achievement of German unity by Bismarck she had obtained by war in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four and Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six important accessions of territory and leadership in all Germany.

With this desire for world-empire went the belief that it was only to be obtained by force of arms. Therefore, united Germany has labored with utmost intelligence and energy to prepare the most powerful army in the world, and to equip it for instant action in the most perfect manner that science and eager invasion could contrive. To develop this supreme military machine, universal conscription—an outgrowth of the conception of the citizens' army of France during the Revolution—was necessary; so that every young man in Germany physically competent to bear arms might receive the training of a soldier, whether he wished it or not, and remain at the call of the Government for military duty during all his years of competency, even if he were the only son of a widow, or a widower with little children, or the sole support of a family or other dependents. In order to add to

the completeness of this military ideal the army became the nation and the nation became the army, to a degree which had never before been realized in either the savage or the civilized world. This army could be summoned and put in play by the Chief Executive of the German nation with no preliminaries except the consent of the hereditary heads of the several States which united to form the empire in Eighteen Hundred Seventy and Seventy-one under the domination of Prussia, the Prussian King, become German Emperor, being Commander-in-Chief of the German Army. At the word of the Emperor this army can be summoned, collected, clothed, equipped and armed, and set in motion toward any frontier in a day. The German Army was thus made the largest in proportion to population, the best equipped, and the most mobile in the world. The German General Staff studied incessantly and thoroughly plans for campaigns against all the other principal States of Europe, and promptly utilized—secretly, whenever secrecy was possible—all promising inventions in explosives, ordnance, munitions, transportation and sanitation. At the opening of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen the General Staff believed that the German Army was ready for war on the instant, and that it possessed some significant advantages in fighting—such as better implements and better discipline—over the armies of the neighboring nations. The army could do its part toward the attainment of world-empire. It would prove invincible.

A Great German Navy

THE intense desire for colonies, and for the spread of German commerce throughout the world, instigated the creation of a great German navy, and started the race with England in navy-building. The increase of German wealth, and the rapid development of manufactures and commercial sea-power after Eighteen Hundred Seventy and Seventy-one, made it possible for the empire to devote immense sums of money to the quick construction of a powerful navy, in which the experience and skill of all other shipbuilding nations would be appropriated and improved on. In thus pushing her colonization and sea-power policy, Germany encountered the wide domination of Great Britain on the oceans; and this encounter bred jealousy, suspicion, and distrust on both sides. That Germany should

have been belated in the quest for foreign possessions was annoying; but that England and France should have acquired early ample and rich territories on other continents, and then should resist or obstruct Germany when she aspired to make up for lost time, was intensely exasperating. Hence chronic resentments, and—when the day came—probably war. In respect to its navy, however, Germany was not ready for war at the opening of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen; and, therefore, she did not mean to get into war with Great Britain in that year. Indeed, she believed—on incorrect information—that England could not go to war in the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. Neither the Government nor the educated class in Germany comprehends the peculiar features of party government as it exists in England, France and the United States; and therefore the German leaders were surprised and grievously disappointed at the sudden popular determination of Great Britain and Ireland to lay aside party strife and take strenuous part in the general European conflict.

Doctrine of "Military Necessity"

THE complete preparation of the German Army for sudden war, the authority to make war always ready in the hands of the German Emperor, and the thorough studies of the German staff into the most advantageous plans of campaign against every neighbor, conspired to develop a new doctrine of "military necessity" as the all-sufficient excuse for disregarding and violating the contracts or agreements into which Prussia or the new Germany had entered with other nations. To gain quickly a military advantage in attacking a neighbor came to be regarded as proper ground for violating any or all international treaties and agreements, no matter how solemn and comprehensive, how old or how new. The demonstration of the insignificance or worthlessness of international agreements in German thought and practice was given in the first days of the war by the invasion of Belgium, and has been continued ever since by violation on the part of Germany of numerous agreements concerning the conduct of war into which Germany entered with many other nations at the Second Hague Conference.

This German view of the worthlessness of international agreements was not a cause of

the present war, because it was not fully evident to Europe, although familiar and or long standing in Germany; but it is a potent reason for the continuance of the war by the Allies until Germany is defeated; because it is plain to all the nations of the world, except Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey at the moment, that the hopes of mankind for the gradual development of international order and peace rest on the sanctity of contracts between nations, and on the development of adequate sanctions in the administration of international law. The new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law, and is completely and hopelessly barbarous.

The Religion of Valor

WORLD-EMPIRE now, as always, is to be won by force—that is, by conquest and holding possession. So Assyria, Israel, Macedonia, Athens, Rome, Islam, England and France have successively believed and tried to accomplish in practise. United Germany has for forty years been putting into practise, at home and abroad, the doctrine of force as the source of all personal and national greatness and all worthy human achievements. In the support of this doctrine, educated Germany has developed and accepted the religion of valor and the dogma that might makes right. In so doing it has rejected with scorn the Christian teachings concerning humility and meekness, justice and mercy, brotherhood and love. The objects of its adoration have become Strength, Courage and ruthless Will-Power; let the weak perish and help them to perish; let the gentle, meek and humble submit to the harsh and proud; let the shiftless and incapable die; the world is for the strong, and the strongest shall be ruler. This is a religion capable of inspiring its followers with zeal and sustained enthusiasm in promoting the national welfare at whatever cost to the individual of life, liberty or happiness, and also of lending a religious sanction to the extremes of cruelty, greed and hate. It were incredible that educated people who have been brought up within earshot of Christian ethics and within sight of gentle men and women should all be content with the religion-of-valor plan. Accordingly, the finer German spirits have invented a supplement to that Stone-Age religion. They have set up for worship a mystical conception of the State as a majestic and beneficent entity which embraces all the noble activities of the

Teutonic nation and guides it to its best achievements *~ ~*

To this ideal State every German owes duty, obedience and complete devotion. The trouble with this supplement to the religion of valor is that it dwells too much on submission, self-sacrifice and discipline, and not enough on individual liberty and self-control in liberty. Accordingly, when the valiant men got control of the Government and carried the nation into a ferocious war, they swept away with them all the devotees of this romantic and spiritual State. The modern German is always a controlled, directed and drilled person, who aspires to control and discipline his inferiors; and in his view pretty much all mankind are his inferiors. He is not a freeman in the French, English or American sense; and he prefers not to be *~ ~*

What German Domination Would Mean

THE present war is the inevitable result of lust of empire, autocratic government, sudden wealth, and the religion of valor. What German domination would mean to any that should resist it the experience of Belgium and Northern France during the past three months aptly demonstrates. The civilized world can now see where the new German morality—be efficient, be virile, be hard, be bloody, be rulers—would land it. To maintain that the power which has adopted in practise that new morality, and in accordance with its precepts promised Austria its support against Serbia and invaded Belgium and France in hot haste, is not the responsible author of the European war, is to throw away memory, reason and commonsense in judging the human agencies in current events.

The real cause of the war is this gradually developed barbaric state of the German mind and will. All other causes—such as the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, the sympathy of Russia with the Balkan States, the French desire for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and Great Britain's jealousy of German aggrandizement—are secondary and incidental causes, contributory, indeed, but not primary and fundamental. If any one asks who brought the ruling class in Germany to this barbaric frame of mind, the answer must be Bismarck, Moltke, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Bernhardt, the German Emperor, their like, their disciples, and the military caste.

Germany Never Dreaded Russia

MANY German apologists for the war attribute it to German fear of Russia. They say that, although Germany committed the first actual aggression by invading Belgium and Luxemburg on the way to attack France with the utmost speed and fierceness, the war is really a war of defense against Russia, which might desirably pass over, after France has been crushed, into a war against Great Britain, that perfidious and insolent obstacle to Germany's world-empire. The answer to this explanation is that, as a matter of fact, Germany has never dreaded, or even respected, the military strength of Russia, and that the recent wars and threatenings of war by Germany have not been directed against Russia, but against Denmark, Austria, France and England. In her colonization enterprises it is not Russia that Germany has encountered, but England, France and the United States. The friendly advances made within the last twenty years by Germany to Turkey were not intended primarily to strengthen Germany against Russia, but Germany against Great Britain through access by land to British India. In short, Germany's policies, at home and abroad, during the past forty years have been inspired not by fear of Russia, or of any other invader, but by its own aggressive ambition for world-empire. In the present war it thinks it has staked its all on "empire or downfall." • • •

Those nations which value public liberty and believe that the primary object of government is to promote the general welfare by measures and policies founded on justice, good-will and respect for the freedom of the individual can not but hope that Germany will be completely defeated in its present undertakings; but they do not believe that Germany is compelled to choose between a life of domination and national death. They wish that all her humane culture and her genius for patient research may survive this hideous war and guide another Germany to great achievements for humanity.

Desirable Outcome of the War

IF the causes of the present immense catastrophe have been correctly stated, the desirable outcomes of the war are, no world-empire for any race or nation, no more "subjects," no executives, either permanent or temporary, with power to throw their fellow-countrymen into war, no secret diplomacy

justifying the use for a profit of all the lies, concealments, deceptions and ambushes which are an inevitable part of war, and assuming to commit nations on international questions, and no conscription armies that can be launched in war by executives without consulting independent representative assemblies. There should come out from this supreme convulsion a federated Europe, or a league of the freer nations, which should secure the smaller States against attack, prevent the larger from attempting domination, make sure that treaties and other international contracts shall be public and be respected until modified by mutual consent, and provide a safe basis for the limitation and reduction of armaments on land and sea, no basis to be considered safe which could fail to secure the liberties of each and all the federated States against the attacks of any outsider or faithless member. No one can see at present how such a consummation is to be brought about, but any one can see already that it is the only one which can satisfy the lovers of liberty under law, and the believers in the progress of mankind through loving service to all and all to each.

Extreme pacifists shrink from fighting evil with evil, hell with hell, and advise submission to outrage, or at least taking the risk of being forced into resigned submission. The believers in the religion of valor, on the other hand, proclaim that war is a good thing in itself, that it develops the best human virtues, invigorates a nation become flaccid through ease and luxury, and puts in command the strong, dominating spirit of a valid nation or race. What is the just mean between these two extremes? Is it not that war is always a hideous and hateful evil, but that a nation may sometimes find it to be the lesser of two evils between which it has to choose? The justifiable and indeed necessary war is the war against the ravager and destroyer, the enemy of liberty, the claimant of world-empire. More and more the thinkers of the world see, and the common people more and more believe, that the cause of righteous liberty is the cause of civilization. In the conference which will one day meet to settle the terms of peace and future conditions of life in Europe, the example of the American Republic in regard to armaments, the publicity of treaties, and public liberty, security and prosperity may reasonably have some influence.

The Radical Woman

By M. M. Mangasarian



HAT other people call us, or what we call them, is of little importance. Names and labels have no more to do with ideas than the chips which float on the surface of the sea have with its weight or depth. We are as little interested in the word radical as in the word conservative. What we should conscientiously cultivate is reasonableness in everything. There are times when to be rational we have to be conservative; and then there are times when conservatism would be cowardly. The important test at all times is whether we can command for our views or acts the full support of the facts.

What is a radical? Without entering into its etymology, the word radical may be used in either a commendable or an objectionable sense. Any one who goes to the roots of a subject, for example, or is thorough in his investigations, or follows his premises clear to the end, is a radical. In that sense of the word, I wish we were all radicals. But I am using the word now to designate the extremist—the man or woman who swings too far, either to the right or to the left, from what Aristotle calls "the golden mean."

The Survival of the Fittest

A RADICAL woman is a much more uncommon phenomenon than a radical man, and is therefore more likely to attract attention and to arouse interest. The average woman is hyper-conservative, which is also a form of radicalism. It is the other extreme. The objection against being too forward or too backward is that it disturbs what we call balance. If some women are now pitching their voices too high, the majority of them still strike a note which is too low to rhyme with modern scientific thought. In the case of the radical woman, the pendulum has swung from one extreme to the other. Of the two "itches" the low pitch is really the more alarming. The woman who screams is less of a menace than the woman who is dumb. The scream is a sign of life and lung-power, as well as of will-power. Muteness is a sign of intellectual anemia. The emancipated scream; the

captives are tongue-tied. But between the loud woman and the subdued, there is the rational woman.

The present mental qualities of woman are largely the result of her past education or miseducation. What we call mind is not an entity, a something ready-made, or made to order, and deposited somewhere in the human frame. Mind is a record of experience. The experience makes the mind, just as climate makes the complexion. The question, Are women as gifted as men? is a vain question, for the reason that gifts are acquired only when necessary to survival. If men are, let us say, mentally stronger, it is not because they are men, but because, for their self-preservation, mental vigor and resourcefulness were indispensable. The experience of the male was of such a nature as to friction the brain into activity and expand the faculties. If women, on the other hand, have been deficient in intellectuality, it is not because they are women, but because another set of qualities was needed for their self-preservation.

In primitive times, a mentally virile woman would have had scant chance for survival. The intellectually indifferent, not to say mediocre, woman survived, because she was better adapted to the then-existing environment. In those days the quality which a man admired in his wife was weakness. I am not thinking of the exceptions. The more dependent a woman, the more flattering it was to man's vanity. It gave him an opportunity to play the role of protector. The primitive husband did not ask for an equal or a rival in his wife, but for a subordinate. How could an intellectual woman have survived in a market, if I may so express myself, in which there were no bids for brains in a woman? The intellectual woman necessarily died childless, and her weaker sisters became the mothers of men. I am trying to explain that what we call mind is a product of experience—a supply created only by the demand. Men and women have not had the same experience; that is why they have not the same minds.

It was the woman whom man selected that survived. To express the same idea differently, it was the woman who pleased man that had a chance to live. Man also picked out the qualities which the average woman possesses today. To find out what were the mental and moral traits which the husband desired in his wife,

we must ask what kind of husband was the primitive man? He was a warrior—autocratic, aggressive, domineering. Only the woman who could please him became his wife, and to please him meant to submit to him, to agree with him in everything, to let him rule without conditions, to allow him his way in every instance—to let him think for her, choose for her and decide for her. The woman, therefore, who consented to efface herself completely and to become an echo, a copy, a thing, so as to give all the honor and glory to her warrior husband, became a mother, while the strong-minded woman died without issue. It pleased the husband to call his wife “the weaker vessel,” which was at the same time a suggestion to her to be delicate, dependent, fragile, timid—leaning upon his strong arm for protection. Of course, woman herself contributed to the subjugation of her sex by selecting for husband the kind of man who could defend her against the equally big and brutal men of other and hostile tribes. Thus it will be seen that what we call mind is a product of circumstances. As woman’s environment changes, her mentality changes, too, and the improvement in her mentality in turn becomes a new and better environment for her. The environment or experience fashions the mind, and the mind, as soon as it begins to function, becomes itself a factor in diverting or modifying experience. The parents produce the child, but the child in turn affects the character of the parents. In the same way, mind as the product of circumstances becomes, in time, not only the molder of circumstances, but also the chief circumstance.

The life of the mind is practically a new experience for woman. In view of this fact, it is not at all strange that feminine thinking, generally speaking, should still be in a formative or even chaotic stage, even more than man’s, since man too is comparatively a novice in reasoning. To show their ability to think, as already explained, beginners are apt to think loud, hence out of tune. The newness of the experience tempts them to overplay their minds, as a child does with a new weapon.

The Problem of Sex

WOMAN’S radicalism or rebellion is largely, though not exclusively, confined to the sex question. I have already expressed myself on the extremists in the “Votes-for-Women” cause. If these “wild women” could have

their way, they would create a tremendous prejudice against female franchise. It is the balanced women who command respect for their sex. Women have naturally great fitness for administrative positions. John Stuart Mill, who was a very careful thinker, believed that woman was the born ruler. Even in Asia, where woman has been a slave, it is often the mother or the mistress who is “the power behind the throne.” There are competent critics who believe that Isabella, the Catholic, Elizabeth, the Protestant, Maria Theresa of Austria, and Catharine of Russia, were the peers of the most expert rulers. John Ruskin held that in Shakespeare’s world it is the woman who invariably saves the situation. Man proposes, woman disposes. In business and financial matters, too, the women have rare qualities for efficiency and economy. One source of the extraordinary wealth of France is said to be the frugality of French women. It is equally true that the German housewife has frequently been the preserver of the family against want and destitution. Many of the cashiers in modern business houses are women. Aside from the fact that they work for less pay, I am of the opinion that even if they asked more, they would be preferred because of their greater economy, trustworthiness and scrupulous attention to details. Woman has acquired these traits by experience. The primitive husband selected for his wife the kind of woman that could manage his household, take care of his interests and conserve his estate. It was the woman who could make a little go a great way who pleased her husband. To make a little go a great way has been the profession, we may say, of woman. That is the one thing expected of her by everybody. Naturally enough, that type of woman survived. When we think of the many comfortable and even artistically attractive homes, and of the taste with which most women dress themselves and their children, and when we realize that all this is done, in the majority of cases, on a comparatively modest allowance, we will have no difficulty in believing that experience has endowed woman with the faculty of making a little go a great way. It is interesting to see how evolution—that is to say, the law of natural selection—explains the mental qualities of both man and woman, as well as their physical development. A course on the philosophy of evolution would be

intensely instructive. Darwin helps us to understand the institutions which have grown about us better than any other teacher. Woman's religiosity may also be explained as the result of her experience. Admiring as she did the powerful man, and preferring him for husband because he could protect her, her children and her home against invasion, she came to have a tremendous reverence for authority. She became worshipful of the arm that saved her, and when her husband died, she built an altar to him and called him "Savior." There is no doubt that this is one of the origins of the idea of a Supreme Protector in heaven, to whom the widowed mother urged her children to look for help. The ghost of the departed husband or tribal chief became the Great Spirit of the savage, and later the Jupiter or Jehovah of more modern times.

The Rebel Woman

I HAVE said that it was the institution of marriage against which the radical woman directs her criticisms. In a publication which has been very highly recommended by a woman whom the police have helped to make notorious—Emma Goldman—we find the program of the radical woman, or the woman rebel, as she calls herself. A number of demands are announced, as will be seen by the following from its pages:

The Rebel Women Claim:

The right to be lazy;
The right to be an unmarried mother;
The right to destroy;
The right to create;
The right to love;
The right to live.

The same paper, with a boldness that is at least original, offers the following for an ideal to American women:

A Woman's Duty:

To look the whole world in the face with a go-to-hell look in the eyes.

It also seems to be the purpose of this same publication, claiming to represent the rebel woman, to teach the gentle sex a new song—"The Song of the Bomb."

Moreover, according to the "Rebel Woman," the immigrant is the savior of the nation. It is the immigrant from Southeastern Europe, from Italy and the Balkan States, as well as from Russia and Germany, who is to introduce "courage, vision and idealism" into our

America. The Rebel Woman is going to break the world's machinery which enslaves woman "by sex conventions, by motherhood and its present necessary childbearing, by wage slavery, by middle-class morality, etc." Revolution, not evolution, is the word the "Rebel Woman" has inscribed upon its banners. As may be inferred from the program I have just read to you, when Emma Goldman and her disciples have finally remolded the world closer to their desires, they will confer upon woman the following new blessings:

First: The right to be lazy.

Well, who prevents her from being that now? Ah, but she must eat to live! Why does she not also claim the right not to eat, or the right to eat without working? What shall we think of women who look forward to the time when they shall enjoy the right to be lazy? What charms has indolence for them? Why is work distasteful to them? What are the pleasures of laziness? What is it productive of? Formerly the right to work was the universal cry, but evidently that right is not radical enough to please the rebels among women. Instead of the right to work they demand the right to be lazy! ☛ ☛

Second: The right to be an unmarried mother.

☛ But women have that right now. The law does not interfere in the relation of the sexes until there is a complaint, which generally comes from the deserted woman, with a child to provide for; and even then the State deals with her, as it should, very gently, and tries to find the other party to compel him to contribute to her support. In all civilized communities the law recognizes what is known as "common-law marriages." Besides, if a man and a woman have been living together as man and wife without any ceremony or license, or public announcement of the fact, and the man dies, the woman is protected in her claim for a share of his estate. What more could the radical or rebel woman ask for? ☛ Really, the radical woman has no grounds for complaint as far as marriage is concerned. She is not compelled to marry; she need not marry except for love; she is free to marry for money if she wants to; and if she finds that she has made a bad choice after marriage, she is at liberty to secure a divorce and marry again. What more could the new radicalism secure for her? Besides, the State does all it can to compel the husband to support the wife even

after they have ceased to live together. Indeed I am proud of the protection which civilization throws about a woman who becomes a wife or a mother, whether in or out of wedlock.

But the day on which free motherhood prevails, woman will be the great sufferer. She will become a mere plaything, the sport of the hour, to be picked up and cast aside according to the whim or the caprice of the hunter. Under "free love" woman will become a tramp. Why is woman willing to sacrifice the home for what she calls free motherhood? But is not marriage slavery? Of course it is. Duty spells slavery. I am a slave; you are slaves; the President of the country is a slave. Have you a child—you are a slave! Have you a business—obligations to meet, wages to pay—you are a slave! Have you ideals, scruples—a conscience—you are a slave! If we can not play fast and loose with duty, we are all slaves. But obedience to the will of civilization is slavery only to those who prefer the wild to the city, the tavern to the home, the street to the school—appetite to love.

Third: The right to destroy. What?

Fourth: The right to create. Go ahead!

Fifth: The right to love. That is tautology, because it is included in the right to be an unmarried mother.

Sixth: The right to live.

That also is repetitious since the right to be lazy implies the right to live. Only those who are alive can enjoy the right to be lazy.

Association with women who demand the right to be lazy is bound to be degrading. Let me say, that the most dangerous enemies of society are not the politicians, the trust-barons, or the popes, but the mediocre—the men and women of low mentality. There would be neither priest nor tyrant but for the masses who support them. On the other hand the masses have been the worst persecutors of reformers. Indeed, the intellectually common people wither everything they lay their hands upon. Like locusts or grasshoppers, whatever field or crops they alight upon they destroy. The menace of the ordinary! No pest, plague or panic can compare with this scourge. Let me explain myself:

Free speech is one of the greatest gifts of civilization. But the people of low mentality, whose name is legion, make such use or abuse of this right that we are likely to have some

one advocate a national prohibition of free speech. The market-place is always a menace to the study. The study brings to the street, let us say, a great truth; and the street forthwith becomes drunk on it. Then every one denounces the philosopher for giving mental intoxicants to the people. "Stop it! Shut down the study! To the fagots with the philosopher," becomes the universal cry. I am of the opinion that never a scientist would have been stoned to death, nor a pioneer burned at the stake, but for the fear that the herd would go astray or stampede if awakened from its sleep. And that is a real fear!

The Rule of Reason

WHAT is the explanation of this rebellion against reason? Human nature is the battleground between instinct and reason. Instinct is older than reason. Though a newcomer, reason has slowly pushed instinct off its seat of authority. At one time instinct monopolized the man. It had no rivals. When instinct reigned man pursued his desires with the quickness of a flash and the blindness of an arrow. He did as his instincts prompted him. Deliberation, selection, restraint—a check or a curb upon desire—were not yet invented. There was as yet no government of the appetites. Then came reason with a bit for the passions. But do you think that instinct or the passions surrendered willingly to the new master? On the contrary they rose up in arms; they rebelled; they conspired to overthrow reason; they clamored for their ancient license; they coveted the wild life of the forest which reason had taken away from them. Even in our day the rebellion against reason breaks out, every now and then, in all its aforetime fury and rage. What is the meaning of the propaganda launched under such innocent-looking phrases as "Free Motherhood," "Sex Emancipation," "Marriage is Slavery," etc., but the rebellion of instinct against the check or curb or bit or—I shall say, the grip of reason upon the passions. That is why Henry Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, in which he supports the superiority of instinct to reason, is so popular. The capitalist, the labor-unions, the rebel women and the theologians, welcome Bergson's gospel of instinct. He is come to restore the fallen dynasty of Instinct. "Unhand us!" is the cry of his followers to Reason! In the same way, "Down with Reason!" cry the senti-

mentalists, the emotionalists and the theologians! "Hearken to the call of the Wild!" urge the apostles of appetite! "Bring back to us the Past!" is the chorus in which all join! But high above the shriek of the rebels may be heard the brave and tuneful song of the disciplined soldiers of Progress: "Rule, Reason! Reason shall rule the world!"

People fit for self-government have it. Independence in men or nations is an achievement, not a bequest.

Loyalty

By E. W. Howe



Y paternal grandmother was a German; my father talked German. I have always lived among Germans, and have never known a bad one.

When I was in Africa, I waited two weeks to take a German ship, in preference to an English vessel. I appreciate not only the greatness of the Germans, but their gentleness, bravery, fairness, politeness and ability in whatever they undertake, from music and science to steel and toys.

I have no doubt whatever that the German Kaiser is responsible for the present reign of terror in Europe. He could easily have settled the controversy between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, with honor to himself, because all other rulers fear him. His country has been in no danger from Russian aggression, because the Russians are poor soldiers, and they know the Germans to be the best soldiers in the world. Russia, easily whipped by little Japan, was in no mood to anger the greatest known military power.

There will always be pamphlets written to defend the Kaiser, but all the world knows the Kaiser was too anxious to humiliate France again. He loves a fight like our Mr. Roosevelt.

I do not blame the German people for the war; I only blame them because of their loyalty to a ruler who is war-crazy. There are hundreds of thousands of Germans who have greater intelligence than their Kaiser; and every one of these knows he was too quarrelsome: but they will admit it only to themselves. The wonderful Germans, instead of

defending the autocrat who is their ruler by accident, should depose him, and govern themselves.

The Makers of Germany

THE German people have made Germany what it is. With all their intelligence and learning, they should be ashamed to be ruled by a family of aristocrats. In Germany, certain persons have rights that all do not possess. That is not a fair government; it is not the best government, or the government indicated by modern civilization. It may be proper enough for the Hindus and the Africans and other inferior races, to be ruled by a privileged class; but it is not proper for the Germans.

To tax the people to pay kings and dukes and counts and princes, and then give them privileges the people do not possess, is a palpable wrong that a civilized people should not submit to.

The wonderful German prosperity is due to the wonderful German industry and ability, not to the rule of the Kaiser; always remember that.

The devotion of Germans to the Kaiser's faults is not worthy of this really great people. The percentage of educated, intelligent people is greater in Germany than elsewhere. Every one in Germany can read; there are almost no loafers there. Even their Anarchists are usually workers. The devotion of a people to faults anywhere is a serious mistake; it is particularly culpable in Germany, where there are fewer fools than elsewhere, and fewer uneducated.

There is nothing that Germany is not doing better than the United States, except its devotion to armies. It is actually solving the great human problems, while we are creating a harmful and unnecessary disturbance in discussing them. She produces larger harvests for a given number of acres, manufactures her goods with less waste, and maintains a higher rate of longevity among her workers. Her foreign trade is nearly twice as large as ours, and yet we have thirty million more people, and twelve times more territory. More citizens of the United States than Germans emigrate; we lose annually to Canada more people than Germany loses to all the world. The average of unemployed in Germany for twenty years past has been less than two per cent—much smaller than in any other country. This means

thrift: in seven years (Nineteen Hundred to Nineteen Hundred Seven) the annual savings-deposits of the German working people increased from two to seven billion dollars. To German universities have gone the students of the world. The typical German is not only a thinker; he is also a sturdy manufacturer and excellent businessman. In the United States we have the foolish notion that the thinker must be a loafer and leech on workers.

¶ There is a real system of education in Germany: practical training in everything worth while. A disgraceful affair like that known as "the Colorado war" in our country is impossible in Germany, where workingmen are sure of justice, and business is equally sure of justice.

German public sentiment is less maudlin than ours; no people in the world equal the Germans in plain commonsense, fairness, politeness, industry and patriotism. They are invincible as soldiers because they are invincible as citizens.

The pity of it all is that such a people should permit their bull-headed ruler to unnecessarily and foolishly wipe out all their great prosperity in an hour, and give them instead the greatest war of all times, and the greatest slaughter of men. It is a sad thing to kill a dog or a criminal; but to kill millions of young Germans without reason, and take them from pleasant homes and pleasant and profitable occupations, is so wicked that we can think of it only with horror and regret.

The Hohenzollern Incubus

POSSIBLY you have noticed how the Kaiser travels in following the army during the present war.

He has a special train, and lives in luxury. He has courtiers, servants and conveniences and amusements. When he leaves his special train, there is a special camp for his personal comfort. Hundreds of special soldiers and scouts look after his safety, and hundreds of courtiers and servants look after his wants. If a palace is in the neighborhood, this is taken possession of for the Emperor.

This is war for the Emperor. But for the men who do the fighting and share the danger, it means sleeping on the ground, subsisting on little food, probably a wound, and possibly death.

A million better men than Emperor William live meanly and risk death, while he lives as

well as when in his palace at home, and is in no danger.

The Emperor ordered the war: the million better men who make greater sacrifices because of war opposed it. Millions of dollars are paid in taxes that the Emperor and his family may live in an extravagant and luxurious style unknown to the people: the Emperor wastes more every year than a thousand average German families live on.

And who is this great Emperor William? The descendant of a poor but "noble" family called Hohenzollern, which has risen by politics to its present distinction. Frederick William was the prince to whose policy his successors have agreed to ascribe their greatness. Compared with the other crowned heads of Europe, he was a pitiable figure. The Elector of Saxony at first refused to recognize him. His taste for military pomp became a mania. The food of the "royal" family was so bad that even hunger loathed it. But he was always a maniac about fighting; he made a specialty of tall soldiers. His feeling about his troops seems to have resembled a miser's feeling about his money. He loved to collect them, to count them, to see them increase. The nature of Frederick William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows. When his majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. His son Frederick (afterwards Frederick the Great) was in an especial manner the object of his aversion. The business of life according to him was to drill and be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip beer between the puffs, to play backgammon, to kill wild hogs, and shoot partridges by the thousand.

The Great Anomaly

COMPARE this man, or his present representative, with the great Germans of learning and philosophy who are being murdered because of the Emperor's craze for boar and man hunting.

Think of this man destroying the cities of a weaker people with whom he has no quarrel; think of his swaggering into Antwerp, like a freebooter of old, and demanding a

ransom of a hundred million dollars. And think of the aversion of the gentle, fair-minded Germans to this pillage and high-handed violation of all accepted human principles 🍀 🍀

And think again of the gentle, high-minded German people blindly following this great brute, and quarreling with their friends if they did not approve of him.

The decent Germans must blush in secret because of their Emperor's violation of his treaty with Belgium—a solemn treaty to which he gave his imperial word by signing his imperial name. No one has ever pretended that there was any excuse for violating this treaty, except the Kaiser's wish to take a shorter route to the French capital, that he might destroy it, and again humiliate a people with whom he had no quarrel.

A million pamphlets may be written every year for the next million years, and no one outside of Germany will ever say the recent cruel destruction of little Belgium by the Kaiser's great war-machine was justified.

The French admit they were to blame for the Franco-Prussian war, but the Germans will not admit they were to blame for the rape of little Belgium; they mistakenly call it loyalty to the Fatherland to deny truth and justice 🍀 🍀

There is nothing so hygienic as friendship; Hell is a separation, and Heaven is only going home to your friends.

Psalm of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland



HO is this, My Daughter, that cometh bringing gifts, and singing praises, and scattering incense before Woman?

Who is this that ariseth in the morning and starteth the furnace, and taketh the ice from off the dumb-waiter, and tiptoeth softly down unto his breakfast, alone? 🍀 🍀

Who is this that maketh his wife's coffee with his own hands, and returneth bearing the tray unto her bedside?

Who is this that sitteth in the Kitchen, when his daughter maketh merry with her men

friends in the Parlor; and doeth his smoking in the stable, where it shall not offend his wife's nostrils?

Who is this that packeth trunks and meeteth trains, and catcheth boats, and carryeth bundles and bags, and steamer-rugs, and poodle-dogs, like unto a messenger-boy? 🍀 Verily, verily, it is the Great American Husband! 🍀 🍀

Who is this that runneth the lawn-mower, and planteth the garden, and weareth his overcoat three seasons, that his wife may have an imported hat every season?

Who is this that laboreth in his office, Summer and Winter, that his wife may live abroad? 🍀

Who is this that spendeth his lonely evenings at the club, while his wife disporteth herself at tango-teas and bridge parties, and Ibsen plays and grand opera?

Who is this that grinneth proudly and clappeth his hands when his wife speaketh at the suffrage meeting; crying, "Down with the tyrant Man!"

Who is this that feedeth his wife's "Tame Cat" from his own table and smileth complacently thereat, saying, "Oh, well, if that thing amuseth her, let her have it!"

Who is this that purchaseth his daughter a foreign dukelet with his hard-earned shekels, and later purchaseth her a divorce without murmuring?

Who is this that buyeth his wife a ticket for Reno, and putteth her upon the train, and meekly payeth the lawyers, in order that she may tell the Judge what a "brute" her husband is?

Verily, verily, it is the Great American Husband 🍀 🍀

Yea, it is he, the payer of bills, and drawer of checks; the Human Cash-Register, and the Domestic Doormat, which is not "made in Germany," nor in Paris, nor in London, nor anywhere under the sun save in America! 🍀 Then, give him the fruit of his labors, which is the attic bedroom, and of the steak the toughest portion—and let his work satisfy him! 🍀 🍀

O Providence, we thank Thee for all things American; for good shoes, and rocking-chairs, and bathtubs, and green corn, and water-melon, and ice-cream soda, and pie a la mode.

¶ But, above all, we thank Thee for this One "Good Thing"—the Great American Husband! Selah!

HOW TO REACH CALIFORNIA

AND ITS TWO GREAT EXPOSITIONS AT SAN FRANCISCO *and* SAN DIEGO *in* 1915 AND HOW TO RETURN

With its four routes via New Orleans, El Paso, Ogden and Portland, over which are run the best appointed and best operated trains in the West

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

offers to Exposition visitors and tourists in 1915 the choice of entering California by either a southern, a central or a northern gateway.

Each of these traverses a territory distinct in its scenic characteristics, leading through the heart of things. From the car windows are presented ever-changing vistas of a region famous the world over for its delightful climate, wonderful natural attractions and remarkable fertility.

In order to vary this great trip to California and return and enable you to "see the most for your money" as well as giving you a Bigger Idea of the United States, tickets over eastern roads can be purchased via any one of these four routes going, and by another of them returning in connection also with a different eastern line to your starting point.

Six Daily Limited Trains

"Sunset Limited" from New Orleans via "Sunset Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco. From Los Angeles south to San Diego the rail trip is made in four hours.

"Golden State Limited" from Chicago through Kansas City via the "El Paso Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.

"Overland Limited," "Pacific Limited" and "San Francisco Limited" from Chicago through Omaha via "Ogden Route," crossing the Sierra-Nevadas, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier and San Francisco Bay.

"Shasta Limited" from Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, via "Shasta Route," crossing the Siakiyou Mountains, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier.

Further varying the trip, the "Sunset Route" extends from New York by Southern Pacific's Atlantic Steamships, sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays to New Orleans. Connection is made with the "Sunset Limited" to Los Angeles and San Francisco, the through fare being same as all-rail.

Tickets at little more than one fare for the round trip will be on sale by eastern roads from March 1st to November 30th, 1915, via the "Sunset," "Ogden" or "El Paso" routes, and via the "Shasta Route" for \$17.50 additional.

Remember that Southern Pacific has been made the safest railroad in the world by the expenditure of millions. It carried over two hundred million passengers in five years without a passenger fatality in a train accident. For this record it holds a Gold Medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety.

SEE THEREFORE THAT YOUR TICKET TO CALIFORNIA IN 1915 READS

Via Southern Pacific—The Exposition Line FIRST IN CHOICE AND FIRST IN SAFETY

For further particulars address—

L. H. NUTTING, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 366 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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C. K. DUNLAP, Traffic Manager, G. H. & S. A. Ry, Houston, Texas.

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Or any other agent of Southern Pacific.



The Lesson the War Has Taught U. S.

Here's the real truth the European War has forced home on us—that **America must become more self-sustaining.** She must make her products instead of buying them. She must build up American industry instead of drawing her materials from abroad. She must make American business safer—more stable. The only way she can do it is by using products that are made in America of American material. That's why so many far-sighted business men have been insisting upon

Construction Bond

Construction Bond has always been made of bright, clean clippings collected from American garment factories by American industry. Most better grade bond papers have been made of imported rags collected from the tenements of Europe. Such rags are cheaper, but which do you prefer to have your letterheads made of?

While war has curtailed the importation of rags, and many makers of bond paper are shifting about for new sources of supply, the manufacture of Construction Bond has gone right ahead without changes in formula or finish. That's why the quality and uniformity of Construction Bond is being maintained in spite of the war. That's why it offers even better comparative value now than ever before.

Construction Bond has long been known as the standard of value in business correspondence paper. It is a substantial and impressive paper, sold only in large quantities direct to the most capable and responsible printers and lithographers in the 190 principle cities of the United States—not through jobbers. Obviously, by eliminating the jobber and buying in large quantities, those concerns who handle Construction Bond are able to give you better value in impressive business stationery.

Write us today on your letterhead for names of those concerns near you. Also for 25 handsome letterhead specimens that may offer valuable suggestions for the improvement of your own business stationery.

W. E. WROE & CO., Sales Office: 1006 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

the common law takes no cognizance of woman as a political entity? The common law is itself but the compiled recognition of what were once new conditions and imminent tendencies. Yet the anticipated troubles will probably not be so serious if we accept transitions as normal and do not attempt to check natural and sequent processes.

¶ Perhaps the most tenable of all objections to granting the ballot to women, and one which leaves it something of an open question whether delay would not be wise, is based upon the mental qualifications of the sex.

Undoubtedly women are in considerable ignorance regarding the

It were futile to deny that granting the franchise to women will be attended with complications and difficulties. But no great reform in the individual or in society was ever accomplished without these, and a people whose moral condition is healthy will not shrink.

Nations whose laws are inelastic and unchanging, nations which come to feel that man was made for the law, die in the cords with which they have wrapped themselves. What though

forms and purposes of governments. Yet it is asking a good deal of any one that he should interest himself minutely in a matter with which he is allowed no direct and efficacious concern. And to bring up examples of women's absurd and impractical notions of political affairs is no more reasonable than to quote against men the preposterous legislation daily suggested or carried through. Nowhere, for that matter, is government so successful that it would be safe to confine the charge of igno-

rance or untenable doctrines to the female sex. Men were not fitted for the ballot when they obtained it, but if they have grown in political grace woman can do the same. All correct theories for the guidance of the race should be based upon what is the best to be expected, not the worst.

It has been set down as a rule, that under any form of government the moral sense of the governing body is likely to fall far below the highest moral standard recognized by the community. But the white woman is, with the white man, co-heir of all the ages; and as the phrase went among the theretofore privileged classes of England when suffrage was to

be granted the unenfranchised—"we must educate our masters." Precisely in this lies the one correct solution of all the difficulties feared. Woman must be sufficiently educated—more than she is today—educated far beyond the present danger-point of a little knowledge, unrelated, theoretical and fragmentary, unfitting rather than fitting her for the duties of life.—*Gwendolen Overton.*

We are brothers to all who have trod the earth.



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Every negative that is worth making is worth a date and a title.

ARCHITECTS, engineers and contractors who make photographic records of progressive work, and the amateur who wants to improve the quality of his work, can make valuable notations on the negatives, by means of the Autographic Kodak. The places visited—interesting dates and facts—such notations add to the value of every negative.

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The greatest photographic advance in twenty years.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

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A WOMAN should deem it one of the grandest privileges of her sex that she can now help to choose the men who will make the laws under which her children must live, and exert her purer influence upon the political atmosphere of her time.

—*Cardinal Moran of Australia.*

If any one asks me what a free government is, I answer that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so.—*Edmund Burke.*



FRANCIS J. REITZ, PRESIDENT
C. B. ENLOW, CASHIER
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THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$ 350,000.00 SURPLUS & PROFITS OVER \$ 400,000.00

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

October 30th, 1914.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,

East Aurora, N.Y.

My Dear "Fra.:"

The last consignment of your "Little Journey to the City National Bank" has arrived and I want to express to you our keenest appreciation of the splendid job the Roycrofters have turned out for us. We believe it is one of the most artistic booklets produced in a long time and one of the most appropriate and pulling pieces of advertisement ever distributed by a bank.

Your dignified presentation of the subject matter is the secret of the book's unquestioned popularity.

We have received a most remarkable collection of congratulatory letters, a field for similar efforts on your part which I believe would interest you.

I consider it one of the real pleasures of my life to have had this opportunity to be associated with you and I trust our paths may meet again.

With kindest regards from Mr. Reitz and myself,

I am

Sincerely yours,

CBE/S.

Dashier.

HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY

CA wise gazabo said, "At forty a man is either a fool or his own physician."

You know the folly of using drugs.

You know that to have health you must be worthy. You know that you have to earn health by adjusting yourself to nature.

But do you know how?

Some definite knowledge is necessary. Learn how to exercise, cook, eat, drink, breathe and even think properly. Then you can have health or be without it, as you choose. Do not depend on others for health.

Catarrh, indigestion, Bright's disease, the blues and allied ills take wing when we live well.

Let us so conduct ourselves that we can not be classed with the foolish. Get health, and efficiency follows.

Health and Efficiency is a book of some four hundred pages which tells how to regain and retain health. It has been approved by laymen, chiropractors, osteopaths and broad-minded M. D.'s. The price is \$2.00.

R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

Chemical Building

St. Louis, Mo.



A Musical Triumph

CThis is the natural culmination of seventy-two years of untiring effort and devotion to the art of piano-making. Money, time and brains have directed to one end—the making of an instrument that combines true tonal qualities with beauty of line and finish.

Reed & Sons

enjoy a worldwide reputation as piano-makers. They do not merely assemble, they build—intelligently and with integrity. The *Reed Piano* must be as near perfect as possible, both in mechanical and in structural construction. Reed & Sons demand it, and Reed customers look for it. Every piece undergoes exacting examination and crucial test before being embodied in the Reed Piano.

The *Reed Piano* is an instrument of individual distinction—a medium of music that is a delightful acquisition to the home. Let us mail you our catalog.

Reed & Sons

Established 1842

238 So. Wabash Ave.

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Where Money Earns 35%

WHY not put your money where it's safe, absolutely, and where income is greater than from stocks of leading banks? The average yearly income of 621 American Stock Fire Insurance Companies is shown by statistics to be 35%. Forty-six of these companies earned 65%, while ten of the wealthy "old-timers" show percentages of 72%. No business in the world protects stockholders with such legislative bulwarks, and such earnings as above appeal to every wise investor in the land.

Big Investment Opportunity

The European War has brought great changes. Untold millions of premium dollars that have hitherto gone abroad will now remain here to go as profits to American lines. Practically all the great foreign concerns have stopped writing "Surplus line." American business and their discomfiture is our golden opportunity and YOURS. Chicago, through force of habit, but for no valid reason, has been side-tracked and self-diverted of its share of the insurance it creates. Less than 1% of the four hundred million dollars of premiums (Chicago and nearby) ever reaches Chicago banks as deposits. "Lesser-light" insurance cities in Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut have long been abnormally prosperous through local enterprises these deposits have financed.

Merchants National Fire Insurance Co.

The Merchants National Fire Insurance Co. will be organized January 1, 1915. It will be an Illinois Corporation, and made safe by most stringent laws. Six hundred thousand dollars (approximately) will be the capital and surplus, and a first year's business of three-quarters of a million dollars is actually in sight. Being the first big local company, it will get first chance at the new "Home Business"—business forced to be placed here to the extent of \$29,000,000 in premiums, by withdrawal of foreign concerns. The earnings of the "Merchants National" at the outset should certainly equal the 35% average of American companies. What the ultimate earnings will be is convincingly shown in our literature. That the Merchants National will be a phenomenal money-maker is a statement beyond gainsaying. Prudent investors everywhere are invited to participate in this great investment on the strength of unquestioned proofs.

First Issue Stock

First issue of stock is being rapidly taken by investors at \$25 per share. This price will be raised as soon as the organization is complete, so act quickly and get maximum profits from your investment in the shares of this new company. We send statements of leading men which cannot fail to convince you.

Look into this at once; get our literature now. Such "gilt-edged" "ground-floor" opportunities for fortune-bringing investment are few and far between.

Merchants National Fire Insurance Co.

29 South La Salle Street, Dept. D CHICAGO



War Declared Upon Germs!



DISHWASHING as an indoor sport. Makes you laugh, eh?—but it's a fact. The KALAMAZOO PAPRICLOTH DISHCLOTH has made it so. The smelly, slippery, septic dishrag has had its day; the Kalamazoo Dishcloth has banished it from the kitchen. Grease and dirt slip off the Kalamazoo Dishcloth like water off a duck's back—it is always sweet and sanitary—cleaner to handle than a rag, and leaves no lint, streaks or grime on the dishes. It's a whizz and great fun to wash up!

Let us send you a full-size sample. Four cents will bring it, together with a copy of Elbert Hubbard's bully booklet, *A Palaver on Paper*—telling you all about HANDY HOME HELPERS—a score or more of healthful, useful time and labor savers made by the

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GIFTS OF MARVELOUS BEAUTY

MOTH DESIGN

THESE mats are colored in tones to harmonize with the fine woods used in library-tables.



MATS in Grape, Moth and Dragon-Fly Designs are made only in 18, 20 and 22 inch sizes.



Price, \$10.00

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WE can furnish mats in all sizes to 20 inches in Mistletoe, Lotus, Ivy and Conventional Designs.

THE oblong mat is made in one size only. Special sizes are made to order.

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Prices of mats ranging in size from 6 inches to 10 inches

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7 inches diameter, 1.00
8 inches diameter, 1.25
9 inches diameter, 1.50
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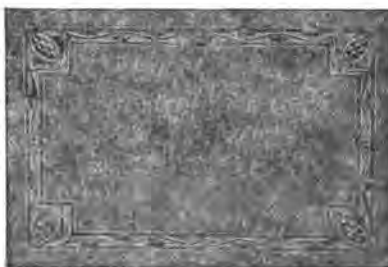
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Price, \$3.50

Prices of mats ranging in size from 12 inches to 22 inches

12 inches diameter, \$2.25
15 inches diameter, 3.50
18 inches diameter, 5.00
20 inches diameter, 7.50
22 inches diameter, 10.00



Price, \$5.00
12 x 18 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

FOR THE TRAVELER

Modeled-Leather Articles which make for comfortable traveling
and which are equally useful on the dressing-table.

MANICURE-CASE



Price, \$10.00
Fitted with best imported instruments
Size, open, 6 x 10 inches

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Modeled in Spanish cowhide and lined with
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A necessary
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Holds eight
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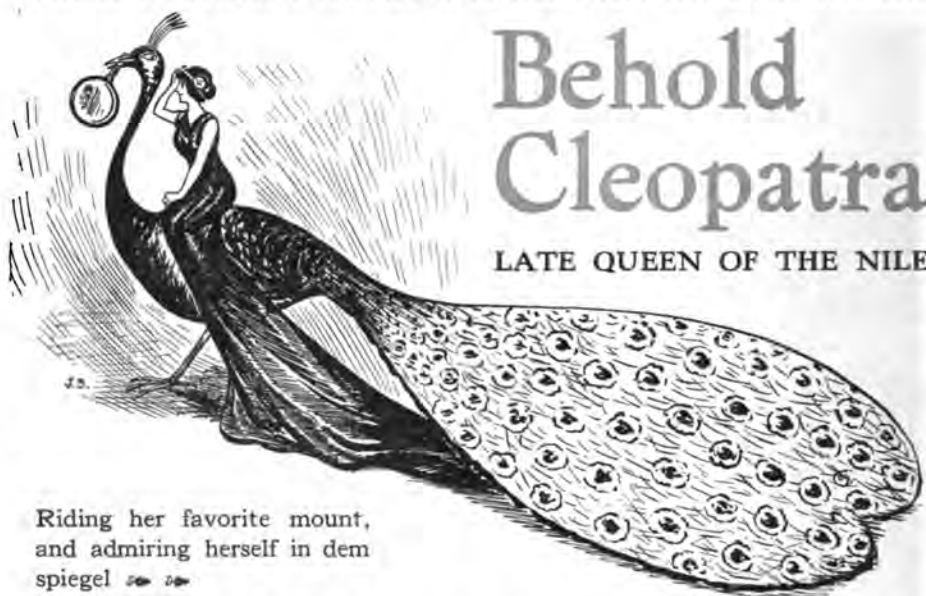
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Size, closed, 6 x 6 inches

THE ROYCROFTERS - EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Riding her favorite mount,
and admiring herself in dem
spiegel

¶ If we may credit tradition,
Cleo. was a good-looker from Beaut., Montana. She made two such World-
Conquerors as J. Cæsar and Mark Antony eat out of her lily-white hand,
and the story of how she obtained her famous interview with the former,
rolled up in a Navajo, is detailed in *Little Journeys to Great Lovers*.

¶ A fact, however, not generally known, is that the witching princess became
acquainted with the greatest Roman of them all through the medium of
The Fra Magazine.

¶ The price of a year's subscription to *The Fra* is Two Dollars, and this
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check your choice and fill in the coupon.

1. PIG-PEN PETE, newest and latest book By Elbert Hubbard
2. GREAT LOVERS By Elbert Hubbard
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My Employee's Help-Service Enables Me—

- To be the Middleman between Employer and Employee.
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The Service Superbus—Drop Me a Line

Elbert Hubbard

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WHEN in doubt send candy—Roycroft Pecan-Patties. You can make no mistake. The patties are a skilful blending of pure maple-syrup and new-season pecan-nuts—Nature's handiwork transformed to meet demands.

A box of these patties will add the desired finishing touch to any festive occasion.

A special pound box wrapped and tied in festive colors will be sent to any address for One Dollar.

We will enclose your card or one of our own if you so direct.

Send your orders early and we will make shipment at the proper time.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



FOOTSTOOL
No. 048

Covered with genuine Spanish leather, to harmonize with the wood.

15 inches
wide
9 inches
deep
18 inches
high

Oak, \$5.00
Mahogany
\$6.00

A few in
solid black
walnut,
\$6.00

A GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER

THIS footstool, and one of the little book-racks to match, will be sent you for the price of the footstool alone—provided you remit with order. You pay the freight.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



15 inches long
6 inches wide

Oak, \$1.50
Mahogany, \$1.75

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BONBON BOX of HAND- HAMMERED COPPER



Price, \$5.00

HERE is a gift that is different. This box has a removable glass bowl. The copper cover is modeled in Poppy Design.

The box will hold a generous supply of sweets.

Inside dimensions:

Diameter, 5 inches
Height, 2¼ inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

IT'S NEW YEAR'S— GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE!



¶ Make it a truly happy year. Cast out that devil of fear that has had you by the throat, throttling your efforts. Give worry the willapuss-wallop! Rid yourself of the mental and physical brakes that have been impeding your progress.

LEAVITT SCIENCE

teaches you how to crowd out fear with faith; gives you courage and character, adds to your peace of mind, gives you power. It makes you a king—a god in embryo! Leavitt Science gets you out of the ruts by furnishing new idea paths. You'll make good—and incidentally make money. ¶ Send for C. Franklin Leavitt's book *Leavitt Science*, which tells how. It costs but twelve 2-cent stamps—but it's worth a mint of "engles."

It's up to you, now. Get wise and get busy!
A Happy New-Year To You—and many of 'em!

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THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION OF THE TIMES WHAT IS IT?

¶ The Cotton-Gin was a world-revolutionizing invention. The Phonograph made four corners of the earth gasp with surprise. The Wireless Telegraph caused millions to open wide their eyes in childlike wonderment.

¶ Comes now a latter-day revelation in the field of invention. You may read about it in a "wonderland story"—a true story—written by Elbert Hubbard. A gratis copy of this booklet is yours for the writing. Address

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INDIVIDUAL BINDINGS OF PIG-PEN PETE

¶ ELBERT HUBBARD'S new book of animal stories.

¶ The Roycrofters have printed a few special copies of *Pig-Pen Pete* on Japan Vellum. These have been hand-illuminated and each copy given an individual binding of great beauty.

Copies in full levant hand-tooled in gold, and in modeled leather—\$25.00, \$50.00 and \$100.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA & NEW YORK



Music for all moods

¶ THE REED PLAYER PIANO makes this possible. It is an instrument with a soul—a Player with possibilities.

¶ Approaching the ideal in mechanism and architectural beauty it satisfactorily fills your musical longings and coincides with your conception of the beautiful and the artistic.

¶ Supersensitive to touch, it responds to your every feeling—soft, sweet, sonorous, every key attuned to perfect harmony.

¶ Ingenuity and honesty combine to make the REED PLAYER PIANO a thoroughly efficient and reliable musical treasure to the music-lover, everywhere.

¶ Get a REED PLAYER PIANO in the ingle-nook—you'll never "reck the rede."

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REED & SONS

ESTABLISHED 1842

238 So. Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.



THIS is Jesse French & Sons
Player-Piano, Style 158.
Made in Mahogany, Walnut
or Quartered-Oak. Eighty-eight note
player action.

Height, 4 feet, 8 inches.
Width, 5 feet, 1 inch.
Depth, 2 feet, 4 1/4 inches.



HOME INFLUENCE is more than a phrase. The homes make the country, because they make the men and women who are the backbone of the country. ¶ One vital element of national uplift is the piano in the home. And whether you manipulate the ivories or not, select a player-piano. ¶ Jesse French & Sons make the player pictured on this page. The joy you will get out of this Jesse French & Sons piano is not measured by the price you pay. This instrument represents prime quality and extraordinary value. It is a musical education complete in itself, a mighty factor in home environment. We should like to tell you more about this particular instrument, and to send our catalog and descriptive literature free to any address, on request.

**JESSE FRENCH &
SONS PIANO CO.**

NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

Wanted—A Man and His Wife

¶ I want a man—physician preferred—who is healthy, strong, used to work, who wishes to get into a life-work that will pay him ten thousand a year or more. ¶ This work is to manage a Health Home, a place where tired humanity will be taught how to live, work, "forget it," and become strong and effective. ¶ Only a man who knows physical culture need apply. ¶ Also, he must have five thousand dollars in cash to invest; this as a guarantee that his heart is in the work. Mere experimenters and dabsters will not interest me. ¶ I own a property that can be used for this home. The building has twenty-four sleeping-rooms, a dining-room, a kitchen, library, reading-room, gymnasium, shower-bath. It is furnished complete from cellar to attic. ¶ I also have saddle-horses, milch-cows, and a big stretch of woods that can be used for an out-of-door camp in connection with the health home. ¶ I have an important position at a big salary, and can't leave my work to take up this side issue and give it the attention that it demands. But I have the promise of Mr. Hubbard to lend his hearty co-operation to any plans that I may make in the direction suggested.

ADDRESS IN CONFIDENCE, WITH FULL PARTICULARS AS TO WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU ARE,
HYGEIA, East Aurora, New York, Care of The Roycrofters

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CREAMERY SPECIALIST

WOULD like to communicate with a Corporation, with a view to securing position as Advisory Expert, Superintendent or Manager of large creamery or milk plant. Centralizers a specialty. Two years of thorough apprenticeship in Denmark and U. S. Twelve more of practical experience in some of the largest and best creameries from Ohio to the Pacific Coast. Age considered, probably the best qualified creamery man in this country. Address G. M. B., *The Fra*, East Aurora, New York.

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Reprinted from THE PHILISTINE Magazine

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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE EMPLOYER'S GINGER-JAR

Roycroft has a brand-new, "just-out-of-the-band-box" department. It's the "Man Friday" for many big men behind big payrolls. If you are an employer you want to know about it.

"Mr. Ginger-Jar," The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

GUARANTY

WE guarantee the strength, elasticity and durability of the Rubber Bands in this package to be equal to the best in the market, and will replace any bands that lose their elasticity from any other cause than exposure to the sun, artificial heat or contact with any oily substance. All our bands are made from the finest quality Rubber, carefully selected, thoroughly seasoned, and guaranteed for five years. Date, Dec., 1914

The above slip in every package of our pure Para Red Stock Bands—any size, price, \$2.00 per pound prepaid to you.
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We depend on *The Fra* and *The Philistine* to sell our own goods, and we have little difficulty disposing of all the good stuff we can turn out. **What do you make of it, Watson?**
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

WE make Mission Furniture as carefully and conscientiously as did the monastery monks of old. Don't buy furniture for that new home you are building, until you have inspected the Roycroft Furniture Catalog, sent on receipt of 25 cents, coin or stamps.
THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

CALL'S EYEGLASS CLEANSER

THE NEW TOILET NECESSITY

MAKES lenses clear, clean and sparkling. Makes mountings bright and sanitary. It fills a long-felt want. Every spectacle wearer needs it. Every user is pleased with it.

Sent postpaid anywhere on receipt of 15 cents
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We pay cash for watches, diamonds, platinum, gold, silver, discarded false teeth with or without gold, any jewelry new or broken. Send by mail. We send cash at once and hold goods 10 days, returning at our expense if our offer is not satisfactory. Strictly confidential. Or save about one-half on diamonds, and jewelry in buying from us. Ask for catalog.
Liberty Refining Co., 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IF you haven't read *Pig-Pen-Pete*, when are you going to? You can't afford to miss this treat. The book is Mr. Hubbard's latest literary production, and is given gratis as a premium, with a year's subscription to *The Fra*.

Look for the coupon.

AT the Roycroft Book-Bindery aged and infirm books receive expert treatment. How about those old friends that perchance need a new and attractive change of raiment? Our prescription is worth the fee asked—and more. Better let us make good on a trial order.

The Roycroft Book-Bindery, East Aurora, New York

Buy Land, and buy it in Inspiration Heights, San Diego, Cal.

This attractive San Diego property is on the market and information covering the situation can be obtained by writing to

Charles Nelson Doughty, Room 555, Spreckels Bldg., San Diego, Cal.

ARE you fortified for the Winter? FRESH EGGS 12 cents per dozen. This is possible with "Peerless BUFF WYANDOTTES," a dependable, profitable strain. The highest efficiency in the poultry world. Keep a few in your back yard and reduce the High Cost of Living.
MAPLE VALLEY POULTRY FARM, G.R. Siegrist, Owner
Sta. U, 11 West Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Has knocked the bottom out of a large Importing and Distributing concern, the *General Manager* of which is open for an Engagement with a *Manufacturer, Importer or Wholesaler*—who can use the services of a real live, up-to-date Business Builder, who knows how, and is willing to prove it. Address Legitimate, Box 10, The FRA.

Other things being equal, we exhort you to trade with our advertisers. They are reliable and responsible—eminently good people to deal with. If we did n't know them for what they are, we would n't let down the bars. Advertising Department, The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

AD DEPARTMENT

January Joy Jolt! Just a box of eats, mostly Scrapple—hear ye—Scrapple—and a few other choice bits. For \$2.00—Prepaid, unless you live away off in Scarecrow or Pretzelmill, and it's money back if you don't like the Stuff or the service.

BIG OAK FARM, DOWNINGTOWN, PA.

TO AUTOMOBILISTS:

There is now a first-class brick road direct from City Line, Seneca Street, Buffalo, to East Aurora. The distance is thirteen miles.

WE are members of the Audit Bureau and can supply detailed circulation reports for *The Fra* and *The Philistine*, on request. If you think of inserting an ad, why not ask us about this?

A man in Pittsburgh owned an orchard in Maryland. We traded it to a man in Toledo who wanted an orchard and had property that suited the orchard owner. We can trade your property you don't want for property you do want. Trades made everywhere. Put it up to us.

HOWARD L. SWISHER & COMPANY
Land Merchants (Incorporated) Morgantown, W. Va.

I AM Cashier for "Elbert Hubbard, Banker." Every worker in the Shop—and there are about four hundred of 'em—has an account here. We pay 4 per cent interest. If you are a *Fra* subscriber, you are invited to open an account with us.

ELBERT HUBBARD II, East Aurora, N. Y.

This Man **LANGLOIS** is a sort of landscape-bonesetter. He has the psychic insight and artistic outgait that make grounds beautiful. If you have any kind of landscape proposition he can do you good. Goodness is free. Trees and plants, cheap. Service, for the love of it—and a small consideration. Write for literature.

A. FERDINE LANGLOIS, Landscape Architect
321 Broadway Market, Detroit, Michigan

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DISTINCTIVE. Desirable. 300 checks, 5½x3½, for \$2.00. If numbered, \$2.50. Bound in three books. Stub arranged to show deposits and balance. Sent postpaid anywhere on receipt of price. Give correct corporate name of your bank.

Established 1857 B. F. OWEN & Co., Printers, Reading, Pa.

Ask your Grocer for
SCHILLINGS BEST

OUR new rate-cards are the best ever! Did you see 'em yet? They are Roycroftie and artistic. Sent free on your simple request.

Just address, ADVERTISING DEPT.
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Don't-Snore Like a Hog

Makes you sleep like a human—not like a hog.

You can stop snoring or mouth breathing instantly and sleep happily, healthfully, noiselessly, like a human should, by wearing our international patented "Don't-Snore" device at night. Medical profession endorsement. Comfortable; invisible; lasts lifetime.

Send \$6.00 for a "Don't-Snore" now. Wear it every night for a month, and if not more than pleased, we'll refund your money.

ASK FOR FREE BOOK
Thos. B. Morton Co., Inc., 721 Sparks Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Your
Ad



Printed in the Subscribers' Ad Department of *The Fra* Magazine—the Best Class Publication in America—will cost you for one insertion exactly

A Five-Dollar Bill

GOLD

The World's demand for gold is rapidly increasing, while the world's production is decreasing. In the United States, the production was 5% less in 1913 than in 1912, and 11% less in 1913 than in 1909. Our Government, in the near future, will of necessity foster and aid gold production in every reasonable way. It will then become one of our most popular industries, and the earning of large fortunes by those who engage in it will no longer be the exception but the rule. The most inviting fields will be thrifty, growing Districts which have been proven to great depths and which will not have reached their period of maximum production for decades. The Mogollon District of New Mexico meets this requirement and it ranks among the best. The

United States Geological Survey Report, recently issued, shows it alone produced 70% of the entire State yield of gold in 1913; and that its production was 18% greater in 1913 than in 1912, and 450% greater in 1913 than in 1909. When we compare this individual growth of the Mogollons with the decline of the United State as a whole, the worth of the District at once becomes apparent. We have made a careful study of this region for a number of years. Our investments and operations have been successful. We control some of the largest and richest deposits in the camp.

If you might become interested in the legitimate production of a commodity which is universally its own salesman in delivery at the nearest bank for cash—never at a discount, but frequently at a premium—we would like the privilege of submitting to you an outline of our business, together with banking and other references.

THE OAKS COMPANY, Alma, N. Mex.

[We do not guarantee that you will get your money back if you invest in this ad, but we know the parties personally, and their reputation is good.—EDITOR.]

was in her care. Twice the German army passed through, going to and coming from the battle of the Marne.

During this period the troops demanded large supplies of horse-fodder, food and cigars for themselves. The amounts asked for were preposterous, and it was left to the Mayoress to face the question. This she did so diplomatically and sensibly that she was able to avoid friction.

When the Germans withdrew they established themselves on the heights outside the city and began a bombardment, which lasted for several days. Madame sent the inhabitants to hide in their cellars, and herself supervised a volunteer

East Aurora Farm For Sale

Seventy Acres, one mile from Village

Good house, barns, poultry-house, orchards, quantities of grapes and small fruit. Oaks, pines, elms, ash and hemlock! A very desirable home for Summer, or all the year. Price, \$10,000. Terms to suit. Address:

MRS. LELAND

Care Roycroft Bank, East Aurora, N. Y.

Roycroft Books at \$2

Roycroft Books are distinguished by superior paper, type and bindings

Those here listed are fine examples of ROYCROFT WORK, and will make delightful gifts:

PIG-PEN PETE
By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE ROYCROFT DICTIONARY
By ELBERT HUBBARD

MAUD
By ALFRED TENNYSON

JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA
By ALICE and ELBERT HUBBARD

BALLADS OF A BOOKWORM
By IRVING BROWNE

RIP VAN WINKLE
By WASHINGTON IRVING

LIFE LESSONS
By ALICE HUBBARD

Bound Volumes of LITTLE JOURNEYS
By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, New York

WHEN the German army was approaching the town of Soissons in France, the Mayor handed in his resignation and beat it incontinently.

It was left to a woman to step into the breach. Madame Macherez, wife of a former senator, became the Mayor, organized a council, and issued her orders to the police, fire and ambulance departments with composure and courage.

For a month and a half the fate of the town

corps of helpers who kept the hiding population supplied with meat, bread and milk. During this time of trial this white-haired woman went about her duty.

—Norman Hapgood in "Harper's Weekly."

FROM the ancient State, the despotic, the military, has emerged the economic, and last the democratic order, when human quality is declared the just basis of political equality.—Woodrow Wilson.

It is, in my judgment, a gross error to assume that the cause of woman suffrage is a sex issue. Too long has the idea predominated that woman is fighting for the advancement of her sex alone, and that she is prompted by an envious spirit. The impression has gone abroad that she is ambitious only to rival man in the possession of his privileges and powers, and that she seeks to become equally possessed of these amenities merely for her own glory and aggrandisement. That there are some among the feminine agitators who are urged by such motives, may of course be presumed. But those among them who discern the philosophical and

psychological reasons that underlie their cause must surely be prompted by motives less sordid and circumscribed.

Woman is an integral part of the human race. The female sex is as essential to the existence of the race as is the male sex. She constitutes an essential element, which expunged would result in the rapid and final annihilation of humankind. Her physiological and social relationship to the entire human family is equally important and indispensable with that

AN AMERICAN BIBLE



PRICE, \$10.00



An American Bible stands for the hands that work, the brains that think, the hearts that love.

¶ No five-foot shelf of books is required to make an educated person—this one book of five hundred pages, well read, will differentiate a man from the mass, a person from the mob.

¶ The Authors represented in this book are:

Benjamin Franklin, Printer

Thomas Jefferson, Statesman

Thomas Paine, Weaver and Writer

Abraham Lincoln, Lawyer and Humanitarian

Robert G. Ingersoll, Lawyer and Orator

Walt Whitman, Hospital Nurse and Poet

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Teacher and Writer

Elbert Hubbard, Businessman and Farmer

¶ This American Bible mirrors love, faith, work, laughter, study and play, and will teach the scientific fact that death is a form of life and, for all we know, just as good. It extends the firm faith that the Power that cares for us here will never desert us there.

¶ This book will make men think; it will give them strength to decide; and it will inspire wisdom to act.

¶ It deals with the practical problems that confront us now.

¶ We believe that this American Bible, a book of five hundred pages, is the most important book ever printed in America.

Tall copy in flexible leather—Family Edition \$ 5.00

Tall copy in full antique gray pigskin 10.00

Tall copy in modeled leather 25.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

of man. For the sake of the persistence of the human race her participation and co-operation are absolutely unavoidable.—*Henry Frank.*

PEOPLE who think disease, and talk disease, and feel themselves over for "symptoms," will always find doctors to encourage the search.—*Dr. Herman G. Wahlig.*

There are seven million reasons for the enfranchisement of women.

Who Lifted the Lid Off Of Hell?

Reprinted from
"THE PHILISTINE" MAGAZINE
WITH A FEW ZEPPELIN
ADDITIONS

Price, 10c per copy

Ask Your
NEWSDEALER

SIT DOWN!

HERE IS A NEW ONE—A LITTLE BEAUTY!

This ROYCROFT FOOTSTOOL is the embodiment of strength, permanency and beauty in cabinetmaking. In solidity and sturdiness, this footstool reflects Roycroft thoroughness and efficiency. In beauty of finish, richness and color harmony of its genuine Spanish Cowhide upholstery, it mirrors true artistry. It is just the right height to take the burden of those tired feet.



No. 099
Size, 12 x 17 inches, 14 1/2 inches high
Prices F. O. B. East/Aurora, N. Y.
In Oak, with dark green leather \$7.00
In Mahogany, with dark red leather . . . 8.50

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

A NEW EDITION of the RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM

This is the sixth
imprint made by
The Roycrofters,
of the ever-new
Rubaiyat



This edition has an
introduction by John
Hay, itself worthy
the distinction of a
binding

Price, \$2.00

The book is printed in four colors, on Italian hand-made paper, and bound, autograph style, in wine-colored, semi-flexible antique sheep	\$ 2.00
A new pocket copy, bound in semi-flexible straight-grain leather	1.00
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THE ROYCROFTERS & EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Design 1741C

The Standard of Lamp Standards



Undoubtedly set by the Union Metal Manufacturing Company.

¶ These pillars of light embody the artistic, the serviceable and the lasting.

¶ Their graceful, fluted columns are capped by globes that mellow the light, diffuse it perfectly, and add to the safety and attractiveness of your residence, grounds or place of business.

¶ They fit into the landscape, become a part of their surroundings—they belong.

¶ Twenty-eight of the Union Metal Standards have recently been dispersed about the Roycroft Grounds, adding to the beauty and attractiveness of that unique community.

¶ The Union Metal Standards are built of enduring metal which defies the ravages of time and the vagaries of weather. Age even adds to their beauty by developing a patina that is exquisite.

¶ These Standards represent the materialized ideals of skilled artificers and expert craftsmen in metal-work. Flawless materials, scientific handling, superb workmanship, these are imperatives in the Union Metal Workshops—the standard that makes the Union Metal Standard the Standard Lamp Standard.

¶ Before concluding any impending lighting contracts, ask us to send you "light literature" that will throw a flood of light on your lighting problems.

The Union Metal Mfg. Company, Canton, Ohio

Nut-Set of Hand-Hammered Copper



Price, \$10.00



LONG Winter evenings, nuts, cider and apples is an old-timey combination popular even in this day. The Roycroft Coppersmiths have fashioned a Nut-Set which will multiply the pleasures of a feast of nuts. ¶ The bowls, plates and service-spoon are in good proportions. The marks of the trusty hammers are the only decoration.

The nut-picks are of beaten copper, tipped with German Silver.

The Nut-Set has lasting beauty—and utility.

The price for the set, comprising bowl, spoon, six plates and six picks, is Ten Dollars.

The different parts can be purchased at the following prices:

Bowls	\$3.50
Nut-Picks, German-Silver Tipped, 25 cents each, six	1.50
Nut-Plates, 75 cents each, six	4.50
Nut Service-Spoon	1.50

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK



A HOLIDAY GOODIE BOX

From Farm to Family

*A Treasure Chest of Choice Things for any family; for the boy or girl at college;
for a wedding, birthday or Anniversary Present!*

*Here is
what is
in the
box:*

Two (2) pounds of Roycroft Bacon, sliced.
One (1) pound of Butter (*Extra Choice!*).
One (1) Linen Bag, filled with Mixed Nuts.
Twelve (12) ears of Pop-Corn.
One (1) box of Pecan Patties.
One (1) jar of Cottage Cheese.
One (1) jar of Mince-Meat.
One (1) jar of Preserves.
One (1) jar of Honey.
One (1) roll of Ginger Cookies.
One (1) brick of Maple-Sugar.
One (1) loaf of Roycroft Nut-Bread.
One (1) jar of Pickles.
Twenty-five (25) Prize Roycroft Potatoes (wrapped)
These potatoes are a new variety, the biggest and best ever.
Twenty-five (25) York State Apples (selected)
—the kind that is sold in Piccadilly for a shilling each.

Also—and here is where a special surprise comes in—

A Piece of Roycroft Art Work That Will Make Your Heart Thrill ~ ~

THE Roycrofters own and operate Six farms, aggregating over five hundred acres, in the vicinity of East Aurora, N. Y. From these farms the tables of the Roycroft Inn are supplied with fruits, vegetables, meats, dairy and poultry products. In addition we supply many of the Roycroft workers. ¶ We have for several years been sending a few of our Roycroft Farm products direct to friends in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and always to their great delight and satisfaction. This Goodie Box is a move to interest a few more discerning families in our Farm Products.

THE delightful articles packed in this Box are the products of the Roycroft Farms and Shops. All are produced under the most hygienic conditions, and carefully packed by our boys and girls. Dainty, delicious, delectable!

☞ But the wonderful part is the Box itself. The idea came as a happy surprise, when one of our boys made a mortised-and-tenoned tool-box of Gumwood, and gave it a "mahogany finish," trimming with wrought metal.

☞ The whole thing was so beautiful, so complete, so satisfying, so artistic, that we just said, "Why not make one thousand more boxes just like it?"

☞ It was a big job all right, but the boys turned them out—and one of them has been reserved for you.

☞ To fill these beautiful boxes with Roycroft Farm Products came as an afterthought. If we are to ship the boxes, why not put in something attractive and valuable?

☞ The box is 23 x 12 x 10 inches. It is a delight to any boy for a tool-chest; to any girl for a "Hope Chest"; or to a grown-up for love-letters and all of those dainty nothings that you have n't the heart to destroy or give away.

☞ So there you are! Figure it up—the contents would cost 'Steen Dollars in any good

grocery—you get the Treasure Chest gratis.

☞ **OUR PRICE FOR THE WHOLE BOX IS TEN DOLLARS.** We ship by express, carefully crated, charges prepaid to any point East of the Mississippi. Respond and the Box goes forward the day your check is received.

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOUR PURCHASE, IT IS MONEY BACK ON REQUEST

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

Natural Education

By Elbert Hubbard



EDUCATION begins with life.

As a matter of fact, life itself is an education; and even death may be simply a graduation to a higher life—who knows!

I am not, however, particularly interested in the Beyond. The living present, men and women of grit and purpose, and laughing children playing in the sunshine appeal to me more than shadowy myths and ghostly characters.

Education comes from the Latin word *educere*, meaning, "to lead or draw out."

¶ It would seem, however, that the general conception of education is to cram full.

Plato's famous definition of a man as "a two-legged animal without feathers" led Diogenes to bring a plucked Rostand rooster to school; and holding it up before the assembled class, he exclaimed, "Here is Plato's man!"

And although Plato precluded the reoccurrence of the joke by adding the words, "with broad flat nails," to his definition, still it would appear that some of our educators look upon a child as a pet fowl, to be stuffed to repletion.

¶ Education is an evolution, an all-round development; and it must be free, spontaneous, natural.

You may take a horse to water, but you can not make him drink; you may send a boy to college, but you can not make him think. The great aim of education is to discipline rather than furnish the mind—to lead it to think.

What does the accumulation of the knowledge of others profit if it crowds out your own initiative?

Education is meant to open up to our vision new vistas of thought and beauty. It enables us to chart our own ship, to paddle our own canoe, collect our own cargo, and find our own market.

You co-operate—first with yourself! then with others.

The Beginnings of Education

THE education of the race begins at the cradle.

It is here that the foundation of character is made, and subsequent teaching avails little

or nothing in removing or altering it. Here is awakened the love of truth and the sense of duty. The seeds of kindness, brotherliness and sympathy are implanted at the mother's knee.

The mother's smile, the father's "well done," picture-books and sand-piles, hands full of posies, the falling leaves of Autumn, the snowflakes of Winter, the birds and bees of Summer, the bursting buds of Spring, the sunshine and the wind on the heath—these begin the education.

They direct the thoughts to Mother Nature, to things that are wondrously beautiful, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of mercy, to the source of all good.

And subsequent education should be their auxiliaries. To think clearly and to act rightly should be the object of true education.

The art of the teacher consists in stimulating thought-activity—in thrilling the pupil with the thought that he is part of all that is. Kindling minds!—that is the teacher's greatest function and privilege.

"Delightful task," says Thomson, "to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot, to pour fresh instruction over the mind, to breathe the enlivening spirit, to fix the generous purpose in the flowing heart."

¶ Suggestion is the teacher's "live coal;" and the teacher who has succeeded in arousing the mind and body to action has learned the secret of true education.

The body is developed by exercise, and the mind also. All education should be play—just as all employment should be as play. That's the logical sequence. Education is all-round development.

An educated man is he who develops his totality. So it happens that observation and experience play the most important part in education. And one of the best educations in the world is to make a living.

And to make a living, nowadays, man must be honest and truthful. He must have quality goods and service—he must co-operate.

Thus we get back to our starting-point, the cradle, where the foundations of education—love of truth and sense of duty—are laid. Also, fletcherize on this: educated parents have educated children.

A Notable Educational Achievement

HAVE just read a book entitled, *Natural Education*.

Its author is Winifred Sackville Stoner, Director-General of Woman's International Health League.

Mrs. Stoner is well qualified to write on this subject.

Unusual opportunities for travel, and a wide reading and knowledge of educational methods have given her an insight and a sympathy with her subject that is mirrored throughout the book.

But it is the fact that she is the mother of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., that gives her peculiar qualifications.

Winifred's wonderful abilities have been the object of attention and analysis of the press, teachers and students of child education and development, everywhere.

Familiar with the arts and sciences, an excellent musician, an author, a linguist (she speaks several languages and *teaches* Esperanto), and a rare mathematician, Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., is a revelation as to what a truly educated child means.

To hear this child—who made rhymes when she was five years old, and criticized the works of the old masters when she was little older—to hear her talk, intelligently, interestingly and instructively, on such themes is an inspiration. And to see her robust, healthful, happy personality is a joy.

History, mythology, anatomy, astrology, etymology, physics—she has all these at command. And best of all she has health and a love for fellowship and the great out-of-doors.

¶ The term "precocious" is usually applied to such children, and the tendency is to sagely shake the head and predict an early grave. Coleridge tells us how on one occasion Thelwell said it was unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it came to years of discretion to choose for itself.

"I showed him my garden and told him it was my botanical garden."

"How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds."

"Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to the age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards strawberries and roses."

That is exactly Mrs. Stoner's attitude towards child development and education. And in her

book, *Natural Education*, she shows how by sowing wheat she has kept out tares.

Mrs. Stoner has succeeded with Winifred in an extraordinary way by following the laws of natural education. She has mixed study with love, play, intelligence and ingenuity. Her methods have made "school-hours" extend to life itself; and the lessons of kindness, thoughtfulness, truth and personal honor are culled from all her varied activities.

Winifred is in no sense a dehumanized child. She is healthy, happy and strong, physically and mentally.

Mrs. Stoner believes that children can obtain mastery of useful knowledge best in the play spirit, and her book bristles with examples of captivating games of a competitive nature, which she has devised for that purpose. The ideas of Froebel and Doctor Montessori are expressed and visualized.

True education must be in agreement with the whole nature. It must strengthen the body, exercise the senses, engage the mind, guide aright the emotions and lead them to unity. Mrs. Stoner attributes her success not to any supposedly unusual characteristics in her daughter, but simply to her own adaptation of materials and methods to her daughter's nature as it unfolded.

As a rule, when we learn of some extraordinary achievement and are told by the performer that we can do as much, we are apt to regard him in the light of a magician, who after taking everything, from a guinea-pig to a box of strawberries, out of a borrowed hat, assures his audience that anybody can do it—if he has the right kind of hat.

But with Mrs. Stoner it is different. "My daughter is not a genius," she says, "but only a healthy, happy, normal child possessed of unusual strength and more knowledge than most children of her age through the help of living close to 'Mother Nature' and in the company of the great giants 'Observation' and 'Concentration' and the spritely fairy 'Interest' assisted by mortals' best friend 'Imagination.'"

And we believe that following her methods—so clearly and simply set forth in her book—like results will obtain.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and New York City, publish this interesting and helpful book, *Natural Education*. The price is One Dollar.

Vases of HAND-HAMMERED COPPER

Onlaid Silver Vase



This vase has
a decoration
of German
Silver

Price, \$5.00
Height, 6½ inches
Diameter of base,
3 inches

*Modeled Rose
Vase*



The model-
ing on this
vase is in
Conventional
Rose Design

Price, \$4.00
Height, 6 inches
Diameter of base,
3 inches

*An American Beauty
Vase*



Price, \$10.00
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches
Diameter of base, 7¼ inches
Height, 22 inches

Shaft Vase



Price, \$5.00
Height, 10½ inches
Diameter, 6½ inches

Japanese Flower-Holder



This vase is
fitted with
a tube of
crystal
glass

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

FLOWER-HOLDERS

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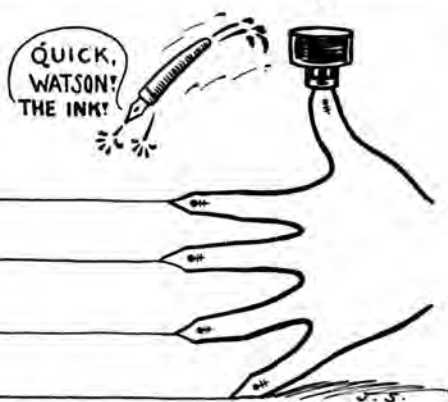
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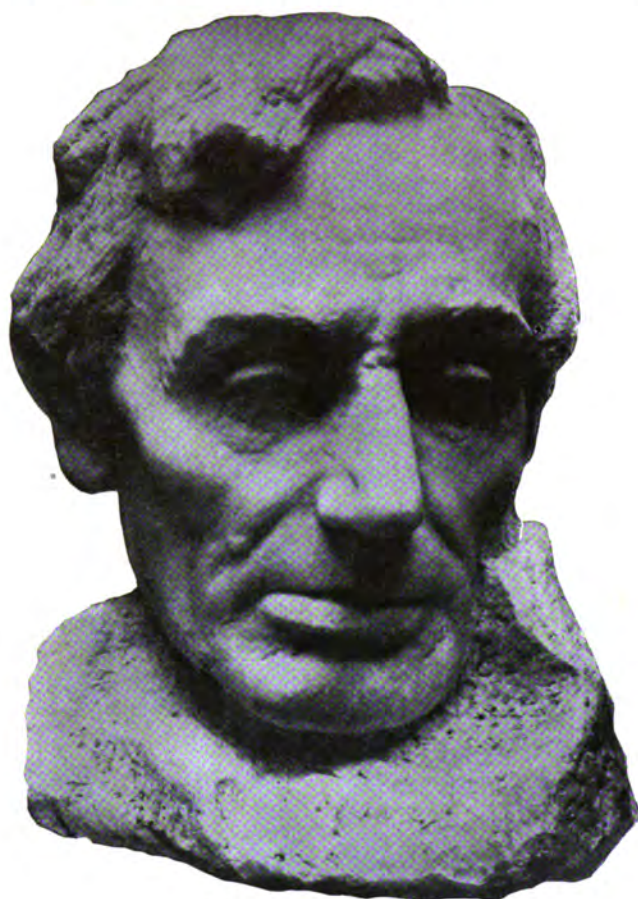
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Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5



THE LIBERATOR

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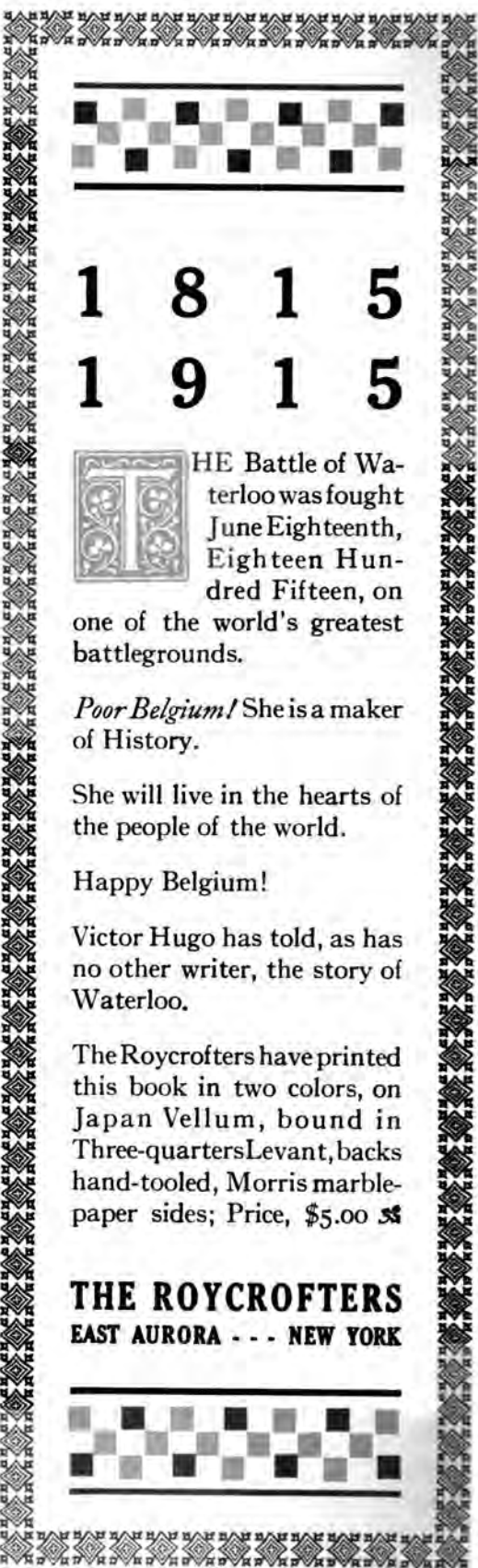
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THE Battle of Waterloo was fought June Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Fifteen, on one of the world's greatest battlegrounds.

Poor Belgium! She is a maker of History.

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WHY THE CLASSICS ARE CLASSIC

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THAT is a "classic" which is so well done as to defy competition. Homer sang epics which the world has agreed are the best ever. Plenty of people have written classics since Homer's time, but all reveal an inferior genius, when compared with those of the blind beggar who made Achilles famous.

Shakespeare's tragedies are classics, because Shakespeare knew human nature and ran the gamut of human emotions. Uncle Remus is classic. Joel Chandler Harris seized on the delicious fancies of the plantation darkies and put them in imperishable form.

But classics are not confined to immortal literature. There are classics in furniture. And furniture that has become classic is called "Period" furniture.

"Period" Furniture takes its name from Kings and Queens, or from the famous cabinetmakers and designers who spent their lives and genius in the effort to visualize their ideas and ideals. So we have Chippendale chairs, Louis XVI bedsteads, Sheraton dressing-tables, Colonial

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ROOSEVELT
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Life Insurance increases the stability of the business world, raises its moral tone and puts a premium upon those habits of thrift and saving which are so essential to the welfare of the people at a body.

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Your decision as to which policy is best will not take long if you go about it in the right way—the direct way—as made possible for you by the Postal Life Insurance Company.

It sends no agent to bother you, but it forwards by mail full official information regarding any standard policy-form.

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TAFT
Photo by Fraz

A man in office without means must abandon the hope of making the future lucratively comfortable. All a man can do under existing circumstances is safeguard his family as to get his life insured.



WILSON
Photo by Fraz

If a man does not provide for his children, if he does not provide for all those dependent upon him, then he has not opened his eyes to any adequate conception of man's life.

those pages, comprehend the sublimity of their upheavals, and then force ourselves to realize that the page now being written transcends them all in horror and importance. We can not realize it. But we must, and the sooner the better. This thing has happened to us. The realization should induce a solemn state of mind for which there is no word except the word "religious." It should stir not only the minor religious virtues of faith, obedience, fortitude and helpfulness, but the final religious virtue of carelessness about self. Comforts, conveniences, rewards, justice, even life—what are they when the loss of them is calmly risked? We may or may

THE mischief with nearly all of us is that we do not grasp the significance of our destiny. We read history and of events magnificent and terrible, but our souls are not large enough to understand that Fate has singled us out, this very generation of ours, to figure in history as no generation ever figured before.

Let us sit down and read history, read the most terrific pages of history, read of Cæsar, of Attila, of Napoleon, get our souls full of

not see the end of this thing. The old ideal may or may not be as moribund as we had supposed. What matter? We shall have lived in an age unparalleled; and human dignity remains. Some, I admit, are pessimistic concerning the result—not the result to Britain of Britain's pugnacity, but the vast result of the struggle between ideals. Of course, commonsense, energy, steadfastness, the informed consciousness of right, may fail. Nobody who wishes to think so can be prevented from

thinking so. Personally, I do not think so. I am on the side of the far future, and the far future is always right—till in its turn it slips into the past.—**Arnold Bennett.**

EVEN after this awful war is over, we can not tell how soon another may break out unless by international agreement standing armies are disbanded and battleships dismantled. There should be no necessity in this enlightened age for more than enough soldiers to do police duty in the preservation of law and order at home, nor for more than enough patrolships to guard against piracy on the high seas. These forces should never at any time be strong enough to constitute a menace against another nation.—**Mabel G. Lewis.**

WE have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant; the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we



Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The Ninety-Nine Methods for gaining Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
Fifty-one Maxims for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well-poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous System.
How to secure steady nerves.
Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.
The Law of Will-Power in Habits.
The Mental Law of Habit Cure.
Etc., etc., etc.
A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

His Power of Will Brought Success

He had no better chance than you—he simply made the most of that God-given faculty of will, which is latent in all of us. Instead of allowing himself to be everlastingly turned aside by petty fears, by insignificant daily incidents, instead of letting instincts and appetites run away with him—instead of permitting others to control him, he exercised his will—he became master of himself—he learned to dominate others instead of allowing others to dominate him. Great men are born with no greater gifts than others. The secret of their achievements lies in the fact that they use their faculties instead of allowing them to become scotched and dormant. If you sprained your ankle and didn't touch your foot to the ground for months, it would become so weak you could n't put your weight on it. The same is true of the will. It becomes weakened like a muscle from lack of use.

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Psychologists found years ago that memory can be trained by intelligent exercise. Now it has been proven by over 50,000 people that the will can be strengthened in the very same way by the proper kind of exercise. Professor Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., the great psychologist, has written a book containing 25 lessons in will-training based on a profound analysis of Will-Power in human beings. He gives actual methods, rules and principles for training, strengthening and developing will-power; and they are so clear, so easily understood that anyone can apply the simple instructions.

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They have made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." They have provided an extraordinary stimulus to young people, and to older people who have feared that they were becoming "failures." They have been a veritable wall of strength to sick and nervous people. They

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What Readers Say

"I hand you \$5 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get \$200 to \$250.00 worth of good out of it. Better still, I believe it worth more than money in any amount."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"It is the greatest book I ever looked into. The testimonials regarding it are inadequate as to its merits. It has startled me already—though I have read only a few chapters."—Rev. A. Turkington, Manchester, Ohio.

"'Will-Power' is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$200—cost \$5; profit, \$195."—J. W. Hestand, 618 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.

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"The two last chapters are worth one hundred times the price of the book. But the entire work is a great teacher."—Mrs. Neva R. Temple, 18 East 2nd St., Kansas City, Mo.



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are or do, and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim; in short, the moral fighting shape. It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.—**William James.**

Conquer your enemy and you increase his enmity. Conquer him with kindness, and you reap no after-sorrow.—**Buddha.**



Her Valentine

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THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been thought himself that by abrogating all fear appertaining unto marriages in England, matrimony will be entered upon more readily, earlier and generally than heretofore, and there will be more children.

More children to feed War!

What a chance for the women of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales to go on such a strike as Aristophanes makes the theme of one of his great plays!

What an ass is the Archbishop of Canterbury! ¶ But in all the other countries at war now, while they are going out to slaughter and be slaughtered, the same subject is under discussion—how shall we get quickly men to take the place of those slain on the battlefield or into the ranks of productive labor?

They take a passage from the ravings of mad Lear and exalt it into a piece of statesmanlike prevision. And the world receives the suggestion without disgust.

¶ Furthermore, one of the first results of the war will be the stringent prohibition by the nations of emigration. They will probably try to unload upon the rest of the world—

this country and South America—all the unfit, all the burdensome. The fit they will keep at home. The man who shall attempt to leave Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Russia, or any other country, after the war, may be shot as if he were a prisoner trying to escape. Maybe he will be forced to marry and procreate children. All to sustain War.

Was there ever a more exquisite insanity than this? What a light it sheds on some phases of Rooseveltism!—*William Marion Reedy.*

THE Kaiser is not to blame for Europe being an armed camp. In forwarding this policy he has but followed out the inheritance from medieval barbarism under which all of Europe is still suffering. Clerical hierarchies and military castes are the natural growth of medievalism. That the Kaiser may have been badly advised, even wickedly advised, at the present time, is possibly true, but that he ought to be hanged or that such an end would prevent other wars is a ludicrous idea. What we must pray will be the result of this hideous carnage and waste is that medieval ideas of the value of brute force shall perish from the earth.

German civilization has stood for the glory of the military. Militarism must go now, and the German mind must be taught that we will have none of it. Kings and emperors will probably go also, which is a small matter. A badly brought up president could do as much harm as any Kaiser. Individuals, even the highest placed, are unimportant, but it is of vital importance for Germany and the rest of Europe to learn that medieval ideas no longer hold good.—Schurmann.



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THE present uncertain business conditions will pass as soon as we are able to readjust ourselves to the new conditions caused by the European war. Eventually there will be unprecedented prosperity, inasmuch as this country will be the only producing nation.

—George W. Perkins.

Possibly we might even improve the world a little if we got up early in the morning, and took our coats off to do the work.—Dickens.

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That part of America which has not suffered acutely over the demolition of—not of cities or art treasures—but the lives of men; that part of America which has not lost from time to time during the past three months its personal or domestic or business sense; that part of America which is crying for a mighty navy and the arming of a million men and the seizure of world-trade—such is the Prussian part, the parasite part, the part which will bring the States of America to the present plight of Europe, or worse, if it is not plowed under by the virtue and reality of our race. Real America has found an impulse in this

IT'S a time for heroics. Real America is not shouting, "Now is the time for us to profit," and engaging in heroics of profit and loss. Real America realizes that there is a big psychological meaning to this rending of Europe, and that "The States" are as vitally interested in the war as Germany or England or France. Real America is acquiring a new mind and heart in the only swift way that these precious things may be acquired—through a terrible pressure of suffering.

cataclysm of war to become a truly productive people, not to develop its already powerful trade acuteness. Production does not mean to multiply by mechanical means any single article to such an extent that the great energy must be spent in marketing instead of producing. Intense competition abroad means dangerous rivalry at home, means hatred of nation for nation, means armament, coast defenses, standing armies, and all the old hells of the world. Real America perceives now

through the anguish of its neighbors that the attempt to master the destinies of an alien people does not foster a fatherland, but a spider-land; that no man has the right to put his yoke upon his neighbor, nor any nation upon another nation.

Real America perceives that a nation with land commensurate to its population needs only to develop its own riches, its own peculiar potencies and the genius of its people through a stimulus for the production of its best, in order to compel clean trade with all the world—because national resources are like individual resources; there are no duplicates.

Real America is rising to the dream of a true Fatherland. Prussian America is struggling to emulate all that is blasphemous in the fatherlands now destroying their children. Which will dominate? You can find a picture of the future in either case in the nearest cornfield—the full perfected golden ear, or the squat and blackened sheath full of stinking fungus spores.—*Will Levington Comfort.*

I have made thee rich, why shouldst thou make thyself poor?—*Abdul Baha*

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FOR sympathy, charity, good example, and unselfish public service there will always be room; but for the suppression of native powers, for public dictation based on arbitrary rules, for the assumption that society is more important than those who compose it, and for the expropriation of success for the relief of failure, there is no place in a free republic.

—*David Jayne Hill.*

Made in U. S. A.
of New Domestic Rags



No Wonder He's Proud—

You ought to be proud, too—proud of the fact that there is one bond paper made in America of American materials—prouder still that this thoroughly American paper is the leader in quality and value.

For ten years Construction Bond has been made of new American rags—clean factory clippings. Most other makers of similar grades have used "cheaper" imported rags—gathered from goodness knows where. And in those ten years Construction Bond has become the most widely used bond paper in the United States—the leader in quality among moderate priced papers.

Now in spite of the war its continued quality is a certainty—the materials for its making are safe at home. That's the beauty of using products made in America of American materials—you are sure of continued quality.

CONSTRUCTION



BOND

is a less expensive paper than any other of equally well assured quality. American efficiency in manufacturing and distribution has made it so. Instead of selling this paper through jobbers to any printer who will buy a ream or so, we market it exclusively in large quantities to the most responsible printing and lithographing firms in 196 of the principal cities of North America. You can see the expense

and loss we save by this direct method. You can see why Construction Bond offers better value for your money than paper marketed in the usual manner through jobbers.

Those substantial printing and lithographing firms who produce stationery on Construction Bond know how to do good work at fair prices—that's what made them big. They know how to turn out stationery that you can be proud of. The fact that they use and recommend Construction Bond is final evidence of its satisfactory quality and unusual value for the money.

Write us on your letterhead for our portfolio of specimen letterheads on various colors of Construction Bond. They will give you valuable suggestions for your own stationery.

W. E. WROE & CO., Sales Office
1006 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

any works of reference, he dictated a volume of jokes which is still the best collection to be found in London.

When Stephen Crane wrote his *Red Badge of Courage*, old soldiers thought the author must have gone through the war. Just out of college, Crane had scarcely ever heard a gun fired off, and he was not born until years after Appomattox.

A 220-pound bully was making trouble in a Philadelphia street-railway car when a small, pleasant-faced youth remonstrated.

Every one expected to see the giant literally crush the young man who had interfered. As they stepped off the car the bully was knocked sense-

less by a blow of the other's fist—the fist of Freddie Welsh, champion lightweight boxer of the world.

I heard Bob Burdette tell how the soldiers laughed at a long-haired fop of a cavalry officer until they saw him just once leading a charge. Then they knew it was General Custer, and they laughed no more.

The better part of every man's training is that which he gives himself.—James Russell Lowell

BRET HARTE wrote in one of his stories that you could n't judge anything by the appearances of his characters. The biggest scamp had a Raphael face, the bravest man in camp was the smallest, the surest shot had but three fingers, and the best-dressed was the worst gambler in the State.

The same rule often works out in real life. Nobody wrote more dry philosophical books than England's prize philosopher, Lord Bacon. But one day while ill, and without consulting

IN many important respects, business conditions in the United States, for the next three months at least, will be better than they have been for the last three months. As to the long future I do not hesitate to say, with emphasis, that the opportunities for progress and success in this country are greater than ever before. If we can get out of the ruts of antagonisms, inconsistency, distrust, hypocrisy, individual indifference to the rights and interests of others, which seem to have prevented natural and legitimate progress during the last few years, so that the people generally will disregard undue personal ambition and will

work together, joining hands for the protection and promotion of the welfare of all alike, having a disposition to utilize to the best advantage the privileges which this country affords, it will be only a question of time, and short at that, when the United States will be firmly established as the leading country of the world. Times and conditions are auspicious. The United States, with its vast wealth and resources, should be the financial, industrial and commercial center of the world; and

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS—giving you full particulars.

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Neurasthenia

—Symptom
NOT Disease

NEURASTHENIA is due largely to habits which may be corrected by giving attention to causes of the ailment.

¶ This is fully explained by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, who gives you in his new book—"Neurasthenia"—results of his experience with thousands of cases treated during the nearly forty years he has been Superintendent of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg's book is not a dry book—now couched in technical terms. On the contrary, Dr. Kellogg has the happy faculty of making his writings easily understood and intensely interesting. If you suffer from nervousness—exhaustion—sleeplessness—or any other form of Neurasthenia, get this book and study it. It shows the way out—teaches you how to obtain relief from the dread fangs of nervousness.

¶ The book contains 250 pages, printed with plain type on fine book paper. There are several full page illustrations, diet tables and valuable instructions as to exercise, relaxation, rest and sleep. The regular price of the book is \$2.00, but, to give the work widespread distribution, Dr. Kellogg has permitted us to bind an edition in library paper covers and, while these last, we shall sell them at only \$1 a copy. Send your order and remittance today. You take no risk. If you are not entirely pleased and satisfied with the book, it may be returned and we will promptly refund your money. Order at once and get relief from nerve suffering. Address—

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.
2002 W. Main Street Battle Creek, Michigan.

Burpee's Sweet Peas

Six
Superb
Spencers

For 25c we will mail one

regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of BURPEE'S DAINY SPENCER, a beautiful picotte pink edged; KING EDWARD SPENCER, deep carmine scarlet; BURPEE'S IRISH BELLE, rich lilac flushed with pink; Mrs. CUTBERTSON, an exquisitely beautiful pink, wings white-flushed with rose; Mrs. HUGH DICKSON, a rich apricot on cream ground; also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the BURPEE BLEND OF SUPERB SPENCERS FOR 1915, the finest mixture of Spencers ever offered. Purchased separately, would cost 60c. The Burpee Leaflet on Sweet Pea culture is enclosed with each collection.

Six Standard Spencers

For 25c we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of the following: AMERICA SPENCER, striped brilliant red on ivory; BURPEE'S CAPTIVATION SPENCER, rich rose wine red; BURPEE'S DECORATION, rich rose, overlaid with terracotta; BURPEE'S ETHEL ROOSEVELT, soft primrose splashed with crimson; HELEN LEWIS, intense crimson-orange; BURPEE'S QUEEN VICTORIA SPENCER, deep primrose flushed rose.

For 50c we will mail both collections named above, and also a 15-cent package of ILLUMINATION.

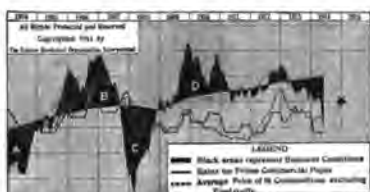
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Known as the leading American seed catalog—this bright book of 182 pages for 1915 is better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today and kindly name THE FRA.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

to a corresponding degree will be opportunities for worthy achievement in every direction. To the extent that we prosper legitimately and without prejudice to the rights or interests of others, we may be able to render assistance to others who may need and are willing to accept it.—*Elbert H. Gary.*

We are told that Brandeis looks like Lincoln. Well, why not—was n't Lincoln's first name Abraham!—*Ed Howe.*



*Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

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FEW men are shrewd enough to guess their way out of the present business situation. But facts available in Babson's Reports will help you anticipate the sharp changes in commodity and labor prices. Eliminate worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

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TO those to whom the memory of the incomparable flavor of real "Old Government Java" is dear, and to all who love the fragrant cup which is one of Nature's choicest gifts to man, THE BOUR COMPANY offers its OLD MASTER COFFEE with the guarantee that it is the very highest quality of coffee which the world produces—thoroughly aged, perfectly cleaned, carefully roasted, and scientifically blended by experts of national reputation. It is the King of Coffees—the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Ask for OLD MASTER COFFEE in your next order. If your grocer is out of stock, write us direct: we will gladly supply you.

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owes it to herself to know what the world of Science is doing to lighten her burdens.

The KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY has something to offer you in this connection—and it is the real goods. They are called

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and—but what's the use!

Write them for Elbert Hubbard's booklet, *A Palaver on Paper*; that will tell you all about them—and us—in an interesting and instructive way.

Enclose four cents in stamps for a full-size sample of the famous Kalamazoo Dishcloth—the cloth that knocked the krow out of mikrobe.

Handy Home Helpers can be had at all leading Department-Stores.

The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Opportunity is Knocking at your Door!

HAVE YOU NOT MENTALLY DETERMINED to some day visit the PACIFIC COAST?

LET 1915 BE THE CHOSEN TIME, for during this year there will be added to the scenic grandeur, natural wonders and many charming mountain and seaside resorts of this fascinating region the unprecedented attractions of CALIFORNIA'S TWO GREAT EXPOSITIONS, at San Francisco and at San Diego.

THE OPPORTUNITY TO COMBINE IN A SHORT VACATION all the pleasure and instruction that this delightful sightseeing journey will embrace, for the relatively nominal cost of a round trip ticket from the East, and incidental traveling expenses, is one that should be availed of by all who can possibly afford it.

WITH ITS FOUR GREAT ROUTES via New Orleans, El Paso, Ogden and Portland, over which are run the best appointed and best operated trains in the West, with Dining Car Service unsurpassed, the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

offers to Exposition visitors and tourists the choice of entering California by a southern, a central, or a northern gateway—with the further choice of a different route returning—reaching all points of interest and affording car-window views of the scenic features that have given the Pacific Coast its fame.

Six Daily Limited Trains

"Sunset Limited" from New Orleans via "Sunset Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.
"Golden State Limited" from Chicago through Kansas City via the "El Paso Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.

From Los Angeles south to San Diego the rail trip is made in four hours.

"Overland Limited," "Pacific Limited" and "San Francisco Limited" from Chicago through Omaha via "Ogden Route," crossing the Sierra-Nevadas, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier and San Francisco Bay.
"Shasta Limited" from Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, via "Shasta Route," crossing the Siakiyou Mountains, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier.

Varying the trip, the "Sunset Route" extends from New York by Southern Pacific's Atlantic Steamships, sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays to New Orleans. Connection is made with the "Sunset Limited" to Los Angeles and San Francisco, the through fare being same as all-rail.

Tickets at little more than one fare for the round trip will be on sale by eastern roads from March 1st to November 30th, 1915, via the "Sunset," "Ogden" or "El Paso" routes, and via the "Shasta Route" through Oregon for \$17.50 additional.

The Southern Pacific has been made the safest railroad in the world by the expenditure of millions. It carried over two hundred million passengers in five years without a passenger fatality in a train accident. For this record it holds a Gold Medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety.

SEE THEREFORE THAT YOUR TICKET TO CALIFORNIA IN 1915 READS

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FIRST IN CHOICE and FIRST IN SAFETY

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This Watch Cost \$50,000 New Thin Model

Ingersoll

Dollar Watch

Including the cost of the new machinery it took to make it—the first of the new thin model Ingersolls cost over \$50,000!

Fifty thousand dollars invested just to make the dollar watch a little better-looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very *many* watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the thousands of you who *are* buying them every day—that enable us to spend more on the mere *improvement* of this, the lowest-priced watch in the world, than can be spent in the *creation* of the expensive watches made for the few.

The result is a wonderful little time-keeping machine, ticking away the seconds at the rate of 360,000 beats a day—and never skipping one.

Jolted and turned over and handled, looked at and tested and counted on time after time every hour;—treated as no other machine is treated;—its hundred and twenty-eight parts so harmoniously designed, so accurately made, as to fit into the smallest possible space, the Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for a dollar, a product worth a year of a skilled watch-maker's time for half the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage.

See the new thin Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by laying in one to have as your own.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Ave., New York

European manufacturers, exporters and importers are journeying through the countries and sections reached by the Panama Canal for the purpose of finding new export and import markets.

If the United States is willing to spend approximately four hundred million dollars in building the Canal, it ought to spend a corresponding amount of energy, effort and even money in getting ready for the Canal. It should be improving its port facilities, deepening its harbors and interior waterways, and constructing vessels so that it may start even, as it were, with other countries when the Canal is opened.

There is danger

THROUGHOUT all Latin America, throughout all Europe, and throughout Australia and Asia, there is deep practical interest in the possibilities of the Panama Canal, and it is the theme of constant discussion in foreign commercial, political and economic circles.

Vast amounts of money are being expended in improving European, South American, and Asiatic harbors and steamship facilities in order to take advantage of the Canal from the very day it is opened. The trade agents of

that we will be so satisfied with our pride in accomplishing so great an engineering feat, with our praise of the work done, and with our plans for celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, that we will overlook or forget the practical steps necessary to get actually ready for the Canal and to utilize it to fullest advantage when it is completed. We should do everything to make this opening a gala event in the history of the world and to insure a brilliant success for the Panama-Pacific Inter-

national Exposition at San Francisco, and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego. But that celebration and those exhibitions will be like the tinkling of cymbals and the beating of drums if we do not follow up our preparations for them with even greater preparations for competition in trade and influence with the rest of the world.

—John Barrett.

THERE is no form of organized society that suffers quite so much from the inexperience of its paid servants as that of government. Unfortunately no previous training is required and the ability of the applicant to perform the service is seldom an

issue. Indeed, experience is a handicap that causes many good men to succumb at the polls, and the result is we get many reformers and few builders.

The cost of breaking in officials is one of the heaviest burdens society has to bear, and when our pilots of progress can not feel the great tidal wave of reason, the Ship of State is in dangerous hands.—*Texas News Service.*

No man has a right to all of his rights.



The Far West wants you; Europe doesn't See your own Country now

On your "Santa Fe way" to the
Panama Expositions visit
Grand Canyon of Arizona and Yosemite

Four trains a day, including California Limited
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On request will send you our Panama Expositions
and California trains folders.
W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway 1044 Railway Exchange
Chicago.



THERE is no single factor that exerts a more powerful influence upon our minds or molds our outlook in life more perceptibly than our surroundings. Our mental attitude is largely a reflection of our environment; if we live amid pleasant and cheerful surroundings our characters become optimistic and self-reliant and we are better equipped to solve the complex problems of our modern existence than those who through circumstance or necessity live in less favorable habitation.—*The Colorist.*

SHAKESPEARE says—

“ * * * we petty men walk and peep about
to find ourselves dishonorable graves.”

TO spend life looking for a grave is to miss the joy of living. Also, you miss the joy, if you spend your life as a sparrow cop chasing after joy. ¶ People who are preparing to die, die a thousand deaths—the brave man dies but once. ¶ To prepare for death means that you go through life half-dead, and gravitate easily into an early grave. ¶ The best preparation for a life to come is to live now up to your highest and best. Then, if you do not live again as an individual entity, you have got all there is in it anyway; and if there is another world, you have made the best possible preparation for it by starting a little Paradise enow. ¶ And to live in Paradise here you must have a good digestion, sleep eight hours, work eight, play four and study four. Then only are you loving and lovable.



¶ And as no two faces are alike, so no two human bodies are exactly the same. You can not judge one individual by another, any more than you can reason from a guinea-pig to the President of the First National Bank. ¶ If we were wise we would take charge of just one individual, and that man the one under our own Stetson. ¶ And that is exactly what Doctor Moras helps you to do. ¶ Doctor Moras is a great doctor; but he does n't believe much in doctors—that is why he's great. With him the saw and the scalpel and the bally bolus are anathema. ¶ He believes that health is our natural condition, that we are headed for the bink bazaar when we visit the chemist's shop in search of physical harmony. Also, to pin our faith to a pill is to “peep about and find dishonorable graves.” ¶ Doctor Moras is a psychologist. He knows that fear is the father of failure and the fore-

runner of disease. ¶ To fill up on the gobbles and guzzles and become clogged with slag until “shooting the well” is necessary is neither wise nor nice. ¶ Fear springs from ignorance. Educate a person and his fear flies. ¶ Heaven is a condition of mind, and hell's fires are flickering flames furiously fanned by fanatics. ¶ The wind, even now, is whistling through the medico's lace lambrequins. ¶ People are beginning to think—a dangerous thing to do—and to realize that we should be happy, healthful and purposeful all the time—and that to “peep about,” scared stiff, frozen with fright, cultivating gooseflesh, is to “find ourselves dishonorable graves!” ¶ Doctor Moras is a philosopher. He has written a book called, *Autology*. He wrote it after he had cut his wisdom-teeth on the hard crust of experience. It is full of good-natured suggestion, truth and beauty. It deals with health, happiness, life and efficiency. ¶ Describing this book is a brochure entitled, *A Guide to Autology*—a charming little book which Doctor Moras offers you as a gift—a literary love-token, antiseptic and sterilized, on receipt of a postal card. You incur no obligation and contract not a muscle. Address: EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D., Highland Park, Illinois. ¶



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Limousine \$3200



The Matchless Winter Car

Matchless—not in one respect but in all. In both the big and little qualities of luxury and refinement this Chalmers Limousine proclaims its right to first place.

To itemize its qualities is to confirm its superiority. The aluminum body—with rounded back—is of the French type. The roof, too, is of solid aluminum—and in one piece. All vibration and drumming is eliminated. This roof is an exclusive Chalmers feature.

Note the perfectly snug-fitting windows and the flush-fitting doors. Thus drafts are prevented. You sit in a world of your own—away from dust, dirt, cold, rain, sun-glare or noise. Consider how your requirements have been antic-

ipated—in the disappearing seats; the dome, shoulder and step lights; the toilet case and clock; silk grab cords, speaking tube and arm rests.

You may indicate your preference of imported cloths for the upholstery. Your choice of blue German Wolfling cloth or brown English Bedford cord. The rich, thick carpets and floor cushions will be matched with the upholstery.

Mechanically, too, is this model matchless. It has a powerful, six-cylinder, non-stallable Chalmers motor—always smooth and dependable in operation. Let the Chalmers dealer show you this beautiful car—the \$6000 limousine value at a moderate price—\$3200.

7-passenger Limousine, \$3200
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300,000 Infants Die Annually in the United States



ACH year, 425,000 children under the age of ten, and about 1,000,000 men and women die prematurely in our country.

¶ In an age of conservation we allow the waste of our most valuable assets, the lives of those who through experience have become valuable to the race, as well as of those who have had no opportunity to develop.

This is unnecessary. If we use properly the gifts of Nature, such as air, fire, food and drink, and employ body and mind correctly, we can remain strong and healthy.

¶ Applied knowledge is all that is necessary. To acquire such knowledge is a profitable investment, for it increases the

earning capacity, lengthens life, and adds to its enjoyment and beauty.

Health and Efficiency is a book devoted to the conservation of health and life. It is interestingly written. A university student says that it is the "only health literature I have read without getting sleepy." A newspaperman says that a vein of suppressed humor adds to its value.

It sells for the modest sum of \$2.00 the copy. Anyone who is disappointed in this book may return it in good condition after keeping it seven days, and purchase price will be refunded.

You may *exist* without health, but you can not really *live* without it.

Be a live one. *Health and Efficiency* will help you to truly live. Orders may be sent to the author,

R. L. ALSAKER, M. D., 1028-B Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo.



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It pays the employer, because:

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¶ Punching the clock is no longer considered a nuisance—it is a matter of ethics and sound economics. It spells efficiency and success. ¶ Let us tell you how the INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDER can be profitably used in *your business*—for recording day, piece, productive, non-productive, clerical and executive time. When writing please state your position.

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Nature's Exposition Route "Through the Canadian Rockies" To the California Expositions

THE ROUTE OF A THOUSAND THRILLS is the route which takes you by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast. Whereas an European express train passes through the Swiss Alps in seven hours, it takes twenty-four hours to travel through these Canadian Alps from the Gap to Vancouver. There are really three ranges of mountains here—the Rockies, the Selkirks and the Gold Range, and in the Selkirks alone there are forty peaks over 10,000 feet high between the main line and the Crow's Nest Pass line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Fine Mountain Hotels at Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Glacier and Revelstoke await those who do not desire to rush too quickly through this snow-capped scenery. But even from the Observation Car there are a thousand thrills.

No Side Trips Necessary. No Extra Charge for Stop-over Privileges.

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Full description in the new 1915 Pacific Coast Tours folder.

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4,086 Ft.

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San Francisco
To Alaska

Vancouver
and Pacific Coast

Profile of the Canadian Pacific Route
"Through the Canadian Rockies."



HIGHEST HONORS FOR STEGER PIANOS

IN the building, appointments and furnishings of the New Morrison Hotel and Boston Oyster House, Chicago, art, science and skill have been commandeered and bid do their best. ¶ And the result is one of the most magnificent modern hotels in the world. ¶ The directors and officers have ever had in mind the excellent, the beautiful and the harmonious. Nothing but the best would go. ¶ Hence it is that after mature deliberation and consideration of all the well-known makes of pianos, STEGER AND SONS Art Style Pianos have been exclusively adopted by them as their musical asset.

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The STEGER PLAYER PIANO is distinguished from all other Player Pianos by its natural expression and marvelous music-producing powers.

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NEW MORRISON HOTEL



Design 1471-C



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Like truth, these pillars of light embody strength and character. Made of imperishable metal, they withstand storm and stress—they stand the test of time. Also, they are beautiful as truth—chaste and graceful. Capped by globes that diffuse a soft, mellow light, they are an ornament and a utility to your residence, grounds or place of business.

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are metal-craftsmen extraordinary. Their work is superb. Their results are unrivaled. ¶ In the illumination of parks, public playgrounds, private estates or residences, the unique products of the Union Metal Manufacturing Company are in increasing demand.

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To utilize time when traveling, and to keep private papers private; to make correspondence more businesslike; to prevent being misread; to provide duplicates of important letters and manuscripts.

Corona Typewriters weigh only 6 lbs. and fold up like a book, to $3\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ ". Full standard equipment besides exclusive folding carriage.

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THE TRUTH ACCORDING TO SWOBODA

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

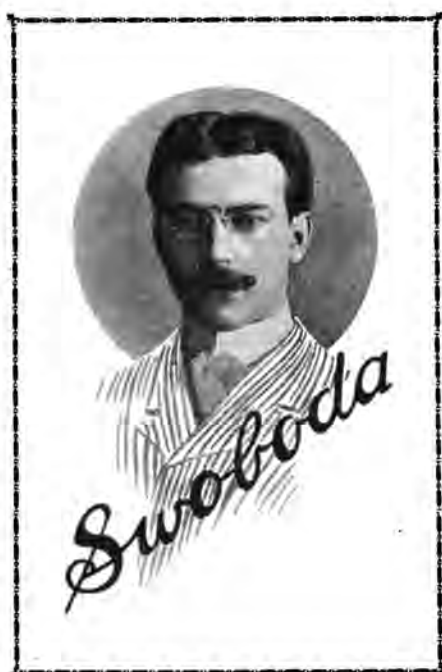
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man's joy in his work."*

—William Morris.



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FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5

BIG BUSINESS—AND LITTLE



FROM this issue forth, *The Fra Magazine* will be devoted to the instruction, encouragement and inspiration of businessmen. Business is the agency through which men and women earn a living.

I have a deal more faith in the average businessman than I have in the average reformer.

Righteous dealing in trade is a matter of self-preservation, and all good businessmen know it.

There is room in business for all your religion, all your poetry, all your love. Business should be beautiful—and it is fast becoming so.

Also, I believe in Big Business, for Big Business represents efficiency and economy in the creation, production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to civilization.

Big Business makes room for little business. It puts money in circulation. It gives the farmer a market—aye, and the florist, too, for only a happy, prosperous people buy flowers. Big Business helps every retailer, every bootblack, for the people who buy flowers get their shoes shined. Big Business helps the laundry business, for only a happy and prosperous people glory in clean linen.

Big Business helps barbers, restaurants, shoe-dealers, haberdashers, bakeries, dressmakers, music-dealers, taxi-drivers, street-car lines, electric "Central Stations," musicians, printers, stationers, sign-painters, makers of go-carts and perambulators, for did not Richard Cobden say, "The ratio of go-carts keeps pace with the price of corn"?

Big Business distributes pay-envelopes—maintains old-age pensions, has sick benefits, educates to Safety First, has playgrounds, school-gardens.

There is a crying need for all the strong, earnest influence we can bring to bear in behalf of Big Business, especially in view of the fact that numerous magazines and daily papers seek to fatten and batten on discontent, by inflaming the unthinking to class-hatred and unrest. As long as there are publications intent on libeling men of initiative, and defaming our industrial leaders, there will be a place for *The Fra*.

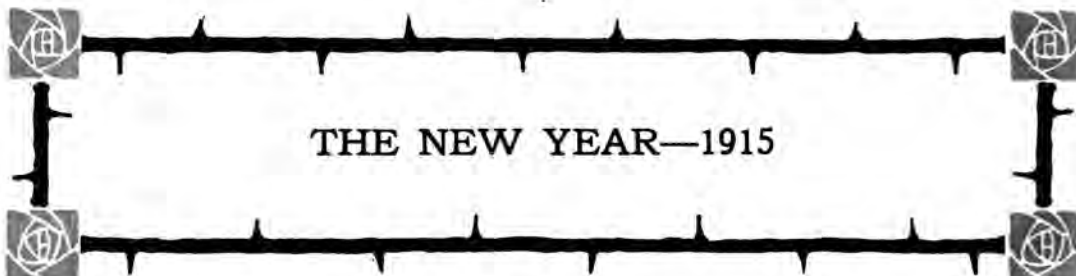
I give you no "lessons"—nothing to memorize and recite. I help eliminate the lingo and aid you to act. I give general rules, not specific instructions.

My hope is to animate and inspire able people, who would be still more able.

Every business is an individual problem, just as life is.

So there you are—Organization, Opportunity, Reciprocity, Payrolls, Education, Health, Work, Music, Study, Laughter, Love—and all these things just as part of Earning a Living.

I was going to say I deal in "uplift" and "betterment," but these words have been overworked and need a vacation. Let us call it inspiration and stimulation. Have a Mental Martini with me!



THE NEW YEAR—1915



HERE are only a few great dates in history.

And around these dates swing and circle over nine-tenths of all the great names in history.

¶ The first great date is Four Hundred Fifty B. C., which we call the Age of Pericles, when Greece was at her height.

The second date is the Year One, the Age of Augustus, when Rome bloomed and blossomed.

¶ But the importance of this date is revealed in the fact that we date time from the birthday of one born in an obscure Roman province, whose short life has influenced the world beyond that of any other man who has ever lived.

After the Year One the next great date is Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, unforgettable for Columbus, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Gutenberg and a hundred other names that can never fade.

Next, we get Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, marking a vast struggle for human liberty, finding its culmination in America, and we witness the birth of a Nation.

The next date is Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the year of the Centennial Exposition, when America was born again.

Then were shown the electric light, the trolley-car, the telephone, the typewriter; and we get the advent of women into the world of business.

But bigger, greater and more far-reaching than all else in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six were the advent of the one-price system and truth in trade, both innovations.

Iconoclasm

THE next great date in history is Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

This is a pivotal year in the history of the human race. It is a turning-point in civilization.

We have seen a catastrophe in Europe, the equal of which has never occurred in all time.

¶ We have beheld the organized forces, representing more than half the earth, of science, culture, diplomacy, religion, education, diverted from their proper purposes and prostituted to the uses of dissolution, destruction and death.

America was surprised, then astounded, then staggered, and now we are sobered. Our feet are firmly planted on the earth, although at times our heads may be in the clouds. We see things with a vividness and a clearness which never before have been ours.

Also, we have exploded a lot of fine phrases. For instance: "Preparedness for war insures Peace"; "The Sacredness of Human Life"; "The solemn obligation of a Contract"; "Man's duty to his Neighbor"; "The blessedness of the Golden Rule"; "The beauty of Culture"; "The Passion for Art"; "The inherent Love of Truth."

We have been stripped of our hypocrisy, of our sophistry, and we know reality as never before.

And America has been blessed supremely in this: she is in a position where she gets the perspective. We can not hope for Europe, now, to see truth. Europe is submerged in cosmic sludge, and in her mad struggle, logic, reason, sympathy, love, have been thrown to the wanton winds.

Exposition Year

THIS is a genuine New Year. It is the newest New Year that the world has ever seen. Americans are at peace with one another as we never have been before.

We have gotten rid of many of our whims, prejudices, superstitions.

In degree we have eliminated hate and fear and doubt, and the truth stands out limned against the sky.

Happily, this is the year of two great Expositions, both to be held in California.

The time could not have been more fortunate—aye, nor the localities. For once our attention is taken from the East and is directed to the West.

The tide of travel which has usually set towards Europe will be directed to California.

¶ The poetry, the science, the oratory, the literature, and the reason of the world will be assembled there. And, as Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six was a pivotal point in the career of America, so will be Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. This year for us is big with promise—a promise which will find fulfilment in a larger manhood.

It is a wonderful time in which to live. To feel that we are taking part in the making of a new world is a wonderful responsibility. Also, it is a great satisfaction, tempered by the sense of responsibility.

We are living in the greatest period the world has ever seen.

View it from any standpoint you may, the times call for men and women, strong of purpose, clear of intellect, chastened in thought, alive and alert for truth and duty and beauty and right.

America is being born again. The European war has brought us up against our limitations.

¶ The weaknesses of much in old forms of government, culture, education, religion and statesmanship are now apparent.

Organized armies have tumbled organized religion, organized diplomacy and organized education, with all their cheap, hypocritical, sophistical talk, into a seething witch-caldron of death and disorder, and the hags of hell are brewing their diabolical broth.

America stands clear of the pitiable, pitiful pitfall, and takes reckoning.

And we are sobered as never before.

We see the truth as never before.

We are being born again.

And there is to be a New America.

And in degree *The Fra Magazine* hopes to express the ideals, the aspirations and the ambitions of the New Time.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”



A man possessing Initiative is a Creator ◆◆

THE report in detail on our foreign trade in December, just issued by the Department of Commerce, shows how foodstuffs are going out of this country. Last month we exported 2,121,769 bushels of corn, valued at \$1,759,100, as compared with 421,878 bushels, valued at \$333,903, in December, 1913. The exports of wheat jumped from 3,850,392 bushels in December, 1913, to 19,181,602 bushels last December, the value of the exports being, respectively, \$3,479,250 and \$22,819,570. The exports of flour a year ago amounted to 1,273,123 barrels, while last December they were 1,485,024 barrels. The respective values were \$5,741,576 and \$7,827,773. Oats jumped from 17,904 bushels last year to 7,087,500 last December, the respective values being \$8,150 and \$3,900,174. We exported 177,975 pounds of canned beef in December, 1913, valued at \$23,761. Last December the exports amounted to 9,107,545 pounds, valued at \$1,353,388. The exports of fresh beef in December a year ago ran to 493,690 pounds, valued at \$60,753. Last December the exports were 12,156,321 pounds, valued at \$1,434,684. The exports of pickled beef a year ago reached 1,838,048 pounds, valued at \$180,180. This year they were 2,316,425 pounds, valued at \$244,262.

The foregoing figures show why farmers should grow all the grains and beef possible. This demand is bound to continue during the war, and the chances are that it will continue for some time thereafter. No farmer need fear a surplus production that will cut down prices. Prices will remain high, no matter what the production may be. That would be the case if the world were at peace. The days of low prices for foodstuffs have passed, though, of course, the prices will not be so high after the war as they are now. Every farmer should figure very closely this Winter as to just what he can best do with his lands. He will find that such study will prove profitable at harvest time ◆◆



Maybe I am all wrong about it, yet I can not help believing that the spirit of man will live again somewhere in a better world than ours. Astronomers prophesy the existence of stars long before they can see them ◆◆ They know where they ought to be and training their telescopes in that direction they wait, knowing they shall find.

WHAT "THE FRA" HOPES TO DO



PLEASE do not accuse me of having too much ego in my spiritual ginger-jar. I'm not going to supply inspiration to the business world entirely out of my own cosmic bank-balance.

¶ I am just the medium of expression for a few ideas which I pick up and pass along. I run an assembly-plant. In this task I am having the assistance of numerous big men who are right on the commercial firing-line.

For instance, in this issue is an article by Joseph Beifeld, of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago.

¶ Mr. Beifeld is a quiet man who never breaks into the Social Column, nor is he known on 'Change. And no one has ever yet paid him the doubtful compliment of calling him "a good fellow."

Mr. Beifeld is a successful businessman, who modestly walks off with big burdens and does it jauntily. He has a firm grasp on important themes, and is regarded by the few who know him well as a safe, sane, reliable, common-sense, dependable man.

Leaders of Men

OTHER industrial leaders whose words of wisdom, guidance and counsel you will read in *The Fra* from time to time are James J. Hill, John H. Patterson, Henry B. Joy, Charles P. Steinmetz, Rodman Wanamaker, Joseph Schaffner, Henry Ford, George M. Reynolds, Howard Elliott, Paul Warburg, John D. Rockefeller, B. C. Forbes, August Schilling, John W. Weibley, Andrew Carnegie, Elbert H. Gary, Daniel G. Reid, Thomas A. Edison, Frank A. Vanderlip, Theodore P. Shonts, Clarence W. Barron, Bert Ball, Doctor F. M. Planck, W. B. Kniskern, Doctor Charles Van Hise, F. S. Terry, Doctor Charles W. Eliot, Gutson Borglum, William T. Noonan, J. Robert Crouse, Roger W. Babson, Henry L. Doherty, Melville Mix, David Starr Jordan,

Doctor C. S. Carr, Hazen J. Titus, George Williams, Nathan Straus, Theodore N. Vail, Robert S. Carter, Joseph McCall, B. B. Ayres, Arthur Brisbane, David M. Kirk, C. S. Page, Moses C. Clapp, Joseph Oliver, Charles B. Landis, James R. Day.

I am a Statesman-at-Large for the Jovians, a member of the Society for Electrical Development, five Rotary Clubs, a dozen Advertising Clubs, the Chicago Executives, the American Dental Society, the Photographers' Association, the National Laundry Association, and various other Clubs and Societies whose names have slipped me.

Of course, membership in these various concerns does not mean so very much, viewed in one way.

You see it is like this: You give a speech before the club and immediately thereafter, before the applause dies away, some worthy member arises and says:

"Mr. Chairman, I move you, Sir, that the eminent speaker who has just furnished us this wonderful intellectual feast, putting Webster in the consomme and depositing the late Pericles in pickle, shall be elected an honorary member of this club."

Nineteen men second the motion, the Chairman puts the question, the ayes have it, and there you are!

Nevertheless, when you go back to the town and meet the boys, your heart is gladdened by discovering that they have not forgotten you. So there is a love-feast and a wild chorus of "Oh, see who's here!" and the soda-fountain up at the corner drugstore fizzes time and a third.

This wide acquaintanceship with active, intelligent, growing men supplies me a deal of mental ammunition and keeps the caloric in my fireless cooker.

Love of God can be shown in only one way and that is in the treatment of men.



THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION



THE increase in freight-rates granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in December, has had a decidedly stimulating effect on business.

It gave hope and courage, which manifested themselves in increased purchase of supplies, and work to many men who otherwise would have been laid off.

The increase averaged about three and a half per cent, and affected one hundred twelve railroads.

But to a degree the psychological effect was lost through the increase being long postponed. Also, it seemed to be given grudgingly, not spontaneously, but in response to a demand not only from the railroads, but from practically all of the big shippers in the country. Then another adverse feature was a minority report of two commissioners wherein a spirit of doubt, suspicion and actual hostility was manifested toward the railroads and the big shippers who had petitioned for the increase.

“What do they want?” asked Marie Antoinette, when the mob was surging in the street. “What do they want?”

And the answer was, “They want bread!” And the Queen naively asked, “Why don’t they eat cake?”

And that, for her, disposed of the question. The indifference of certain members of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the needs of the struggling railroads—and beyond this the needs of the struggling retailers and wage-earners—is quite on a par with the solicitude of the giddy queen for the hungry people.

These men fix “reasonable rates,” but deny that the fluctuating difference between income and outgo has any bearing on the reasonableness of a rate. They say, “All business has to face the results of war and hard times.”

True, but a strictly private business has the privilege of adjusting income to meet exigencies; but this flexibility to a railroad is denied.

And I still maintain that the Government, having taken on itself the responsibility of regulating the railroads, owes a duty not only to the railroads, but to the entire country, of dealing with the railroads in a big, generous, kindly and courteous way—this that we may all prosper.

The Interstate Commerce Commission can not take charge of a private business, fixing rates which the business shall charge for its services, and yet throw back on the alleged managers of this business the responsibility of its slump. The idea of fixing “a fair and reasonable rate,” and then washing its hands in innocence, is an evasion of responsibility. “Fair” and “reasonable” are pleasing words, but they mean nothing when detached from the fact. The strange truth is, we find two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission saying things about the railroads that sound like a paraphrase of a remark attributed to Commodore Vanderbilt concerning the public. There are about fifteen million people in America, stockholders, creditors and wage-earners, with their families, who look to the railroads for a meal-ticket.

The prosperity of the railroads is the prosperity of the country. Every member of the Interstate Commerce Commission should realize that he is a servant of all the people in this great issue. He should be the wise and helpful counselor of the railroads, and not their eternal critic and antagonist. He must be pro-railroad and not “agin ’em”!

And he must never be a neutral. If he is, then he has not risen to the height of his position, and should be gently assisted down and out, for the well-being and safety of the country at large—patrician and proletariat, prince and plebeian.

GERMANY'S WORST ENEMY



NCE upon a time a great philosopher prayed thus: "O Heaven, deliver me from my friends—I can fight mine enemies alone!"

The worst enemy Germany has today is the man who hotly argues that the Germany of Science is the Germany of War—indivisible, one and the same, and that we can not have the Germany of Music without the Germany of Militarism.

When we criticize the military spirit, and the ambition for world power, we are met with the statement that Germany has produced nine-tenths of the music of the world, many of the great inventions, and has taken the lead in industrialism.

It is quite true that the German people have achieved extraordinary results in philosophy, music, education, economics, and all that makes for civilization. Over against this, however, there comes Krupperry, and the mad, sad, bad ambition to rule the world and to tread other nations under foot with iron heel.

Germany was so great that it was quite superfluous for her to invade Belgium and France in order to prove her power and display her strength.

We admit every intimation concerning the excellence and the greatness of the Teutonic peoples

The only question is, Would Germany not be greater without the military spirit which has plunged her into this awful war, and which will eventually mean her subjugation?

Other nations, too, have been infected with the disease of national paranoia—of this there is no doubt.

But the Kaiser is the chief military spirit of the world, and Germany is the one country that has shown herself typical in this modern-world rush for supremacy.

The Tribal God of Germany

ORTHODOX Christianity has always fought fiercely for the Old Testament, with its monarch of the skies. This tribal god lifted into a world deity has been worshiped by millions of people, and millions of people have been ready to die for the good name of this monster of the heavens.

"For He killed many mighty kings, and His mercy endureth from everlasting to everlasting"—thus have they chanted and sung. Jehovah is the tribal god of Germany.

Here we get the eternal paradox of gentle, kindly, worthy people wedded to a savage fetish

When you endeavor to relieve these people of their Satan they wail, "You have taken away our devil and we do not know where you have laid him."

Christian people without the barbarism of the Old Testament are a deal better people than with it. Yet they cling to it.

The habit of humanity is to clutch the base, the absurd, the wrong, and weave it into a fabric with the good, the beautiful, the true, and then declare the things are inseparable Germany without her medieval spirit of militarism would be the first nation in the world

But when you combine the spirit of buttons, braid, brass and blood with farming, you get an incongruous combination which drives your farm-horses off to be food for vultures, and takes your young men to fill the trenches with their dead bodies.

Farmers and factory-workers do not require at this day and date the assistance of the seventy-two-centimeter gun In fact, the safety of the world demands that the mortar be obliterated as an economic factor. Violence begets violence.

Hate and fear make strife easy and natural. You might as well explain that the farmer who has beautiful flocks, herds and fair acres is a

better man if he buckles on pistols and a knife and goes to town on Saturday and shoots up Main Street. Yes, I knew several "bad men" in the old days, and they were all kind neighbors and would divide with you any day.

¶ Happily, all of the Western States have been put to the necessity of making gun-toting a crime; and the result is that the farms and factories flourish as never before.

The cowboy in his professional capacity of looking after the cows is beautiful, but when this cowboy rode his horse into a store he violated the terms of neutrality; and Kit Carson, the quiet man who shot to kill, had to take the offender in hand.

However, we are raising more cows and better cows, and we have more horses and better horses, than in the good old days when the gunmen were in evidence.

Macaulay's Scathing Arraignment

HERMAN RIDDER avers that without the Germany of militarism and conscription there would be no Germany of industry and art. This sort of talk is pure gratuity. ■■■

When you talk to Herman Ridder about Kruppism he immediately shifts the subject to economics and music.

Macaulay paid his respects to this style of argument once and forever in his essay on Charles the First, thus:

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character.

He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues?

And what after all are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half of the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow. We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him.

We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised

to observe them: and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning.

It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase: a good man but a bad king. ■ We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We can not in estimating the character of an individual leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.

Macaulay has been dead for well-nigh sixty years; but still the custom of replying to an argument by referring to another theme, is in vogue. Ask *Vaterland!* ■

Modern business is a most exacting task-master. It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy its devotee has. The thought of a "good time" is not for the businessman. He works and works eternally. He works because he can't stop. And this is the man the Socialists are going to send to the fields! ■

IT is for Americans to stand together as they never have before; to eliminate captious criticism and unkind bickerings. We must join hands not only for the good of America, but for the good of all mankind.

We must keep our health, keep our tempers, preserve good nature, and cultivate the grateful heart.

With it all, we must work as we never have before. ■ ■

And so we are grateful to the Great Intelligence in which we are bathed, and of which we are a part, for life, liberty and the freedom to work, and for the laws of compensation which we recognize are automatic and which never rest.

We recognize that as we give out good so does good return to us, and behind that old motto, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you after many days," is a very great truth: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you shortly—battered." ■



MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD



OUR notebook, Jumbo, please—thanks!—take this:

I am quite sure that the most important thing in the world is Earning a Living.

And there is a difference between Earning a Living and getting a living.

You can get a living in several ways: borrow, beg, steal, by hook or crook—mostly crook.

¶ But when it comes to Earning a Living, you turn the trick in just one way and no other—you work.

¶ And the more intelligence and love you put into your work, the bigger your reward.

¶ And congenial work—work you do through choice—is joyous work, and joyous work is just play.

In the country, when we talk about a boy or a girl Earning a Living, we mean that the person is performing a needed service for someone ☞ ☞

If you “work for yourself” it means that you are producing something which the world needs, and that in return for the product you are paid money.

And money is the symbol of value—the token of a service rendered.

For Service Rendered

REMEMBER, when I was about ten years old, on coming home one day with a dollar bill ☞ ☞

I proudly showed the money to my mother ☞ She looked at the money in astonishment—for money was a curiosity in that family—and then she looked at me.

“Where did you get that money?” she asked, somewhat severely.

And I answered proudly, “I earned it.” ☞ “How did you earn it?”

“Why, Havens’ cattle broke into the corn, and I got on a horse, went and found Ol’ Man Havens and we drove the steers back into the

pasture and fixed the fence. And he said if I had n’t seen the steers and helped get ’em back, they might have foundered—so he gave me a dollar.”

And my mother kissed me and asked, “But are you sure you earned that much?” And I assured her that all of the steers would then be dead, were it not for me.

In my boyhood I earned money by picking berries, hoeing potatoes, husking corn, herding cattle, driving hogs, working on the threshing-machine, carrying water to the harvest-hands, shingling roofs, tending mason—carrying Messages to Gomez!

And for these services rendered, men paid me money. ¶ Of course I did n’t know I was getting an education—that was unearned increment—Survival Value.

And always for honest labor there is a return beyond the money.

The money is tangible gratitude, and must be paid; but the money is n’t all.

To earn a living is the natural and safe way of utilizing human energy.

Life is energy, focused and individualized ☞

Human energy unused makes for disease ☞

Human energy wrongly used is vice and crime.

¶ Vice is direct injury to yourself.

Crime is direct injury to society.

Both tend to disease, dissolution, death.

Work tends to health, happiness, progress, prosperity ☞ ☞

And be it known that health, happiness, progress and prosperity are all, not only contagious, but infectious.

All good things are “catching.” Life is motion. You keep good things by giving them away.

Our Brothers in Bonds

DURING the year I visit various prisons and reform-schools.

And I am fully convinced that so-called convicts can be divided into two general classes: the diseased, and good men who have mis-directed their energies.

If a man is sick in mind and body he should be sent to a hospital, and if he has blundered—made mistakes—done the wrong thing, he should be befriended and taught.

And as we no longer punish patients in hospitals, nor scholars in schools, so we should go one step further and separate the diseased from the well in prisons. The next step is to transform the prison into a school.

Then just as quick as the man is able and willing to Earn a Living, parole him. Everybody who can Earn a Living should be free. In fact, that is what freedom is, just Earning a Living.

Now the only reason we send people to a penitentiary or a prison is because they can not Earn a Living.

The convict is a man often intent on "getting" a living, but shy of earning it.

And the result is the law "gets" him.

The criminal law is a blind, blundering thing. The law punishes for acts, not thoughts.

But as there is no alibi equal to a steady job, so there is no defense equal to the ability to Earn a Living.

This way happiness lies.

Business is a matter of Earning a Living.

And while we are Earning a Living we are also living a life.

Hospitals, jails, asylums, are filled with people unable to Earn a Living.

People unable to Earn a Living are a danger, a menace and an expense.

They form the parasitic class—and the members of the parasitic class are not all in the penitentiary.

Doctor Algernon Crapsey of Rochester told me the other day that in his mind doctors, lawyers, preachers and professional writers all belong to the parasitic class.

I would n't say a thing so rude as that, and I only quote it here because Doctor Crapsey is a clergyman.

But when he speaks of "professional" writers, that lets me out, for I am only an amateur. I am a businessman who accidentally and incidentally writes.

About all of my writing is done on trains. I travel a good deal and always have a stenographer with me.

I run an assembly-plant. I pick up ideas, put them together, and apply them. I am always going to school.

Also, my wireless is always working.

And in this business of picking up ideas I am the most fortunately situated man on earth.

¶ I am at home two weeks, and out one. That is about the way it works the year round. I travel to fill lecture engagements; but when I strike a town, I endeavor to see what there is about the place that makes it peculiar, picturesque and different.

I meet bankers, bakers, dentists, laundrymen, confectioners, railroadmen. I visit high schools, universities, colleges, farms, factories, lumber-mills, theaters.

I talk in school assembly-rooms, churches, at women's clubs, to department-store helpers.

¶ And always I am on the look-out for ideas that are helpful to folks in Earning a Living.

¶ And these ideas I pass along.

When I have a thought I get it down.

Then Jumbo, who always has his typewriter handy, pounds out the good stuff. The next day I sandpaper it, and he copies it. Then I may have to hand-polish it and give it the once over—several times.

I travel because this is the way I get business and collar ideas.

And ideas are my raw stock.

For instance, I lectured in Fort Wayne, and while there I visited the Wayne Knitting Mills, and they gave me an order for a million booklets.

At Wichita, where I spoke for Mother Carter, I met a man by the name of Hyde who makes a delightful product called "Mentholatium."

¶ I whispered into Jumbo's large, furry ear a few thoughts about Mentholatium, sent the manuscript to Hyde, and he ordered a million printed copies.

I gave three lectures in the "Copper Country," went down in a copper-mine a mile deep, talked with miners, visited in their homes, and on the way back on the "Copper Country Limited," wrote out my impressions of the Copper Country and Copper Country folks.

¶ The article was printed in *The Fra*, and Rudolph Agassiz of Boston sent his secretary over to the News Company and bought all *The Fras* they had, and then cleaned up the News-Stands, and sent the Good Stuff to his friends.

In Denver, Harry Tammen and a few other newspaper crooks took me on an automobile-ride down through the coal country where there was a strike on.

I wrote about the strike as it seemed to me,

and John D. Rockefeller said "Great!" and bought a dozen copies, or so.

At Pittsburgh I spoke to the Bankers Association at the Hotel Schenley. In the afternoon I was shown through the Carnegie Technical Schools, where several thousand boys and girls are taught how to earn a living.

I had a quiet talk with Jumbo, and he hit up the typewriter while I was at the banquet. The result tangibly pleased little Hoot Mon.

Passing Out the Caloric

TAKE Jumbo with me on my travels for another reason—so the gabby talkissimus can not invite himself to take half of my seat and tell me the sad story of his life. It is beautiful to meet friends, but the man without conversational terminal facilities, who has nothing to do on a train but kill time, should be suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

As I travel, I speechify, and I write.

I speak for Ad-Clubs, Rotarians, Jovians, Elks, Moose, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, at factory openings. I spoke at the opening of the New Wanamaker Stores in New York and Philadelphia, at the Baer-Kauffman Store in Pittsburgh, at the Evansville National Bank, at the National Electric Lamp Works, and at dozens of other splendid industrial institutions where thousands of people are Earning a Living, helping themselves by helping humanity.

And it is all business. Business builds, constructs, devises, designs, creates—gives work and gives opportunity. Business is Earning a Living and giving other people a chance to do the same.

The Here and Now

WE do not know anything about another world—let's admit it.

But if there is one, there is no better preparation for it than to live here and now up to your highest and best.

"What kind of people will we be in Elysium?" asked his pupils of Socrates.

And the answer was: "We will be the same kind of people we are here. We are getting ready for Elysium now."

Now if I can help people prepare for Elysium, I will be glad.

Also, if I can help them create an Elysium here, I will do so.

Modern business is human service.

FROM Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four to Nineteen Hundred Fourteen there have been taken out more than ten thousand patents in England and America on steam-engines, or steam-engine parts and appliances. Most of these inventions are founded on theories. And all theories are beautiful until they are put into actual use.

Most theories have one objection: they will not work. There are two general styles of steam-engines. One is the piston-rod engine. The other is the turbine, which utilizes not only the pressure, but the expansive, condensing and evaporating power of steam.

Water takes three separate forms: one is solid, as in ice; the next fluid, as in water below the boiling-point; the third steam, which is a colorless gas.

The white cloud which the world calls "steam" is simply condensing water, as steam frees itself back into a fluid when heat is no longer applied.

The standard turbine is a variant of the old idea of the waterwheel. At the ends of the flanges were pockets that caught the weight of the falling water and then emptied these pockets as the wheel revolved. It is the pin-wheel idea. And this was utilized in Egypt twenty-five centuries ago—the blowing of a stream of air upon a wheel causing the wheel to revolve rapidly.

The modern steam-turbine has its turbine-wheels in an enclosed receptacle, and instead of there being one blast of steam upon one wheel, a series of wheels are arranged whereby the pressure passes through the turbine blades or buckets and strikes the next wheel, being of course reduced in power with every wheel it strikes.

And so the modern steam-turbine combines, say, from one to ten and sometimes twelve wheels, each of which receives in power the steam which is left. No wonder the power of the steam is "squeezed" out! Simple, is n't it?

The idea of applying the steam-pressure direct to the wheel has never been lost sight of. Watt himself realized that the pressure of steam on the piston-rod, forcing the rod back and forth, was a complex proposition. How to apply the steam direct to the wheel and make more than a plaything, Watt did not know.

Happiness is contagious—get exposed.



A WORD ABOUT THE SCOTCH



SCOTLAND is a good country to be born in; it is a good country to get out of, and at times it is a good country to go back to. I once attended a dinner given to James Barrie in London. One of the speakers sprung the usual joke about when the Scotch leave Scotland they never go back. When Barrie arose to reply he said: "Perhaps it is true that the Scotch, when they leave their native land, seldom return. If so, there is surely precedent. In truth, Englishmen have been known to go to Scotland and never return. Once there was quite a company of Englishmen went to Scotland and they never returned. The place where they went was Bannockburn."

In literature Scotland has exceeded her quota. From Adam Smith, with his deathless *Wealth of Nations*, and Tammas, the Tetchy Titan, with his *French Revolution*, to Bobbie Burns, and Robert Louis the Well-Beloved, we have a people who have been saying things and doing things since John Knox made pastoral calls on Mary, Queen of Scots, and saw the devil's tail behind her chair.

Doctor Johnson pretended to hate the Scotch, but he lives for us only because he was well Boswellized by a Scotchman.

And now nobody knows just how much of Boswell is Doctor Johnson and how much is Boswell.

World-Makers

WHAT Massachusetts has done for the United States, Scotland did for Great Britain.

The Scotch gave us the iron ship, the lamp-chimney, the telephone, the steam-engine. We have been told that it is necessary to agree with a Scotchman or else kill him. But this is a left-handed libel, like unto the statement that

the reason the Scotch cling to the breeks is because the breeks have no pockets, and when the drinks are mentioned Sandy fumbles for siller, but is never able to find the price, and so lets somebody else foot the bill.

Another bit of classic persiflage is to the effect that there are no Jews in Scotland, because they could no more exist there than they could in New Hampshire, and this for a like reason—they find competition too severe.

The canny Scot, with his beautiful "nearness," lives in legend and story in a thousand forms. The pain the Scotchman suffers on having to part with a shilling is pictured by Ian McLaren and Sir Walter.

Then came Christopher North and Doctor John Brown, with deathless Scotch stories of sacrifice and unselfishness that shame the world and secure the tribute of our tears. To speak of the Scotch as having certain exclusive characteristics is to be a mental mollicoddle.

As a people they have all the characteristics that make strong men and women, and they have them plus.

The Scotch supply us the eternal paradox. Against the tales of money meanness, and miserly instincts, we have Andrew Carnegie, who has given away more money in noble causes than any other man who has ever lived since history began.

THEN let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

Why not make your work the first thing in your life—and a good time secondary!



ON THE DOTTED LINE



SUCCESS in salesmanship consists in getting the name on the dotted line.

A businessman is a man who sells the goods.

Goods can be made on formula, but salesmanship is genius.

¶ There are two kinds of businessmen: one is the kind that chases his business, and the other kind lets his business chase him.

There are two kinds of salesmen: upper and lower case—caps and small caps.

But there are more types of salesmen than Pittsburgh has pickles; and they vary in size from the One-Hundred-Point Man to the Four-Point Gazabo who is ripe for the hell-box.

If you will take the trouble to investigate the reason why that poetically named piece of printing-house furniture is always full to capacity, you'll find—five times out of six—that the trouble is faulty matrices.

The other time it is bum metal.

The point of analogy, I trust, is obvious without blueprints.

Good writing turns on insight, knowledge and sympathy. The same applies to business.

And the salesman's success is in proportion to his understanding of his goods and his market. And by his market I mean the people he is selling to.

Before we get what we need we must know what we want.

A salesman anticipates the needs of his customer and supplies wants.

Much mush has been written about systematization, organization and salesmanship.

Organization and systematization are not final, nor even vital.

The main thing is to get the name on the dotted line, and make the accomplished fact the scaffolding of further enterprise and success.

We have too much tomcon, nowadays. Writing articles is n't selling, and the extemporaneous descantings and friable fribblings emanating from revolving-chair salesmen-instructors, is piffle of the punkest.

Some of the Saint Elmos and sinners, who sit in high places and pass out the persiflage to the misguided youth who has been denied the sweets of academic instruction, could n't sell an ice-cream cone to Lucifer.

They're inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity. They're all splutter, fizz and back-fire.

I once engaged one of these instructors to show my boys how to do it.

He had been here only a week when the night gang had to be put on—to print the one hundred rules and the forty by-laws which he had evolved on "*Don'ts for Salesmen.*"

We waited a month for the "*Dos*"—and then we did.

Ali Baba conducted him to the "*Four-nineteen,*" and we made a bonfire of his rules and reverted to our own—"Grin! Grab Your Grips! Get the Biz!"

Still, after all, this caloric conversazione has had a good effect upon salesmanship.

It has caused men to think—a dangerous thing sometimes! Henry Ward Beecher advised the would-be orator to memorize all the rules of rhetoric, and then forget them.


When organization is carried to extremes, it reduces the power of the will to zero, as in the case of Indians, who have poise, but no power.

¶ Scientific salesmanship is not a mysterious, "seancy" spississitude, but simply the exercise of the cabeza of the salesman, warmed by sympathy. It is capitalized common-sense; careful mobilization of your maxillary; concentration of your forces towards your objective—the dotted line.

"Put money in thy purse," said the Bard. Sure! But I say; Put furniture in thy attic!



SEE AMERICA FIRST



IN mousing in the dictionary the other day I came across the word "yokel."

And the definition of the word was this: "A person who lives in one place, who is satisfied with his condition and surroundings, who does not care to see the rest of the world, and who regards his own locality as the center of the universe."

I fear me that this definition covers a large number of very

good people who reside in the cultured East. The average New York or Boston man, when he travels, goes to Europe.

And even yet we occasionally see the Broadway actor who refers loftily to the "provinces."

Emerson's wonderful Law of Compensation never rests. Of course Emerson did not invent the law. He just discovered it.

There is something in the very nature of things that provides that for every loss there is a certain recompense.

Out of the turmoil and strife and struggle and tragedy across the sea comes to us a goodly grain of gain.

Hereafter this country will be more self-reliant than it has ever been. We are not going to look to Europe quite so much for our culture, our music, our art and articles of "virtu" as we have heretofore.

Culture is going to run less to the acre in Europe, but America is going to have big yields of commonsense.

Our Wonderful Resources

THIS war has sobered us. It is going to cause us to think wisely and act well to a degree heretofore unknown.

And one of the benefits is this: We are going to appreciate America—our own America—as we never have before. We are going to study our resources, visit our States, cities and towns, get acquainted with our enter-

prises, and join hands for a common good. See America first! Certainly. Know what a wonderful country this is; realize its resources; enjoy its scenery!

This coming year more Americans are going to travel than ever before. People of the East are going to the Pacific Coast.

My opinion is that the European War is going to help the gate-receipts at San Francisco, immensely. People who heretofore have taken the European trip are now looking to the West, studying transcontinental time-tables.

The Rocky Mountain Metropolis

AND when you go West, see Colorado, visit the City of Denver—one of the most interesting and picturesque cities in the whole wide world.

In Denver you can say with the prophet of old, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength."

Here are the snow-capped mountains; to the east is a plain, level as a floor, fertile as a garden, rich in possibilities beyond the dreams of avarice.

You can take an automobile from Denver and in an hour you are in the Rocky Mountains. But for me the plains are just as full of awe and wonder as are the "Rockies."

But you can not see the plains and enjoy them to their full extent from the windows of a Pullman Palace-Car.

You have to get out and tread the soil and feel that you are a part of all you see.

The mineral wealth of the Rockies has not yet been tapped.

Very few people in the East have ever seen silver or gold mines. They have only seen certificates. I am sorry to say it, but I do not believe that one Easterner out of ten knows what a smelter is, what it smelts or how. The Rocky Mountains have a different flora and fauna from that to which we are used in the Eastern States; and also you bump into a different sort of specimen of the genus homo.

A World Capital

DOFF your Dunlap to Denver! Denver is the distributing-point for an empire, and is really one of the world capitals.

My advice to my Eastern neighbor is, when you go to California, just stop off for a few days and make Denver your headquarters. Rest up, get the cobwebs out of your brain, live in a land that is a mile above sea-level, where the air is surcharged with ozone, where the mountains are full of inspiration, and the plains, stretching away to the horizon, inspire a sense of awe and bring about in your soul a sublimity that makes you think thoughts that are beyond speech.

Know the generosity, the kindliness, the courtesy, of the people of this State, where everything grows big and splendid and noble, where the sky is a lustrous blue and the mountains challenge the clouds, and the great, fertile plains reach out and shake hands with the horizon.

In Colorado there is no illiteracy. There are no slums. There is no poverty, unless it is imported.

The second generation born in Colorado is strong, able, heroic, self-reliant, self-sufficient, possessing due deference for the feelings and opinions of others.

Many happy weeks have I spent in Colorado.

¶ Health here abounds. Every good thing is yours for the asking, and the high cost of living has no terrors, being a mere vaudeville pleasantry. ¶ See America first—sure!

It is a great man who can bottle his personal pride, take time by the psyche, and ride into prosperity on the crest of the marvel wave.

THE FRA Magazine has been born again.

¶ It has reached its majority.

With this issue it starts on a new and larger career.

Everything that grows and evolves has to be born again—or die.

We reach a pivotal point and then it is for us to strike an Untapped Reservoir, and go on to renewed victories.

The Fra Magazine has been born again.

It now sees the truth that business is the most important thing in life—sanctified business.

And to repeat this truth, and reaffirm it in a thousand ways, is the mission of The Fra.

¶ The Fra Magazine has been born again.

THE success of Christian Science, and also the success of Christian Scientists, is just a matter of cause and effect.

Science is the thing that is unalterably true, and when a thing is according to the laws of Nature it is scientific.

And let the simple truth be stated that the hopeful, cheerful, kindly, courageous attitude of mind is a winner.

A smile can glorify an entire day.

He who thinks the good, and looks for the good, will discover the good.

He will set in motion a swirl of good things that will come back to him with other good things, just as a natural consequence and as a matter of course. ¶ The theology of Christian Science may not be scientific, but the mode of living of the Christian Scientist is.

Does rivalry in commerce mean War? Certainly not. The war-lord merely seizes the opportunity.

The business of the soldier is to protect commerce—this is the excuse of all soldiers.

We plunder the thing we protect, just as the man who in the good old times was always going to the rescue of the ladies was a man in whose safe clutches no woman was safe.

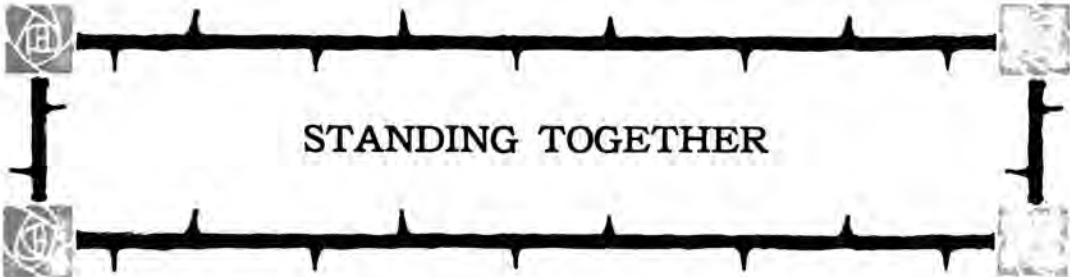
Let businessmen manage things, and there would be no use for soldiers with their deadly preparedness.

IN Arkansas I once saw a man sentenced to three months in jail for moonshining. And the prisoner arose and said: "Judge, I just can't afford to go to jail now. My wife is sick, my crops are not harvested, and there is no one home to feed the stock. My daughter is in Little Rock at a business college, and she'll be back in six months to look after things. Then I'll come back and serve my term." And the Judge said, "All right; go home now and come back and serve your sentence."


And yesterday I got a letter saying the man had come in and is now serving his sentence.

¶ Moral—All violators of the law are not criminals.

Business consists in getting an order for the goods, filling the order to the satisfaction of the customer, getting the money and completing the transaction to the profit and pleasure of all parties concerned. Talking about business is something else.



STANDING TOGETHER



THE world has much to learn from Germany.

Great Britain and America are both essentially Teutonic. They represent the virtues of industry, economy, and the eternal discontent that makes for progress.

In Germany there are no drunkards, no beggars, no slums. Steady, systematic work is the panacea for our social ills.

Germany is a solidarity. She knows the higher mathematics.

Germany has never made the mistake of making war on her own businessmen. In Germany no assaults have been made by the Government on big business. Big business has been encouraged, assisted, helped, and the men of initiative, originality, able to organize, have been allowed to exert their genius.

Germany's ten commandments have been printed in every German newspaper and published by placard and posted on the walls in many forms by business organizations. These ten commandments form a document that we would do well to study.

Germany's Ten Commandments

HERE is a free translation of this remarkable declaration:

1. In all expenses keep in mind the interest of your own countrymen.
2. Never forget that when you buy a foreign article your own country is the poorer.
3. Your money should profit no one but Germans.
4. Never profane German factories by using foreign machinery.
5. Never allow foreign eatables to be served at your table.
6. Write on German paper, with a German pen, and use German blotting-paper.
7. German flour, German fruit and German

beer can alone give your body the true German energy.

8. If you do not like German malt-coffee, drink coffee from German colonies.

9. Use only German clothes for your dress and German hats for your head.

10. Let not foreign flattery distract you from these precepts; and be firmly convinced, whatever others say, that German products are the only ones worthy of citizens of the German Fatherland.

The Spirit of Solidarity

THE consensus of the best minds in America seems to be that the spirit of aggression manifest in militarism is a virtue turned into a vice by carrying a good idea to an extreme.

Americans would do well about this time to imbibe a little of this Germanic spirit of solidarity, and stand by the United States and the people in it.

We must quit our petty and pestiferous political pestering of successful business.

Big business represents organization and efficiency at its best.

"Made in U. S. A." is a slogan that should swell into a chorus.

The observance by Germany of Germany's Ten Commandments is the one thing that has made Germany supremely great in a commercial way. This is the spirit that spells success.

Men become strong as they stand together, encourage each other, stimulate each other.

Just as long as trade was trickery, business barter, commerce finesse and government exploitation; when religion was superstition, piety the worship of a fetish and education a clutch for honors, there was small hope for the race. But with the supremacy of science, the introduction of the one-price system in business, and the gradually growing conviction that honesty is man's most valuable asset, we behold light at the end of the tunnel.

THE LIMIT OF A MAN IS THE LIMIT OF HIS BUSINESS



O business long remains greater than the man who runs it. And the size of the business is limited only by the size of the man.

Our limitations say to our business, "Thus far and no farther."

I like the Dutchman who named his hotel "The Limit."

The Gould system, the Vanderbilt system, the Harriman system, the Pennsylvania system—they are all rightly named. It is system that makes a great business possible. When Jay Gould gathered up a dozen warring, struggling streaks of rust and rights of way and organized them into a railroad system, he revealed the master mind.

The measure of your success is your ability to organize, and if you can not bring system to bear your very success will work your ruin.

¶ The average life of a successful general store is twenty years, then it fails—fails through lack of system. The man does not grow with his business. An army unorganized is a mob. Napoleon's power lay in his genius for system, and he whipped the Austrians, one against three, not only because he knew the value of time, but because he had the ability to systematize.

The Genius of Organization

THE character of the man at the head mirrors itself in every department of every enterprise.

A certain kind of landlord can care for a certain number of "guests," and the quality of the guest attracted is according to the quality of the landlord. Increase the number of people to be fed and housed and usually your hotelkeeper gets into very hot water. Fifty extra people upset his system, and either his guests leave or else his "help" steal him to a standstill.

A new and better manager must then come in, or the referee in bankruptcy awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

The measure of a man's success in business is his ability to organize.

The measure of a man's success in literature is his ability to organize his ideas and reduce the use of twenty-six letters of the alphabet to a system, so as to express the most in the least space.

The writer does not necessarily know more than the reader, but he must organize his facts and march truth in a phalanx.

In painting, your success hinges on your ability to organize colors and place them in the right relation to give a picture of the scene that is in your mind.

Oratory demands an orderly procession of words, phrases and sentences to present an argument that can be understood by the average person.

Music is the selection and systematization of the sounds of Nature.

Science is the organization of the common knowledge of the common people.

In Nature everything lies in the mass—materials are a mob—a man's measure is his ability to select, reject or organize.

¶ TRY to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.

THE FRA

MAGAZINE

A Periodical of Progress

ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor

Issued once every month by The Roycrofters, at their Shops, in East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.



HE FRA stands for health, business, art, education and religion—the religion of fraternity.

THE FRA has a subscription-list that represents probably more brains and money than are to be found in any other one list in the world.

THE FRA Magazine is an exponent of American Philosophy; it is the journal of the thinkers, the doers, the creators.

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I Carry the White Man's Burden

A prose poem on power

By ELBERT HUBBARD



AM the tireless servant of man.

¶ To the intelligent merchant or manufacturer—the man who prizes economy, efficiency, sanity, sanitation and safety—

I am a necessity.

¶ No animal that lives has strength and endurance such as I possess.

¶ Congested highways cried aloud for me, that the channels of commerce might be cleared, delays to distribution destroyed—and the quicker enjoyment of life's luxuries might be yours.

¶ Then Inventive Genii waved a wand, and I CAME!

I —WHO am more powerful than fifty horses—
swifter than flesh and blood—tireless and sleepless;

¶ I—who eat little and drink seldom—who feel not the lash of the driver and fear neither heat nor cold;

¶ I—who ask no mercy—expect no kindness—to whom day and night are as one;

¶ —born full grown and full strength, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove, full armed; I—whom age does not weaken nor illness harm.



I LENGTHEN the reach of the merchant's arms
a thousandfold, and daily help him win the
battles of life; — bring from the fields and marts of
plenty the overplus that feeds the rest of the world;

¶ —to the factories the food from the field—to the
stores the cloth from the looms—from the press the
news of the world;

¶ —to your home what you wear, eat or drink — the
music you play, the books you read;

¶ —to the trains the passengers who ride and the
goods whose shipment is the commercial life of a
community;

¶ —to you the wealth that comes from bridging space
come I, compressing time, saving money, eliminating
uncertainty.

VARIOUS imitators have I, but no competitors.

¶ The brains of a thousand inventors have
seethed, dreamed, contrived, thought, so as to bring
me up to my present form.

¶ I render useless the Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals;

¶ I represent a maximum of carrying power with a
minimum of cost —

¶ I symbol safety, surety, sanity, sanitation;

¶ I carry the White Man's Burden!

I am the White Truck



THE KING of JESTERS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



MARSHALL P. WILDER is dead. ¶ He died as he should have died, and as he hoped to die—on the job!

¶ Happily, the world has passed forever from the time when we felt a sorrow for the dead. The dead are at rest, their work is done, their hands are folded—just so.

¶ Marshall P. Wilder lived all his life in the shadow of the wing of Death. ¶ He was a walking refutation of that dogmatic statement, "Mens sana in corpore sano." His was a sound mind in an unsound body. ¶ He proved the eternal paradox of things. He cashed in on his disabilities. He picked up the lemons that Fate had sent him and started a lemonade-stand.

¶ And he never asked for pity. In fact, he scorned it, and if any one ever got his ill-will, it was because the party was too profuse in endeavors to help him.

¶ If Marshall was ever cast down in spirit he concealed the mood.

¶ He laughed his way into our hearts.

¶ "I am the only man who ever deliberately walked into the office of a life-insurance company and demanded a policy," he used to say.

¶ Many of his stories turned on himself. For instance, one quip that never failed to get a laugh was this: "The other day I was walking down the street with Jim Corbett. Two ladies came along, and one said to the other as we passed, 'Why, there goes Jim Corbett,' and the other asked, 'Which one?'"

¶ Marshall Wilder made money, and saved it. For a good many years his income was around twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

¶ He always played the headliner and was the big man on the bill. After the week's engagement he would go 'round and shake hands with all of the stagehands, the members of the orchestra as well, and the stage-manager—just as every good vaudevillian does—and he always left a generous coin in the palm of each.

¶ He was a thrifty little Marshall, who knew the joy of giving and of saving.

¶ I have seen him stand in the wings speaking words of approval under his breath to the party out before the "foots." His habit was to encourage everybody, to give everybody a lift, and in his jokes and quips and quilllets there was no bitterness.

¶ We can not mourn for dear little Marshall, because we do not mourn our own losses.

¶ Rather would we think of the joys that the little man supplied us, for this world is a bigger, brighter and more beautiful place because of the fact that little Marshall, America's court jester, lived and joked and laughed.

¶ If he could speak now, he would say that his only regret was that he could n't finish the week. ¶ Also, he might express a little protest with Fate on account of the fact that he died on Friday.

¶ For months he knew that the end was not far away. Yet he worked just the same, and with his last breath he might have said as did Mercutio, "It's a grave subject."

¶ He met the big men of the world on an equality. Henry Irving had for Marshall a great and abiding affection. Gladstone took him under his protecting wing when he was in England.

¶ King Edward the Seventh wrote him many personal letters, and when he attended a court reception at Windsor Palace and the footman cried aloud as he entered, "Marshall Wilder!" he was put in line with the marshals of England, next to the peers and alongside of the lords, and as the six-foot guardsmen made way no one smiled, and Marshall, solemn as an owl, clad in court suit, did sartorial goosestep.

¶ The next day he wrote a letter to the editor of "The Times" complaining because his name had been left out of "Burke's Peerage." Thus did the little man get his advertising, and supply a laugh to the elect.

¶ Marshall was a lover of books and a very good critic of things literary and artistic. He had a grasp on big questions as well, but essentially he was always and forever the mime, subdued to the work of the stage like the dyer's hand.

¶ The stage was his salvation. No man ever got more fun out of his work than he. This, of course, was also the secret of his success. His fun was spontaneous, and when he told the old jokes over he always hypnotized himself into the belief that it was a brand-new audience. ¶ He gave big value and he grew rich by giving.

¶ Hail! dear little Marshall! Hail and Farewell! We are the poorer for your passing.

¶ We miss your name in life's vaudeville, but congratulate Valhalla on the added attraction.

The Church as a Business Organization

By Alice Hubbard



WHEN the minister of a parish was doctor, scholar, lawyer and preacher, he was an important factor in the community.

Finally his work was parceled out to specialists.

Now the mischief in specialization is that it diminishes the size of the world of the specialist. Such specialist has imperfect perspective. His judgment is poor, even on subjects of which he has a little knowledge.

¶ A Greek professor, when dying, asked his son what he was studying in the university.

¶ "Greek," said the youth.

"But what particular part?"

"The Greek alphabet."

"Too much, too much," said the worshiper of Cadmus. "Specialize on the letter *Alpha*."

¶ Imagine an expert in the letter *A* as a world citizen!

The Old-Time Minister

THE old-time minister had expression for his scholastic tendencies. But he had to be practical as well. He had his own problem in economics, and he helped his parishioners in theirs. He did not overestimate the spiritual needs of his people, because he was brought close to their imminent, physical needs.

He realized their ignorance on all subjects. They were poor, so he had a perpetual practical lesson before him of the right proportion of practical knowledge to the "classics."

Misunderstandings, vicious inclinations, were only a small part of their lives. Consequently a minister did not focus on negations and restraints, but did the work of giving general enlightenment on the moral code—the formula for the most efficient way of living.

When the time came that one man took as his life-work the supervision of the spiritual welfare of his people, his world became very small.

But this specialist assumed the importance and dignity of the old-time minister. The robe of Elijah fell upon Elisha. But the garment was not made to fit the specialist.

"Prepare to meet thy God," was of infinitely

greater importance to the specialist in spiritual welfare than the lesson of the ant.

The business of the clergyman was to turn the attention from this to an unseen, unknown world.

"Earth is a desert drear."

"Heaven is my home."

The clergyman was eloquent with threat and promise, and made a wonderful success.

The house in which even poor parishioners assembled was extravagant. It was the House of God and could not be too good. The Supreme Being dwelt there. Humanity was at His mercy. To please Him was of the utmost importance.

The preacher who had charge of the church was in direct communication with this Infinite Being, and gave commands to his parishioners in regard to pleasing Him. To his parish, the clergyman's presence assumed an importance that was to them vital.

A Poor-Paying Business

GRADUALLY, civilization merged from the metaphysical age to the physical. Commerce became all-absorbing to man. The game of business was not only entertaining but fascinating to those who were engaged in it. Churches and church interests, except to those who were in harmony with the business age, were left to women.

Congregations became feminine. It required an epidemic of hysteria to interest men and boys in their "soul's salvation."

But the edifice was still enveloped in the mists of the old traditions.

But at last, men accustomed to investing their money where it brought returns began to realize that, as an investment, the money put into churches did not pay.

The march of human progress in the commercial world made necessities eat up most of the surplus of men's earnings. They economized where they could. Their world was not disturbed when they left out church worship.

¶ Churches were supported from contributions—freely and urgently solicited. A few churches were paternalized by wealthy men. Many were supported by littles which women could gather together.

There was noticeable a great decline in church enthusiasm.

Clergymen are not businessmen. When they made their "pastoral calls" it was upon the women of their congregations. Husbands were

away from home making money. It is quite unnecessary to say that during these "pastoral calls," the clergymen were not getting a business education. Their conversation with these women was—well, it varied with the hostess, as one hostess differs from another. As I said before, the clergymen were not getting an education in how to earn a living.

Preachers as Advertisers

BUT typewriters, bicycles and the automobile have brought the lives of men and women closer together. They have more common interests. They are recognizing the fact that they have more human wants than masculine and feminine wants.

At the present time, the credulity of women is greater than men's. Men demand facts. This is the education that business has given them. Intuitively, women have realized that in order to make the church attractive to men, they must introduce into the church "life" something which is a part of men's lives. And so in the "progressive churches" there came the announcement, "Sermons for men."

Preachers were advertising.

It was a lure to get men to attend church, and an appeal to that element of masculinity which has made men segregate into Masonic Lodges, Elks, University Clubs, congregations for men only.

And the men thought, possibly, they would hear something in the "Men's Meetings" which would minister to them as does a Businessmen's Club. But they did not. And so men preferred to have their segregations of another sort.

A few churches introduced a men's gymnasium, men's Bible Classes, young men's Bible Classes, clubrooms, kitchens, parlors. Even smoking-rooms were provided in the House of God to secure the patronage of men. But in spite of these there arose the pathetic wail from every church in Christendom that interest was waning.

Every device known to women and clergymen has been used to interest men and women in the church.

When Americans realize that something should be done, they do it. To act quickly is an Americanism.

The Advertising Committee's Report

THE people of San Francisco have so felt the depression in the church world that they appointed a committee to investigate

the cause, diagnose and report. Did the church pay as an investment of good money? What good did the investor get? The Committee asked the assistance of the Advertising Club of San Francisco to investigate their records and to help in solving their problems. This is something new under the sun.

Here follows a report of the Advertising Committee who made the investigation and gave its report to the San Francisco Church Federation:

San Francisco Church Federation, San Francisco, California.

Gentlemen: On July 29th, 1914, Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, Chairman of your Interdenominational Activities Committee, called upon our Association with an appeal that, as Advertising Men, we suggest how best to increase the attendance of the churches of San Francisco.

A non-sectarian committee of five members was appointed, and upon the combined results of their individual and collective investigations, together with such information as could be obtained from the written statements of many other members of the Association, the following report is made up. In making this investigation, the committee has endeavored to treat the subject exactly as it would any business enterprise that called upon the Association for a diagnosis and treatment. Our investigation has been earnestly and painstakingly made, and we present it after eleven weeks of careful consideration and preparation. It has been and is our hope that the findings of this committee may be fruitful of spiritual help to the ministers and their congregations, and we particularly trust that the Federation accept the results of this work in the same kindly spirit in which the work was performed.

The first step in analyzing a proposition is to learn what it has been and is doing—in other words, to ascertain if it is a going concern or dead. If the former, it will attract attention, and capital, too, if required. If the latter, every one excepting a few of blind faith desert it.

Overcapitalization

WHAT do we find? The general average, based on seating capacity, is 38 per cent membership; 16 per cent regular contributing members; 20 per cent Sunday A. M. attendance; 7 per cent Wednesday P. M. attendance; 51 per cent membership not regular contributors; 18 per cent Sunday School attendance. Taking the number of regular monthly contributing members of each church, we find an average payment of \$1.73, and an average total receipts of \$2.09, and an average total expense of \$2.26 a month.

Every church is overcapitalized. By this we

mean too much is invested in building and fixtures for the volume of business, the number of members and the average attendance.

A church with a seating capacity of from 350 to 1,500, and only percentages for Sunday morning attendance of from 6 to 36, or a general average of 20 per cent, has too great an area by far. The cost of the plant and its upkeep form a prohibitive financial burden for the average man. None of us likes to be continually facing indebtedness, and that is one sure thing all these churches have handed their congregations. What is the result? A constant falling off in active or paying membership. In fact, 21 to 64 per cent of the enrolled members are not regular contributors or supporters of the work.

The partner who subscribes for stock and does not pay for it, expecting the profits of the business to take care of the purchase price, is a poor member of the business, and in a panic, the first to throw up his hands and quit.

The church member who is not a regular weekly or monthly contributor for the maintenance of the organization should not have subscribed for stock—become a member—until he could pay his way. What right has he to spiritual guidance free of cost, any more than legal advice from his attorney on the same basis? "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and in our opinion, your church laws should make it compulsory with membership that a stated sum should be paid weekly or monthly, and strict government as to that pledge being kept.

What the amount should be must rest entirely with the member; but child or adult, every one should pay, and be glad to pay for the help they receive from the work. But they should not have to pay on unnecessary equipment, upon a plant built in excess of its needs.

Securing the Customer

NOW we come to the question of how members are secured. Of what value are members? The man who joins a church under calm and deliberate consideration, of his own free will, without urging or undue influence—who joins because he thinks it will be a helpful move for himself—is the man who will be glad to bear his share of the expenses, and will continue an active paying member just so long as his belief of personal benefit endures. Let the original helpful condition disappear and with it goes part or all of his support. On the other hand, if a man is coaxed or influenced into becoming a church member, whether by an individual personally interested in him, or under the influence of excitement, you have most probably drawn a quitter.

In our judgment, these members are of no more real value than the customers attracted to a sensational sale of merchandise where they are led to believe they get a great deal more

than their money's worth, but soon learn that this is not true.

Secure your members by teaching that you have something good for them, if you have, and they will be glad to join and get it; but if you have not the good you promise, he won't stay, and the cost of having secured him is a loss, just as in the case of the merchant and his bargain-sale customer.

Another thing is the possible loss of good members or customers through the dissatisfied one telling of his disappointments, if he puts it as mildly as that. He may even declare he has been buncoed, and enough of that will ruin any business.

A good church and a good merchant should steer well clear of sensational religious meetings, and circus-style sales, for both will result in disaster.

The Marketing of Spiritual Understanding

FROM your own figures, and the faithful investigation of this committee, none of you is delivering the goods. You preach generalities of today or ancient theological doctrines.

The latter are absolutely impossible, as not applicable to the intelligence and understanding of the present time.

The former carries no definite hope of salvation; it merely touches the heart of the Truth in spots and places without connection that the layman can grasp. You tell of the omnipotence of God, but point no way by which we can, as His children, unflinchingly draw upon that power for protection or benefit. You know there is a source of power for good, but are unable to direct us how to get it.

As a matter of fact, you yourselves don't draw from it, though you tell of its being, otherwise there would be no lack of support to your organization, if the tendency of the work is toward God.

Since you fail in this support, the natural conclusion is your work is wrong—in opposition to the All-Power.

In one of your favorite hymns are these words, "I need Thee, oh I need Thee, every hour I need Thee." We take this as a truthful statement of the general spiritual condition, but you don't instruct us as to how we may acquire and utilize this God-power every hour.

¶ You have the greatest proposition on earth, the marketing of spiritual understanding, but you are not acquainted with your stock and have not a selling talk. If you knew your goods and had the gift of presenting them to mankind, your churches would have overflow meetings.

Your records show you have not enough customers for the size and expense of your establishments, and those you do have on your books are only 8 to 27 per cent paying customers, and less than that are repeaters.

The gross sales, your total receipts from all sources, don't pay your running expenses, which proves conclusively that something certainly is wrong. They don't come back and bring a friend, which is the best kind of advertising, because you did n't make good with your opportunities when you had them within your doors.

You had a chance, perhaps many chances, to make good members of your auditors, but you did n't do it—they did n't get satisfaction. Is n't it because you are many years behind the times?

What are you offering that is new? What are you declaring today that is different in any marked degree from your predecessors fifty or more years ago?

Spiritual Growth

THERE is absolutely no doubt that mankind is seeking spiritual growth. They may not realize it is that, but it is nevertheless. The scramble and struggle for something to satisfy the human craving is only ended when spiritual understanding dawns on his consciousness. If your church does n't supply it, the search goes on until one is found that does.

Man is no longer satisfied with generalities. He demands facts and proofs of them. What are you doing in the direction of proving your statements? Just your word for it won't do any more.

We are every man Jack of us Missourians today, and it's up to you to show us, or we will pass you by, and seek elsewhere for the illuminator.

Is it not a fact that your church-members have not found the spiritual help they craved and have not been aided by their ministers in this direction to find God? Otherwise there would not be 64 per cent to 94 per cent of your seats vacant.

You have taught them of a God that is revengeful, who sends afflictions upon His children, who punishes them in everlasting torment. You explain the presence of disaster in any form as sent by God, and in the next breath tell of His wonderful goodness and love. You have perfection as represented by God, sending imperfection in so many, many forms of discord.

You can't bring thinking people to spiritual understanding and soul salvation by such teaching.

Man is learning that the Great Force which controls and governs the universe is a God of justice and love, and you drive him away when you preach of hereafter punishment. Nearly all churches have attempted, and with a certain measure of success, to fasten upon God the responsibility for every distress of mankind, but they can't bring men to worship such a Creator.

The Futility of Religious Methods

OUR criticism is not directed against the earnest workers in the pulpits we have visited, but against the antiquated schools of theology that turn them out and perpetuate them. What they deliver must be accepted by the listener as the authorized voice of that particular denomination, and the church suffers in consequence. The continuation of such false doctrines is the greatest possible harm to church growth.

Among so many educated ministers of the gospel that are thinkers, why can not they replace the old-school teachers with men of new inspirations and visions of the Infinite scope of the Truth of the Scriptures, and its application to the distressing needs of this modern world?

Recently there was an active campaign waged by the Protestant churches in furtherance of enlarged attendance, but it was fruitless save for the one day perhaps. This condition is not a local one, as you are well aware, and all the more reason for national recognition of your failure, to turn to more successful methods of bringing home the Gospel of Christ to hungering man in a way realizable by him.

Let us quote from an article of recent date: "If a chair by the fireside, with slippers and a book, makes a stronger appeal on a man's affections than the inspiration of the church service, then the fireside wins the day. If material comfort is of more concern to one than spiritual culture, then church attendance and church interests must suffer. Unless, on the other hand, the Church has a message to offer which is peculiarly its own, a message manifestly effective and inviting, it is falling lamentably short of fulfilling its mission."

The Conclusion of the Matter

NOW, how can conditions be improved? Will advertising do it? Yes, for a very short time, and then the rocks again. Our Association stands for Truth in Advertising, and while your efforts may be directed by the principles of Truth, you have failed to bring the message of Truth home to the people, and this, in our opinion, is the main cause of your non-success.

Understand, we do not class your work as useless, but it is misdirected, or mostly so, otherwise it would have the support of the public. Every true, legitimate enterprise is successful in a greater or less measure, but yours appears to be a failure. The dealer who goes behind month after month has to change his system, or become bankrupt.

You must change your methods of teaching the lessons of Christ, for by your works are you judged, and your works don't seem to result in as much benefit at the present time as you desire.

We can not, under our banner, encourage an

enterprise of any kind where we are satisfied the proposition is wrong.

If the owner is agreeable to alterations that will eliminate the mistakes, we would then lend our talent toward increasing the scope of its usefulness. This we will be glad to do for your organization, either collectively or individually, as soon as you have corrected the faults we have noted.

We truly believe that when the Gospel is preached with the Mind that was in Christ Jesus, you will have solved your own problem.

Religion is a matter of deeds; not a question of creeds.

A Necessity to Culture

By Norman Hapgood



EDUCATION is not the same thing as culture.

A man may know a great deal about one thing, or about many things, and yet be by no means a cultivated man.

A cultivated man is one who sees life in a well-trained, well-balanced, illuminated way, distinguished by familiarity with the thoughts about the universe left by the great thinkers of the past and with their inspired expressions.

A man who knows only one subject, only one country, and only one century, is likely to be parochial in the quality of his mind.

The cultivated man is interested in the past, the present, the future.

He sees, as the Latin motto of one college puts it, before, behind and all around.

Thus he sees events, ambitions, ideals, and accomplishments in perspective.

The man who does not in college acquire or develop the habit of reading great books fails to receive the best that those years of leisure, isolation and opportunity can give.

If a young graduate should come to me for a job I should wish to know many things about him: does he have commonsense, keenness, interest in present occurrences, application?

But the thing I should wish most of all to know is: does he have an intimate acquaintance with a number of great men—be they Greek, English, Roman, German, French, American—and does he enjoy keeping up his intimacy with their lives and thoughts?

Happiness

By Ada Patterson



HAPPINESS is a gentle exhilaration of the soul depending on deep and frequent drafts of content. It is largely a habit—in a great measure, a point of view.

Happiness must not be confounded with joy. Joys dot the pathway of life now and then, here and there. Happiness is a radiance that sheds itself upon it and that can be made continual. I was about to say perpetual, and will so say, for the habit of thought formed here assuredly persists in another sphere. Joys are inseparable from affections. Happiness may be made an abiding companion. Joys are occasional visitors rapturously welcomed and capricious in their goings and comings. Happiness is a state of mind that can be attained by any one. Joys are accidents that may befall us. Happiness is a condition we ourselves create.

Self-Sufficiency

REVIEWING the long procession of persons

I have known so well that their soul states were readable to me, I rank as the happiest those who did not depend upon others for their happiness. Some of these were husbands, some wives, some parents, or brothers or sisters. The lives of all were interwoven with others in the commonest of life's relationships. But they did not lean upon the other individual in that tie as a ladder against the side of a house. It is ominous for such ladder if the house be a crumbling, decaying one. There are ladders that have supports of their own, that are able to do their work of hoisting humans to higher positions, yet that stand sturdily upon their own support.

Persons wise, either innately or because they are of the rare folk who distil wisdom quickly from experience, do not expect to derive the full measure of their happiness from any one. Having judicial minds, able to put themselves in another's place, they know that it is asking too much from any one to keep the cup of some one's content full and sweetened exactly to his taste.

The ideal hero of a novel may perform this miracle, but no average human being ever

did, and most human beings are average. Except in one of the transient joy states, no one has ever enjoyed being any one's ideal, for being some one's ideal entails living up to heights established by the dreamer. A young woman complained to me of the idolatrous feeling she had inspired in a distant relative. ¶ "I hate being worshiped," she said. "It is so hard to live up to the plans and specifications." Therefore, wise folk do not idealize others, because the wise are also just and they themselves do not want to be idealized. They expect an average of human conduct from the persons closest to their lives, and without making their efforts too plain, try to raise the average by a good example of their own. To them friends are not a necessity but a luxury. They enjoy them, but they can get on comfortably without them. Pain-taught by the defections of Sue or Harry, they have learned to stand alone. The first stage in the evolution that follows is bitterness. The second is pain. The last is happiness, that calm, strong happiness of self-reliance whose price is experience.

Selfishness

CONTINUING to review the procession of persons I have known, close to the front rank of the happy fold I see the group of those who know what they want. Happiness attends these because when we know what we want we go after it and get it. The world is crowded with wobble folk. They want this today and that tomorrow, and yesterday they wanted something different from either. Wobble folk are greedy folk. They want to corner life's joys. They would like to form a merger of all the desirable things of earth and be at the head of the merger. In youth, if every one knew what he wanted, every one would be sure to get it, for nothing can resist the continuous attack of the person who wants one good thing from life. We can not effectually want many things at one time. The secret of getting what we want is to let it be the one thing we want, day after day, night after night, through calm and storm, through successive seasons; and behold! when we have waited long enough, some day the precious things become ours. Life rebukes the greedy gatherer of benefits, but rewards him who concentrates upon one. Do we want success? Is that the keynote of our lives, the craving of our being, the cry of our hearts? Then some-

time, somehow, we win it. Do we want, more than aught else, love? Then some heart assuredly will answer to the call of ours. But if we crave success and love, wisdom, fame, we may miss them all.

The Reward of Well-Doing

ANOTHER class of persons who enjoy a serene happiness is those who have the consciousness of having done their best with the equipment which Nature has given them. Every man or woman has a gift if only for shoeing horses or making cheeses. He is happy who knows, when evening sets its gray seal of silence upon his labors, that he has made good shoes and that every horse has gone forth from his blacksmith-shop well shod. The woman who pushes back the last mold has the pleasant pride of having fashioned cheeses as richly and cleanly as she could. The pleasure of the work consciously done is one of the greatest that life affords. Moreover, it is a permanent one. The rewards of our work may not seem to be what it deserves, but the deep satisfaction of doing our own work in our own way, no better perhaps, but a little different than any other has done it, no power nor combination of powers in the world can take from us.

The Unlonesome

HAPPY are those persons who are unlonesome. Among the concepts of the state of perpetual punishment is that of utter, hopeless and perpetual loneliness. A great teacher used to say: "Let me never hear one of my pupils complain of being lonely. No intelligent person need ever be lonely." The resources of the developed intellect are so many, thoughts are such good fellows, we should not painfully miss frequent association with other persons. An old clergyman said in my hearing, "My child, whatever sorrows the world may heap upon you, be comforted by the fact that you have a well-trained mind." We lean always toward pity for the only child in a family. We think of him as self-centered, introspective, of an age far in advance of his years, a child that has been cheated of most of his childhood because his companions have been those of another generation. Yet there is compensation for this state even in a child, and that is his self-sufficiency. Such a child will never know loneliness. He will never fear the boggy of the less self-reliant. The specter of loneliness will never stalk through his soul.

Selflessness

WHO is this shining-faced group that marches forth out of the mists of memory? It is those who can bury self and on its high-piled grave-mound grow the flowers of happiness. There are times when self weighs heavily upon us. It becomes a burden we wish we might cast off—an oppressing, wearying, disgruntling thing. We would like to bury and forget it. Well, there are two forms of self-burial. We may inter ourselves in work, do that kind of work which is our own, as best we can do it, so losing self many leagues deep. Or we can bury self in thought of others. "I am happy because I live the lives of others with them," exclaimed a woman who had triumphed over what seemed a multitude of hardships and disappointments in her own life. I know no happier woman than one who, having listened long, absorbingly and with that interest which is helpful and inspirational, to the unfolding of the plans of another, gathered her parcels into one of the big net bags that are the comfort and final resource of a shopper, and said: "I must go on with my shopping. I am always more interested in other people's business than in my own." The narrator said: "God bless her! She is one of those angels who walk the earth and have totally forgotten themselves." They have buried themselves and with them whatever pain has been mingled with the happiness of their lives.

The happiest persons do not tell their troubles. By some native or acquired wisdom they have learned that the griefs that are hidden, die. Spoken they grow as snowballs rapidly increase themselves when propelled by shouting boys in Midwinter. She was a world-schooled woman who cried, "Oh, the bliss of never telling!" Our practical perplexities we may set forth to a friend who may illumine a dark place by some lamp of advice, as we go to a lawyer for legal advice or to a doctor for medical counsel. But that heavy sorrow which lies upon our hearts, whose weight time only can lessen, that were better borne alone—better for ourselves since the sinews of soul endurance need exercise, and better for the person whom we had designed to be the audience of our woes.

The Hopeful Ones

HAPPY persons have the hopeful habit. They expect the best of every one and of every set of circumstances. If one person fails

them they believe that the next will not. If the events of one day have been harassing, they look forward to the sunrise of tomorrow with its chance for setting straight the disordered affairs of yesterday. To their minds everything is best, or is working toward the best. They have the ability to detect in an encompassing black cloud the silver lining to most eyes invisible. They become experts at seeing the bud of victory at the heart of the nettle of defeat. Such was the ingrained habit of the woman who every day recorded in her journal, which she named "Brightness," those events of the day which made happiness. Always there was something. If there was a devastating storm she found in it promise of the relief from fear of drought sought by the farmers. If a shipwreck shocked the world, she pointed to the heroism displayed, and the probability of greater protection for transatlantic travelers in the future. When the sad climax of her life came, and the husband who had been her companion for thirty years had died, her daughter stole into the library to see what entry had been made in the diary that night. Not, as she had expected, blank, the page contained a briefer entry than usual. It was: "He died with my hand in his and my name upon his lips."

The Little Pleasures

MAKING measurably for happiness is the cultivated capacity for enjoyment. A child waltzing in an abandon of childish happiness with a doll her mother had but just finished, sang, "O mother, I am so happy!" "Poor child!" said the mother; "how little it takes to make you happy!" How much more fitting would have been the reply, "Dear child, try to be happy always with what you have!" That gift which the foolish mother failed to recognize as we pass a diamond unnoticed in the dust was the gift of enjoyment in little things.

Two women on a hot day turned in from the dusty street for a half-hour's refreshment in an ice-cream parlor.

"What a clever idea to have the room done in green! It seems to make it ten degrees cooler," said one.

"Is n't this delicious? It tastes like the first dish of ice-cream I can remember," said the other.

They rested and chatted, and ate, not toyed with, their ices for a half-hour. When they

came in their faces bore lines of care and fatigue. When they went out the lines had all been smoothed away. Busy working women as I could see they were, they had taken happiness in a simple fashion. The little wayside pleasure was a unit in the sum of their life's happiness. Capacity for keen enjoyment of the little pleasures by the way should be cultivated, if we have it. It adds taste to life when it might grow flavorless.

Losing Oneself in Work

OF the happy pilgrims along life's highway, every one has been a person to whom his or her work has meant much. Whatever the work, whether rearing a boy to be a good citizen, or making the gowns in which another woman will look lovely at a ball, the work has been not drudgery, but a pursuit whose inspiration has outweighed its care. A woman who had been scarred by the fires of life, victim of misfortunes for which mortal vision could see no reason, wrote vital books and painted exquisite pictures. With a smile illumining her lovely, worn face she said to me, "Work is the best substitute for the best things in life: those things I had and have lost—love and home." She was right. Work is the best substitute for the best things in life.

A modern sage has warned us to seek satisfaction in nothing earthly except work. Bourke Cochrane announced after threescore years of living, "Happiness is complete absorption in some effective form of work."

A great preacher of today gives his testimony that happiness is an incident, a by-product of industry.

To the person who loves much is much happiness granted. But this love-making happiness is of a curious kind. Not that which the girl receiving her first love-note, nor the boy taking his adored one for their first "buggy-ride," knows. Not the love of husband for wife nor wife for husband, unless that love be a more than usually unselfish one. Not even the love of a parent for a child, for in this is always the element of care, a deep, harassing anxiety for the loved one's safety and welfare. The person who loves much may be of that class recently assailed from a Western pulpit when the speaker said that bachelors of both sexes should be banished to some desert island as waste humanity. It may be one of the self-sacrificing beings who are mothers of a large family by proxy, caretaker of their brothers'

or sisters' children, who has most of the love that brings happiness, for the love is an unselfish sort, a sort that embraces the great human family, the race, humanity. She whose heart is concerned for the welfare of the community as well as the family, the country as well as her own town, the race as well as her nation, the world as well as the race, is a person to whom happiness is granted.

How Not to Be Happy

HAVING enumerated ten means of securing happiness, suppose we consider the wrong ways of seeking it. Indeed, in a search for happiness, the injunction, "Seek and ye shall find," is reversed. "Seek and ye shall not find," is true of happiness. No one ever set out saying, "I shall find happiness," and found it. Its counterfeits, imitations, shams, may have come into possession, may have come and gone, but not happiness. It is like the child who, if you hold out your hand, thrusts its finger into its mouth and retreats from you. But if you seem careless, or if you devote yourself to its elders, as if unaware of its presence, presently it will come and place a friendly hand upon your knee, and turn trustful eyes upon your face. Happiness flies before its pursuers. It comes as an incident of some duty discharged, some work well done, some benefit given. The pursuit of happiness fails because the pursuit is selfish and happiness is denied the selfish person. Temporary pleasure, the delight of the gourmet in some tidbit of food, may be his, but it is as transient as that taste to the palate. Happiness, that serene, changeless, sunny climate of character, the sweet sister of peace, is not his.

Nor is happiness found in the path of ambition. Ambition, as we know that trait, is a form of self-seeking, and pure self-seeking is selfishness. Always before the selfish person as before the gates of Paradise is the flaming sword of prohibition. That zeal for work, that love of his own work which made Palissy tear up the boards of the floor to feed the fire in which he was testing his ceramics, is a worthy passion. It cares for the work rather than the rewards. The ambitious man cares only for the rewards.

Nor is any one happy who gives room in his heart to grudges. Resentments and enmities are so much excess baggage, weighing us down and handicapping us in the march of life. On long marches well-commanded soldiers fling away the weights that retard their pace. So

should we do in life's march. The hurts that follow the faults of others, especially to those who are the victims of them, are the common lot. We may dislike the trait of which they are the expression. We may distrust and hold the attitude of being on guard against the persons lest the faults be repeated and we again be the sufferers thereby. But active dislikes of the person possessing these character afflictions are impedimenta. Hatred of them is more. It is a poison vitiating the body and soul. It is our part to wish the person freedom from the fault in the future, wish him at least no ill, and go on our way. For life is a long way and we can not stop long on the journey.

Joys I have seen speaking in the bright eyes and changeful-colored cheeks of youth. Happiness I have seen reflected by those of the mid-years whose work has been well and not selfishly done. The greatest happiness stamped itself in the countenances of those who as they have grown old have grown sweet, who have worked well and loved much, in whose hearts dwells neither bitterness nor remorse.

Economics changes a man's activities. As you change a man's activities, you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and instruction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pleasure, health, music, will and do.

DON'T believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we do not propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with everybody else. When one starts poor, as most of us do in the race of life, free society is such that when he knows he can better his condition, he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life. I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have the chance—and I believe a black man is entitled to it—in which he can better his condition; when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer this year, and then next work for himself afterwards, and finally to hire men to work for him. That is the true system.—Lincoln.

How to Bring Back Prosperity

By Joseph Beifeld



Our own mistakes have brought on this business setback, we must mend our ways before we can expect a new lease on prosperity."

With this for a starter, the Successful Merchant began the discussion with his friends, the Private Citizen and the Enterprising Wholesaler. Each had his own viewpoint—for each was wrestling with a different sort of problem. In spite of this, they were soon on common ground, for they recognized that the welfare of one depended largely on the welfare of all.

This search for the key to prosperity is the daily topic among the businessmen of the country, whether at the Commercial Club, at their noonday lunch or during social calls. The reason for such widespread concern is that, regardless of the local situation, every community feels some effect of the prevailing general conditions.

What conclusions do these businessmen reach?

Some extreme optimists think they have discovered the panacea for all existing business ills by assuming the attitude shown in such slogans as:

"Boost prosperity for all you are worth."

"Don't talk war—talk business."

These are good so far as they go. To the extent that the depression is "purely psychological," propagandism of this sort strikes at the root of the trouble. But the nation-wide slackening of the wheels of progress can hardly be attributed to mere hobgoblins of the imagination. The achievements of American businessmen discredit that charge, although worry will, of course, aggravate the harmful influence of the actual disturbing factors.

The Underlying Trouble

WHAT then is the concrete basic cause of the present business depression?

The Private Citizen answers offhand that it's the war. But the distress dates back long before we heard the rumbling of Mars. Europe has simply added hardships to a business burden already heavy. Further, we are told that, on the whole, the big war is to be of great commercial advantage to the United States.

¶ The Wholesaler guesses that the tariff is responsible. But this is a debatable question in theory and in practise as applies to the present case—because the new tariff was not in operation long enough to have a determining influence one way or another. We must go still further back.

The Merchant, being in direct contact with the people and their purchasing power, has his fingers on the pulse of business life. He is able to diagnose the trouble and point out one specific cause that overshadows all other complications. And his explanation follows:

¶ "The railroads are hard up. Therefore they do not spend the money they should. The lack of new capital prevents their making many needed improvements. Between this and reduced current expenditures the effect permeates all down the line from manufacturer to jobber to retailer and finally to the working-man — —

"The remedy for this condition is to allow them the freight-rate increase they ask for."

¶ An immediate objection is raised by the Private Citizen. He argues that if we stopped the looting of the railroads by highbinders of finance, the roads would have all the money they need. This point is quickly disposed of by the Merchant, who has studied the question from many angles. He is well fortified with facts and authoritative information.

The Margin of Safety

THE plight of the railroads should not be judged by a few conspicuous cases of flagrant abuse. True, the pirates of finance have worked havoc among certain railroads. In doing so they have brought distrust and misconception on the whole structure of railway organization and management. The result has been a lot of governmental regulation—some wise and some decidedly unwise. No discrimination is shown between honestly conducted railroads and the other kind — — Lambasting the railroads has been the popular pastime of politicians and agitators for the past decade. Many—no doubt with good intentions—have been carried away by the hue and cry resulting from disclosures of crooked stock-inflating deals.

In addition to Federal supervision, the States individually have taken a hand in regulating the railroads. Likewise, the States have soaked the railroads good and plenty for taxes—the idea being that the more a State

gets out of the railroad the less it will have to ask in direct taxation. Votes, you see, usually accrue to the party that keeps down the direct taxes. People overlook the fact that the more they tax the railroads the more they tax themselves—for the people own the greater part of all railway securities.

All this activity of the different governing bodies has added great expense to the railroads. Wage increases have gone on apace. But the revenue has been steadily cut by reductions in rates. The railroads have passed the margin of safety between income and outgo.

¶ "The number of employees is reduced wherever possible. Buying of supplies is curtailed. Improvements are tabued. Dividends are cut. Thousands of small investors suffer reduced incomes. Thirty railroads are now in receivers' hands. Others are passing dividends, while some pay dividends out of a surplus that should go for extensions.

"The rich feel the effect as well as the poor. Passing of dividends and default of interest reduce incomes for the well-to-do. This brings curtailment of expenses, often rigid economy. Servants are laid off. Purchases at shops and stores are cut down. Bills are allowed to run. Building and business investments are refused. All this helps to cause dull business."

What Becomes of Three Billions Revenue?

THE next obvious question from the Private Citizen is how do the railroads use their immense revenues.

The reports from the Interstate Commerce Commission furnish the information.

Forty-four cents of each dollar received is paid out in wages. About twenty-five cents more goes for supplies. The total of these two items for a year is over *two thousand million dollars*. Think of the vast purchasing power of that amount. When a universal policy of retrenchment involving such a fabulous sum is adopted, the effect is bound to extend to every branch of business.

Taxes now take four and one-half cents of each dollar gross receipts. The railroads are the greatest taxpayers in the country. Their taxes have been going up by leaps and bounds. One road this year is paying over seven per cent of its gross revenue in taxes.

Rents, imperative improvements and depreciation of equipment eat up eight and one-half cents more. Interest on funded debt requires over thirteen cents. There remains for divi-

dends to shareholders between four and five cents. Part of this must be retained for surplus with which to meet the demands for expanding traffic on present lines. This year dividends must take another drop, as the railroads at the end of the current fiscal year show net earnings of one hundred thirty million dollars less than those of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.

¶ There has been considerable agitation about over-capitalization—watered stock. Would-be specialists aver that if we squeeze out the water the railroads can make money. For the moment grant that there is ground for this operation. Who will suffer the consequences? Thousands of our fellow-citizens who invested their hard-earned money to protect their families and their old age. The manipulators responsible for giving the “water-cure” where this was done have long ago taken out their profits. They have unloaded on the public. Few actual shareholders now are in any way to blame for present conditions.

Invested Capital and Ownership

TO settle for all time the exact status of railroad capitalization in this country, the Government is now undertaking a comprehensive work of determining the physical valuation of all the properties.

It is estimated this will cost fifty million dollars. The work is supposed to take five years. When completed it will provide a scientific basis on which all future issues of securities will be regulated (and also it will be found that the railroads are not over-capitalized) s s

The net capitalization at present, including both funded debt and shareholdings, is at the rate of about sixty-one thousand dollars for each mile of line. This is far below the capital or construction cost per mile of the railways of any of the big European countries—some of which are State owned and operated. In some cases, our capital is less than half that of European railway systems where a lower labor cost prevails throughout the construction work. And in Europe freight-rates average considerably higher than in the United States.

¶ Capitalization has a bearing on rates. But we don't want to wait until the physical valuation of railroads is completed some five years hence. We want prosperity now.

When we bear in mind that the railroads are owned by the plain people of the United States, a different attitude can be assumed to

this great industry. There are about one and a half million individual holders of railroad stocks and bonds, with an overwhelming proportion of them our own countrymen. One million more own stock in corporations depending on the railroads. For the most part they are folks in ordinary circumstances. Many, in fact, are widows, orphans and other dependents who rely on interest and dividends for support. The average income, based on the records of one railroad, is about six hundred dollars a year—not a very extravagant living for a family. The security-holders also include insurance-companies, savings-banks and other institutions representing as trustees the reserve funds of upwards of fifteen million people s s

Breadwinners for One Out of Seven

NEARLY two million men are employed by the railroads. About one million more work for industries directly dependent upon the railroads for business.

Since the average family consists of five persons, some fifteen million people look to the railroads for their daily bread. Railroad prosperity then vitally affects one out of every seven of the country's total population.

Selling transportation is like any other business. Success requires a fair profit. Without a profit the railroad fails. When outgo exceeds income the road wipes out its profit and runs at a loss. To prevent this, rigid economies must be enforced. That is the situation today. Cutting down expenses means laying off men and curtailing the supplies, which in turn compels laying off more men employed by the supply firms.

Loss in wages and reduction in supplies, while serious enough in their relation to general prosperity, are but part of the damage.

Vast improvements are needed. Extensions should be added to develop important sections rich in their resources. Steady increase in traffic requires more locomotives, rolling stock, trackage, terminal facilities and other equipment. All of which requires a large outlay of additional capital.

Where to get that capital is now a problem that defies solution. Net earnings are steadily going down. They are already so small that dividend-rates are now below the market value of money used in other fields. Railroad credit is therefore undermined. Great projects for extension and betterment are postponed. The multitude of workers are denied this chance of

employment. Material concerns are paralyzed until normal progress in railroad-building is resumed.

Other Business Influences Favorable

THIS country is fundamentally sound, for we have had wonderful crops and these are bringing good prices. The nation is at peace. Foreign-trade opportunities are opening up. The financial system has passed through the combined war and legislative crises in fine shape. No national disaster has occurred—and our natural resources are unimpaired. The weakness of the business situation must therefore be of an industrial nature.

The American railway system is the great business-generating dynamo of our commercial machinery. It supplies current that revolves many other industries. Speed up the railroads to normal capacity and you speed up all those industries directly or indirectly dependent. The public is rapidly coming around to see these facts in their true light. Merchants, wholesalers, manufacturers, bankers, farmers and workmen are everywhere joining in the demand for relief to the railroads. The quickening of this favorable sentiment is due to an enlightened self-interest, for all classes know that the rate increase will redound to the country's welfare—and each will participate in the benefit.

Here and there we find some special interest which does not favor the rate increase. That is due to either short-sighted selfishness or a misunderstanding of the situation.

We can rely on the railroads working with the Interstate Commerce Commission to properly equalize the advance so as not to injure either localities, commodities or individuals. The day of unfair, wilful discrimination is past. From some angles, the rate increase theoretically may or may not be justified. But from the practical standpoint it is highly advisable. So let us support the rate increase in a broad spirit of fair play and intelligent co-operation for the common good.

Injustice of the Government

TWO wrongs do not make a right. In earlier days rebates, unfair inside deals, graft and bartering with politicians were typical evils of railroad management—but even so, a great deal of this was purely self-defense in meeting competition and in protecting the railroads' interests. The awakening of the public brought about measures that have almost entirely

done away with these pernicious practises. As a result governmental regulation has gradually developed in the States and at Washington until now the railroads are under the strictest sort of control. This has been of great benefit to the railroads as well as to the public. Broad-minded railroadmen recognize that, despite the fact, some of the regulating is becoming onerous and extreme.

It does not help the present situation to point out that railroad-managers brought upon themselves supervision which often amounts to unreasonable interference. Regulation has come to stay, but let it operate as a square deal to both railroads and public.

One reason for the present decrease in net railway earnings is the unfair advantage taken by the Post-Office Department. Some years back the Department was probably imposed upon by more than one railroad on mail contracts. But this does not justify getting back at present stockholders through forcing a loss in mail transportation.

During the first six months of the parcel-post the railroads were paid nothing for carrying this addition to the mails, whereas before much of this had been paid for by the express-companies. Congress then allowed an inadequate adjustment for carrying the packages. Since that went into effect the limit of weight has been twice raised, until now it is fifty pounds instead of eleven pounds. Postage has also been reduced. But no additional pay whatever has been provided the railroads for this great increase in parcel traffic. There is also a controversy as regards the just charge on the regular mail. The railroads are simply used to make possible a "record showing" by the administration in the conduct of the Post-Office Department.

The Effect on Cost of Living

GAIN reverting to the private citizen we are met with a vigorous protest as to any further increase of the high cost of living. On the ground that he is the ultimate consumer, the private citizen objects to having the five per cent rate increase tacked on to the goods he buys. There is no denying that the consumer will foot most of the bill for the freight advance. The amount, however, is much less than he naturally supposes. And Mr. Consumer will more than get it back. The railroads now receive less than three-quarters of one cent for hauling one ton of

freight one mile. For instance, on a four-dollar pair of shoes shipped from Brockton, Massachusetts, to Detroit, Michigan, the freight amounts to only about two cents. The five per cent increase will add but one-tenth of one cent to the freight.

Suppose we figure that the consumer absorbs the entire extra charge represented by the five per cent increase in freight—that only amounts to one dollar a year for each man, woman and child. A dime a week per family is the outside estimate ☛ ☛

That one dollar per capita would circulate five times in a year and thus produce five dollars' worth of business. That dollar, by restoring just earnings, will enable the railroads to secure new capital for the needed improvements. Millions of idle dollars will then be released for active duty, creating a further great addition to business. Such an impetus will thereby be given all industry by this life-giving tonic for the railroads that prosperity will be an accomplished reality ☛ Remember, also, that the railroads return to the people in wages, in purchasing supplies, in taxes, rentals, interest or dividends, nearly all the money they receive. It is safe to say that out of the dollar paid by each individual for the five per cent increase, all is returned but a few cents. The additional wages and profits made possible by the five times circulation of that dollar will return these few cents plus a large bonus from the increased business activity everywhere.

The Way to Resume

WE have presented the arguments and evidence from the standpoint of the shipper, the merchant and the consumer. We have seen how their interests are interdependent and how each is to be benefited by the rate increase ☛ ☛

Waiting and hoping for prosperity to somehow grope its way back to our firesides is not the good American way of getting results. We must get busy.

John Sherman once said, "The way to resume is to resume"—and we resumed.

Begin somewhere or we'll land nowhere. And the place to begin is at the fountainhead of industry—the railroads. They largely control the flow of business. Make it possible for them to start hiring, buying and equipping. Encourage them to extend their lines, improve their service, provide steel cars and other safety

measures. Enable them to open up virgin territories of great promise.

All of which is recommended in behalf of the rank and file of our businessmen and workingmen. The rich investor, the large shipper, the high-salaried executive, can get along even when conditions are trying. But the small shareholder, the small businessman, the ordinary workman, the average citizen, must have good times to get ahead and often to even hold his own.

True, the functions of the Government are not to help this business or that. But the railroads are more than a business—they are a vital part of the public's daily government itself. And because it is a public institution the Government has adopted measures of regulation that it would never dare to assert as regards ordinary business. The Government tells the railroads what service they must render, how many they must employ, what expenditures they can make, and how much they may charge. It is therefore only just that the Government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, permit rates to be raised when this is right as it is to lower rates when the reduction is justified.

The Closing Plea

SUMMARY by a Businessman who did not get his business experience from textbooks: Let the railroads raise their rates.

They will put to work eight hundred thousand men now idle.

This in turn will put to work four hundred thousand men in the allied lines now idle ☛ The wheels of the railroad and equipment industry will then be in motion.

The purchasing power of these one million two hundred thousand men (six million men, women and children) will set in motion the wheels of all other industries.

Normal business prosperity will then be at hand ☛ ☛

ALL the brutality, all the selfishness, all the corruption that like a malignant growth have fastened on the body politic can be eradicated only by more examples of honestly spent lives; of plain, simple, wholesome living on the part of clerks; of frank, honest truth-telling on the part of merchants; of loyal integrity towards stockholders and bondholders on the part of bankers and officers of corporations.—*Roger W. Babson.*

The Psychology of the Crowd

By Gustave Le Bon



CROWDS do not reason. They accept or reject ideas as a whole. They tolerate neither discussion nor contradiction, and the suggestions brought to bear on them invade the entire field of their understanding and tend at once to transform themselves into acts.

Crowds suitably influenced are ready to sacrifice themselves for the ideal with which they have been inspired. They entertain violent and extreme sentiments, that in their case sympathy quickly becomes adoration, and antipathy is transformed into hatred. These general indications furnish us with a presentiment of the nature of the convictions of crowds. When these convictions are closely examined, it is apparent that they always assume a peculiar form which I can not better define than by giving it the name of a religious sentiment.

This sentiment has very simple characteristics, such as worship of a being supposed superior, fear of the power with which the being is credited, blind submission to its commands, inability to discuss its dogmas, the desire to spread them, and a tendency to consider as enemies all by whom they are not accepted. Whether such a sentiment apply to an invisible God, to a wooden or stone idol, to a hero or to a political conception, provided it presents these characteristics, its essence always remains religious. The supernatural and the miraculous are found to be present to the same extent. Crowds unconsciously accord a mysterious power to the political formula or the victorious leader that for the moment arouses their enthusiasm. A person is not religious solely when he worships a divinity, but when he puts all the resources of his mind, the complete submission of his will, and the whole-souled ardor of fanaticism at the service of a cause or an individual who becomes the goal and guide of his thoughts and actions.

Intolerance and fanaticism are the necessary accompaniments of the religious sentiment. They are inevitably displayed by those who believe themselves in the possession of the

secret of earthly or eternal happiness. These two characteristics are to be found in all men grouped together when they are inspired by a conviction of any kind. The Jacobins of the Reign of Terror were at bottom as religious as the Catholics of the Inquisition, and their cruel ardor proceeded from the same source.

Hero-Worship

THE convictions of crowds assume those characteristics of blind submission, fierce intolerance, and the need of violent propaganda which are inherent in the religious sentiment, and it is for this reason that it may be said that all their beliefs have a religious form. The hero acclaimed by a crowd is a veritable god for that crowd. Napoleon was such a god for fifteen years, and a divinity never had more frequent worshipers or sent men to their death with greater ease. The Christian and Pagan gods never exercised a more absolute empire over the minds that had fallen under their sway.

All founders of religious or political creeds have established them solely because they were successful in inspiring crowds with those fanatical sentiments which have as result that men find their happiness in worship and obedience and are ready to lay down their lives for their idol. This has been the case at all epochs. Fustel de Coulanges, in his excellent work on Roman Gaul, justly remarks that the Roman Empire was in no wise maintained by force, but by the religious admiration it inspired. "It would be without a parallel in the history of the world," he observes rightly, "that a form of government held in popular detestation should have lasted for five centuries. It would be inexplicable that the thirty legions of the Empire should have constrained a hundred million men to obedience." The reason of their obedience was that the Emperor, who personified the greatness of Rome, was worshiped like a divinity by unanimous consent. There were altars in honor of the Emperor in the smallest townships of his realm. "From one end of the Empire to the other, a new religion was seen to arise in those days which had for its divinities the emperors themselves. Some years before the Christian era, the whole of Gaul, represented by sixty cities, built in common a temple near the town of Lyons in honor of Augustus. Its priests, elected by the united Gallic cities, were the principal personages in

their country. It is impossible to attribute all this to fear and servility. Whole nations are not servile, and especially for three centuries. It was not the courtiers who worshiped the prince, it was Rome, and it was not Rome merely, but it was Gaul, it was Spain, it was Greece and Asia."

Today the majority of the great men who have swayed men's minds no longer have altars, but they have statues, or their portraits are in the hands of their admirers, and the cult of which they are the object is not notably different from that accorded to their predecessors. An understanding of the philosophy of history is only to be got by a thorough appreciation of this fundamental point of the psychology of crowds. The crowd demands a god before everything else.

It must not be supposed that these are the superstitions of a bygone age which reason has definitely banished. Sentiment has never been vanquished in its eternal conflict with reason. Crowds will hear no more of the words divinity and religion, in whose name they were so long enslaved; but they have never possessed so many fetishes as in the last hundred years, and the old divinities have never had so many statues and altars raised in their honor.

The Soul of the Masses

It is a useless commonplace to assert that a religion is necessary for the masses, because all political, divine and social creeds only take root among them on the condition of always assuming the religious shape—a shape which obviates the danger of discussion. Were it possible to induce the masses to adopt atheism, this belief would exhibit all the intolerant ardor of a religious sentiment, and in its exterior forms would soon become a cult. The evolution of the small Positivist sect furnishes us a curious proof in point.

What happened to the Nihilist whose story is related by that profound thinker Dostoevsky has quickly happened to the Positivists.

Illumined one day by the light of reason he broke the images of divinities and saints that adorned the altar of a chapel, extinguished the candles, and then replaced the destroyed objects with the works of atheistic philosophers such as Buchner and Moleschott, after which he piously relighted the candles.

The object of his religious beliefs had been transformed, but can it be truthfully said that his religious sentiments had changed? ❧

Certain historical events—and they are precisely the most important—are not to be understood unless one has attained to an appreciation of the religious form which the convictions of crowds always assume in the long run. There are social phenomena that need to be studied far more from the point of view of the psychologist than from that of the naturalist. The great historian Taine has studied the Revolution only as a naturalist, and on this account the real genesis of events has often escaped him. He has perfectly observed the facts, but from want of having studied the psychology of crowds he has not always been able to trace their causes. The facts having appalled him by their bloodthirsty, anarchic and ferocious side, he has scarcely seen in the heroes of the great drama anything more than a horde of epileptic savages abandoning themselves without restraint to their instincts.

The violence of the Revolution, its massacres, its need of propaganda, its declarations of war upon all things, are only to be properly explained by reflecting that the Revolution was merely the establishment of a new religious belief in the mind of the masses. The Reformation, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the French religious wars, the Inquisition, the Reign of Terror, are phenomena of an identical kind, brought about by crowds animated by those religious sentiments which necessarily lead those imbued with them to pitilessly extirpate by fire and sword whoever is opposed to the establishment of the new faith.

Upheavals analogous to those I have just cited are only possible when it is the soul of the masses that brings them about. The most absolute despots could not cause them. When historians tell us that the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was the work of a king, they show themselves as ignorant of the psychology of crowds as of that of sovereigns.

Manifestations of this order can proceed only from the soul of crowds. The most absolute power of the most despotic monarch can scarcely do more than hasten or retard the moment of their apparition. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew or the religious wars were no more the work of kings than the Reign of Terror was the work of Robespierre, Danton or Saint Just. At the bottom of such events is always to be found the working of the soul of the masses and never the power of potentates.

Financial Cloud Has Passed

By B. C. Forbes



AMERICA'S darkest financial cloud has been rolled away. The business path that reaches into the future has become clearer. The industrial community will set out to tread it with firmer, surer step. All ingrained, vitiating fears that Governmental regulation threatened to end in Governmental strangulation have been removed by the Interstate Commerce Commission's change of attitude toward the railroads, manifested by the sanctioning of rate increases averaging three to three and one-half per cent for the one hundred twelve railways serving the eastern section of the country, and the extension of new favors toward the roads in the adjoining central—mid-western—territory.

The dollars-and-cents value of the ruling to the railroads concerned is negligible in comparison with the effect it will have in restoring waning confidence among railroad managers, investors, financiers and business interests in general.

Credit, the oxygen of industry, was evaporating alarmingly, bringing on a low state of vitality.

The Commission's action is a natural fruit of the new sentiment that has sprung up all over the country, a sentiment of co-operation rather than recrimination, a sentiment born of broad-mindedness rather than factional narrowness—the sentiment voiced by President Wilson when he declared the discovery had been made that "We are all in the same boat."

The Year's Greatest Blessings

IF I asked to name the greatest business blessings bequeathed by the dying year, I would reply:

First, a new national spirit, a spirit of mutuality, a spirit of catholicity, a spirit of enlightened broadmindedness, begotten by the realization that the interests of us all are interlaced. Second, the new commonsense patriotism that inspires Americans to give preference to American-made goods, a development that is destined, if wisely nurtured, to place the United States in the very forefront of the

world's industrial and investment nations. Third, the birth of the spirit of thrift and economy among the people and the passing of our cardinal sin of extravagance, a change that will by and by be forced upon Federal, State and municipal governments.

Fourth, the establishment of our new currency system—the scope of which, however, must be prudently extended before the country can reap all the feasible advantages which the system could legitimately and conservatively confer.

Fifth, the demonstration given that even so phlegmatic a body as the Interstate Commerce Commission is not impervious to the unmistakable change in the public's attitude toward the nation's transportation system and that its chronic anti-railroad policy has been modified. No other regulatory body is likely to neglect to take note of what has happened in the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Encouraging Developments

THE major events and news beget encouragement.

The Government reported the year's total farm-products at nine and three-quarter billion dollars. This is equal to twenty-seven million dollars every time the sun rises.

The area sown in winter wheat exceeds forty million acres for the first time in our history, and although the present condition of the crop is below the average, the total yield could easily reach a new high record.

Our balance of exports over imports in December reached ninety-seven million dollars, thanks to enormous demands from European belligerents, and the figure for the current month promises to be very much larger. The removal of obstacles which heretofore have restricted shipments of cotton and other staples to Germany and Austria should lead to a much freer movement of these commodities.

Examine all mankind and you'll find them stamped on the back, "Good for this day and date only."

WE must try to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. We can never err when it is a question of silent or hidden beauty. In the domain where we are everything is effective, for that everything is waiting.—*Maeterlinck*.



That Delicious "Fruity Flavor"
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Pompeian Olive Oil is *Absolutely Pure*. More than that, it is *First Quality*. Pompeian Buyers who live abroad visit the groves in person—and purchase the Superior Product. It is the *Virgin Pressing* of Choice Olives. We import it *Direct!* If you like a *Fine Olive Oil*, with an agreeable Taste—you'll like Pompeian.

TASTINESS

Pompeian Olive Oil tastes "Fruity"—not "Oily." It Flavors a Salad—it Tones a Salad, without dominating it! Order it for your Home Table!

HALF PINTS (8 oz.), 25c Pints (16 oz.), 50c QUARTS (32 oz.), \$1

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Pompeian Olive Oil is packaged in air-tight, light-proof Pompeian Tins, which retain *all* the Flavor, *all* the Goodness—for you. It's always *Fresh!*

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IMMORTALIS * * * TO ELBERT HUBBARD

IF I could write like you,
 What quips and jests my
 fountain-pen would spring!
 What wondrous thoughts in lofty
 flight would wing!
 Of Litrachoor I'd reign, the un-
 crown'd king,
 If I could write like you.
 I would not be afraid of anything.
 My foes, impaled on pointed para-
 graphs, would sing,
 "O! Death! Where is thy sting?"

IF I could write like you,
 The folks would all be proud
 of me, you bet!
 A million ducats yearly I would get.
 And say, if I could write like you,
 One word from me would make a
 tyrant shake.
 If I got mad the whole darn world
 would quake.
 To make my name immortal would
 be due,
 If I could sling the English just like
 you.

Charles E. Byrne

Advertising Manager
 Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co., Chicago and Steger, Ill.

nations of the size of this country, each nation would have but eighty daily newspapers, while we have over two thousand four hundred. And as to circulation, we issue a copy of a daily paper for every three of our citizens who can read and are over ten years of age. With our methods of rapid transportation, hundreds of daily papers might be discontinued and still leave every citizen able to have his morning paper delivered at his breakfast-table. Every morning paper between New York and Chicago might be suppressed and yet, by the fast mail-trains, papers from the two terminal cities could be delivered so promptly that no one in the

I DON'T know much about the Tariff, but I do know that if my wife buys her cloak in America, we get the money and the cloak, and that American labor is paid for producing it; if she buys her cloak abroad, we get only the cloak; the other country gets the money, and foreign labor receives the benefit.—*Lincoln.*

THERE are more news journals in the United States than in all the world beside. If the whole foreign world were divided into

intervening area would be left without the current world's news. Every angle of every fad or ism, outside the walls of Bedlam, finds an advocate with the largest freedom of expression. Our need is not for more papers, but for better papers—papers issuing truthful news and with clearer sense of perspective as to news.—*Melville E. Stone.*

Look upon any new idea as a possible one, until you know positively that it is n't.

KNOW a big bank which is gaining a reputation for gruffness on the part of its staff. Gloom and Grouch hang heavy in this financial institution. It makes no difference how large it is or how much money it may control, this bank will suffer so long as such a policy is in vogue. The manners of this institution are the result of the attitude of a single man in charge. The underlings simply parrot him. This bank is a busy institution, but as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy."

You do not have to be what Shakespeare termed "the pink of courtesy," nor what Sheridan called "the very pineapple of politeness," to be decent. A man is betrayed by his manners. Manners are not superficial. They are deeper-rooted than we know. Your manners, to a certain extent, fashion your fortune. Politeness is merely what is due your fellow beings. And Politeness is merely the art of being Pleasant.—*James Wallen.*

Be a Businessman, yes—but do not be a Business Go-Devil. There is a difference!



Write the date on the negative.

Make the pictures that you take doubly valuable by recording, briefly, on the margin of the film negative, the all important: *who - when - where.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

IT is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society, who think that we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or meditation, without any relaxation.

—*Sir P. Sidney.*

Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made that way than not to be made at all.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

VALENTINE BAG
OF MODELED LEATHER



Modeled-Leather
Hand-Bag suitable
for a woman or
child.

Bronze-Brown
color

Size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$
inches

The price is \$3.50.

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VALENTINE BAG
OF MODELED LEATHER



Bronze-Brown, modeled-leather bag with inside
frame. Lily Design. Ooze-leather lined.
Size, $5 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price, \$8.50

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HANDKERCHIEF-CASE

MADE OF SPANISH COWHIDE,
LINED WITH OOZE-MOROCCO.
MODELED IN GRAPE DESIGN



Price, \$5.00

Size, closed, 6×6 inches

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MODELED-LEATHER MAT
AND
BOOK-ENDS



Mat, 12×18 inches. Price, \$5.00

Book-Ends, 5 inches high. Price, \$6.00

Mat and Book-Ends are modeled in
Conventional Grape Design.

The Mat is so designed that the Book-Ends
will exactly fit in each end of the modeled
border if so desired.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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*These mats are colored in shades to harmonize with
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MOTH DESIGN



Price, \$10.00

This mat is 22 inches in diameter.
The Mats in Grape, Moth and Dragon-Fly Designs
are made in 18-inch, 20-inch and 22-inch sizes only

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Price, \$3.50

15 inches in diameter

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DESIGN

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15 inches in diameter

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Price, \$3.50

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We can furnish these mats in all the
sizes to 20 inches, in Mistletoe, Lotus,
Ivy and Conventional Designs

Prices and sizes of mats:

22 inches in diameter	. . .	\$10.00
20 inches in diameter	. . .	7.50
18 inches in diameter	. . .	5.00
15 inches in diameter	. . .	3.50
12 inches in diameter	. . .	2.25
10 inches in diameter	. . .	1.75
9 inches in diameter	. . .	1.50
8 inches in diameter	. . .	1.25
7 inches in diameter	. . .	1.00
6 inches in diameter75

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of HAND-HAMMERED COPPER

Onlaid Silver Vase



This vase has
a decoration
of German
Silver

Price, \$5.00
Height, 6½ inches
Diameter of base,
3 inches



*Modeled Rose
Vase*



The model-
ing on this
vase is in
Conventional
Rose Design

Price, \$4.00
Height, 6 inches
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3 inches

*An American Beauty
Vase*



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Diameter of bowl, 8 inches
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This vase is
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crystal
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WOMAN'S UNREST—ITS CAUSE



EN years ago, three, even, such a book as Alice Hubbard has written — *Life Lessons* — might have come to some deaf ears. Today — so has the world moved — many must say of the men and women in these pages: "*Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do they come.*" ¶ These vitalized beings have helped to build of their lives the corduroy road over which Civilization has crept, from the Impossible-Past to the Worth-While-Living-Today. ¶ The author says of the book,

"It is a record of honest thought written on stolen time — no attempt at biography, but a homely setting down of somewhat of the influence these people had upon their time." ¶ No other person would apply the word "homely" to such writing as *Life Lessons* contains. Illuminating is a word much more likely to suggest itself. ¶ Alice Hubbard has succeeded in estimating the forces for which these individualities stood, not for one time or another, but in a world-setting as a part of the eternal world-story for all time. ¶ The people of whom Alice Hubbard has written in *Life Lessons* are:

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Mary Wollstonecraft | 2. Froebel | 3. Elizabeth Cady Stanton |
| 4. Thoreau | 5. David Swing | 6. Robert Louis Stevenson |

¶ There is a photogravure portrait from a drawing by Gaspard of each one of these subjects — also one of the author.

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Add a little cream or a dash of fruit-juice, and you have a delicious breakfast and a wholesome and nutritious one.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes

are always fresh and clean. They come to you direct from the ovens in dustproof, waxtite packages bearing the world-known signature

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HAND-WROUGHT COPPER NUT-SET



Price, \$10.00

Bowl	\$3.50
Nut-Picks, German-Silver Tipped, 25 cents each, six	1.50
Nut-Plates, 75 cents each, six	4.50
Nut Service Spoon	1.50

We will sell this set complete for \$10.00
or any part as listed

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¶ Here is a gift that is a little different.

¶ This box has a removable glass bowl. The copper cover is modeled in Poppy Design.

¶ The box will hold a generous supply of sweets ~~so so~~

¶ Inside dimensions: diameter, 5 inches; height, 2¼ inches.

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Hand-Hammered Copper
Diameter of base, 3½ inches
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Price, \$2.00



TULIP TAPER
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Height, 8¾ inches
Price, \$3.00

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Diameter of tray, 5¼ inches
Height, 2 inches
Price, \$2.00

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Diameter of tray, 4 inches
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For American
Beauty Roses
and other
long-stemmed
flowers

Height, 22 inches
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SHAFT VASE

Height, 15 inches
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American
Beauty
Rose
Vase
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\$10.00

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MODELED-LEATHER BILL-FOLDS AND CARDCASES



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THEY have the right to censure who have a heart to help—the rest is cruelty, not justice.—David Belasco.

DOUBTLESS the greatest philosopher of Teutonic blood and speech is Immanuel Kant, late of Koenigsberg, in Eastern Prussia. Some would hail him as the most powerful mind since Aristotle; and perhaps in all that interval in our civilization his only peers are Saint Thomas Aquinas and Spinoza. Kant

reconstruction should chiefly occupy the mind of the greatest thinker of the modern world in the closing period of his full life.

COMPARED with what has been done in the past we have done much, but compared with what will be done in the next hundred years we have done nothing. The electrical industry is only in its infancy and our engineers in the kindergarten.

—Charles P. Steinmetz.

THE business of the country has been chiefly promoted in recent years by enterprises organized on a great scale. The vast majority of the men connected with what we have come to call big business are honest, incorruptible and patriotic.

The country may be certain that it is clear to members of the Senate, as it is clear to all thoughtful men, that those who have tried to make big business what it ought to be are the men to be encouraged and honored whenever they respond without reserve to the call of public service.—President Wilson.

THERE is no going back to "the rule of the competent few." Popular Government is here. If we are ruled by the worst, we must through education evolve that "worst" into the best. As a matter of self-preservation we must make the "worst" tolerable and tolerant. Also, we must be tolerant.

HENCEFORTH I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.—Walt Whitman.

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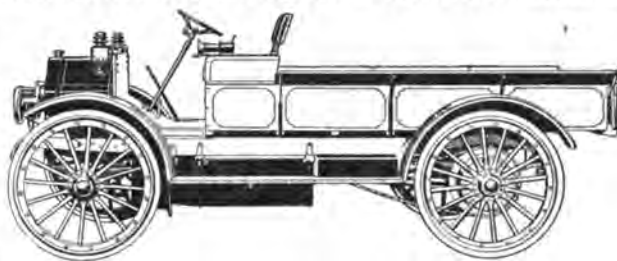
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them. After the
American Civil
War the coun-
try suffered for
years from the
consequent
moral disturb-
ance

Military service
divorced men
from their
homes, their
families, and
their employ-
ments, and when
military service
ended they did
not invariably
return to them.
Many of those
who did return
found them-
selves afflicted
by unease and
could not settle
down to a life
which seemed
humdrum to
them

This sequel to
our Civil War
continued for
years, and might
have had a seri-
ously injurious
effect upon the
national psy-
chology if its
manifestation
had not been
coincident with
the need for
many men (and

women, too) to engage in the development of
new Western country.

Our Western land acted as an outlet for this
migratory spirit, and America benefited there-
by; but no such condition will mitigate the
European disturbance which probably will
result from this general war.

When Americans emigrated from the devel-
oped East to the undeveloped West, as one of
the results of the Civil War, their places were
filled by immigrating Europeans, who began

HISTORY shows that every war which has
continued for any length of time has had
a more or less demoralizing effect on its par-
ticipants

Men who go to the front are unsettled in all
the relationships of life. It is the claim of
militarists that army training promotes disci-
pline. The social records show that actual
war training makes men subsequently chafe
at routine and infects them with a moral
laxity which must permanently deteriorate

to flock hither in multitudes. This further protected the emptied East from industrial suffering. But the unfortunate effect nevertheless was notable. Even after our Spanish War, men who had served as soldiers found it difficult to settle down, and the effect on industry and society in general was appreciable.—*Frederic Howe.*

A GREAT number of such as were professionally expressors of beauty, as painters, poets, musicians and actors, have been more than others wont to lead a life of pleasure and indulgence; all but the few who received the true nectar; and, as it was a spurious mode of obtaining freedom, an emancipation not into the heavens, but into the freedom of baser places, they were punished by that advantage they won, by a dissipation and deterioration. But never can any advantage be taken of Nature by a trick. The spirit of the world, the great, calm presence of the Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body. That is not an inspiration which we owe to narcotics, but some

Business Pays for Efficiency

and for Efficiency only. The time is pretty well past when there's a good job for you because of your good looks, winning ways, or because your grandfather founded the business. Pull, Politics and Persiflage are of little use in modern business. Results count. The business world is searching for men to take jobs of \$5,000 or over while the \$750 men walk the streets. Produce and the rewards are yours, but you must train yourself to make good and to keep on making good. Master the technique of a hundred callings and you may not succeed. Even some of our presidents were not unqualified successes. Increase your Personal Efficiency, train your physical and mental forces, understand the fundamental laws governing all business.

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Stillwell Homes meet the climatic requirements of every locality. Distinctive. Artistic. Comfortable. Inexpensive to build. Easy to sell.

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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N.Y.



counterfeit excitement and fury. Milton says that the lyric poet may drink wine and live generously, but the epic poet, he who shall sing of the gods, and their descent unto men, must drink water out of a wooden bowl.—*Emerson.*

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
"T is man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

—*Emerson.*

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When in Chicago you had better make the **HOTEL SHERMAN** your home. The people of quality who prize the best—and yet who do not throw money to the chickadees—appreciate the "Sherman." It is the friendly hostelry—the place for the folks who believe in railroads, life and fire insurance, banks, shops, stores, farms and factories.

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CHACHIBUHTL, OR SACRED TURQUOISE—I have just one hundred of these gems that I will sell to the first one hundred Roycrofters who answer this ad, enclosing check for Five Dollars. Some authorities say it is, some say it is not, the sacred jewel of the old Mexicans; but all agree it is beautiful. I personally know that Indians, who claim to be descended from the Montezumas, treasure this stone and believe that God Himself left it to them as a talisman. If you are dissatisfied, return the gem and get your money back. It is to be had only from me, the re-discoverer. Chas. H. Beers, New Berlin, Fla.

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—the latest booklet by Sidney A. Weltmer, full of help, inspiration and freedom—a practical application of Thinking to personal problems. It shows why men are slaves to their thoughts and how limiting thoughts may be displaced. Postpaid 25c. Address Dept. F. F., Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Missouri.

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And when you go to Riverside be sure to meet **FRA FRANK MILLER, MASTER OF THE MISSION INN**, the loveliest hostelry in all the wide world, with one exception. And if you do not know what that exception is, there is no use of mentioning it, for you would not believe it, anyway.

WE make Mission Furniture as carefully and conscientiously as did the monastery monks of old.

Don't buy furniture for that new home you are building, until you have inspected the Roycroft Furniture Catalog, sent on receipt of 25 cents, coin or stamps.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

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Q It would be a great joke on Dick Underwood if some of you "Square Guys" who are going to Frisco over the C. P. R. next Summer would write and ask him how about stopping off with him for a few days to hunt and fish and wallow in the scenery. Dick does n't realize the importance of advertising, but he is a 44-caliber square-shooter and owns the best little hotel on the line at Chase, B. C., on Shuswap Lake, where God intends to make his own home some day.

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To **Elbert Hubbard**, Publisher *The Fra*
East Aurora, New York

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beginning.....for which I will pay you, each issue, Five Dollars, net.

THE AUTOGRAPH PAPER-KNIFE

FOR THE MAN OR MERCHANT WHO IS SEARCHING FOR A PERMANENT, PRACTICAL, AND UNUSUAL NOVELTY TO KEEP HIS FRIENDS OR CLIENTS CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH HIM OR HIS BUSINESS

A Little Preachment on Warming up the Trade

By Fra Elbertus



HAVE received thousands of friendly tokens in my time, but never have I experienced a more genuine thrill of satisfaction than when my friend, Rollin Ansteth, of Buffalo, sent me a beautiful paper-knife, with my signature raised in Sterling Silver on the handle. Here is something I will keep by me. I use a paper-knife more than any other one thing except a check-book.

The picture shows the exact size of this handsome gift, which is known as the *Autograph Paper-Knife*.

If I were a dealer, and wished to give Friend Prospect a token of my regard, which would at the same time keep my name constantly before him as a possible source of supplies, I do not know the gift I would present him withal, so quickly as this Autograph Paper-Knife of German Silver, with French Gray Handle and Polished Blade.

¶ You can not get without giving, and conversely, you can not give without getting. It's a poor rule that won't work going and coming.

¶ So, if you ask me to put the proposition in a cold-blooded, dollar-and-cents sort of way, I would say that putting a man's signature on one of these exquisite souvenirs was merely a preliminary to getting his name on the dotted line. And this way lies success.

Why in the name of Big Business give a man some worthless gewgaw or jimcrack, when you can send him a gift that he will prize and appreciate! Here is something he will not throw away nor give away. Moreover, his name in relief in Sterling Silver on the handle is a prime deterrent to those who borrow your possessions in your absence.

Elbert Hubbard

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Have the signature to be reproduced, written in ink within the space outlined below; mail it together with one dollar and fifty cents and your address—I will deliver knife, complete, to you, prepaid, subject to refund without comment.

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Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1915

No. 6



FRANKLIN K. LANE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

THEY ARE ALL GOOD ROADS THAT LEAD TO EAST AURORA



THE Roycroft Inn is open throughout the year. It is a modern hotel. It has steam heat, electric lights, running water, hot and cold

The Roycroft Inn is the home of Elbert Hubbard and The Roycrofters.

The reception-room is large and roomy. It has a big fireplace where logs crackle from the first signs of frost in the Fall, until the birds and flowers are here. There are Morris chairs in abundance, and visitors may dream before this fire in all the comfort that such surroundings can bring.

The Roycroft Inn is furnished throughout with beautiful, strong furniture made by The Roycrofters.

Oak, mahogany, bird's-eye maple, and ash are the woods used.

The music-room has mural decorations painted by Alexis Fournier. This is a beautiful room, unlike any other that you can see anywhere.

The dining-room is also unique and different. The tables are furnished with food fresh from the Roycroft Farm ; with vegetables, meats, milk, cream, butter, fruits in their season.

There is a modern bakery that furnishes most appetizing and digestible foods

Why not plan to spend your Easter vacation at the Roycroft Inn? Rest, read, recreate in a beautiful, comfortable, unique hotel.

Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day, American plan. Single rooms, connecting rooms, outdoor sleeping-rooms, suites with bath. Write for Roycroft Inn Booklet.

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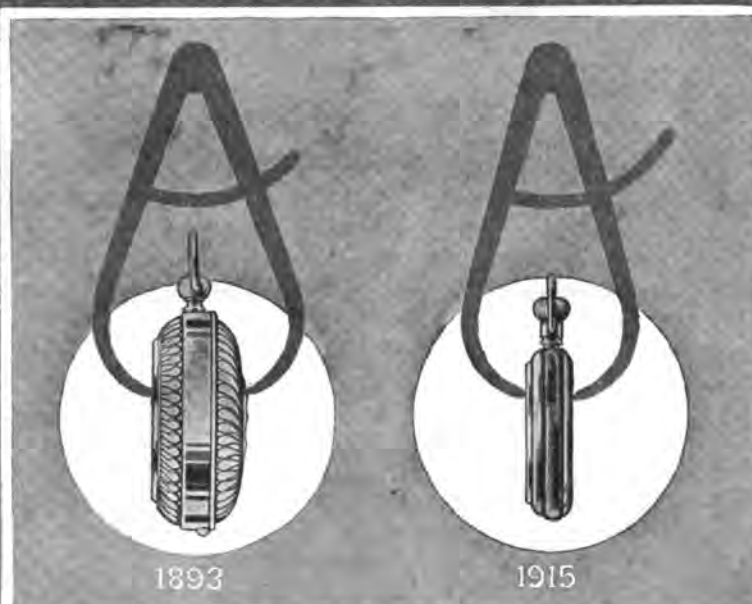
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1914 alone, to make the Ingersoll a little thinner and a little better, and the world is still compelled to marvel that such

Ingersoll
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friends. His funeral oration, given below, compares with that of Socrates, of whom he was a humble follower.

"Friends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure has now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of Nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body, and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than that of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety; and I accept, as a favor of the gods, the mortal stroke that secures me from

THE Emperor Julian, the "Apostate," next to Cæsar, was, perhaps, the most extraordinary man that Rome ever produced, but far exceeded Cæsar in virtue and moral rectitude. The reign of Julian was less than two years, but in that time Gibbon says he accomplished far more than any other ruler in the same time. He died at the age of thirty-two years, by a Persian dart, on a victorious field of battle, surrounded by his weeping generals and soldiers, and a few philosopher

the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanates of the Divine Power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate.

Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness

of the people as the end of government.

Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence.

Peace was the object of my council, as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms, I exposed my person to the dangers of war, with the clear foreknowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being, who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the

secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow torture of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honorable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or decline the stroke of Fate. This much I have attempted to say; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death. I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be imprudent

or injudicious; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army, it might be fatal to the person I should recommend. I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign."

There will be hard times as long as Washington makes life difficult for men of initiative and continues its pernicious attacks on success.—E. C. Simmons.

Tone and Tone Control

Two Victrola characteristics

The Victrola tone is a wonderful thing. It is the tone of pure reality—throbbing with life and power. When you hear the world's greatest artists on the Victrola, you hear them just as truly as though they were singing or playing right before you.

Besides this true-to-life tone there is incorporated in the Victrola the important feature of tone-control—the ability to play each individual selection just as *you* personally want to hear it.

These two distinguishing features demonstrate the perfection of every detail in the Victrola. It not only brings you the world's best music in all its beauty, but enables you to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

There are Victrolas in great variety from \$15 to \$250 and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.

Always use Victrolas with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victrola tone.

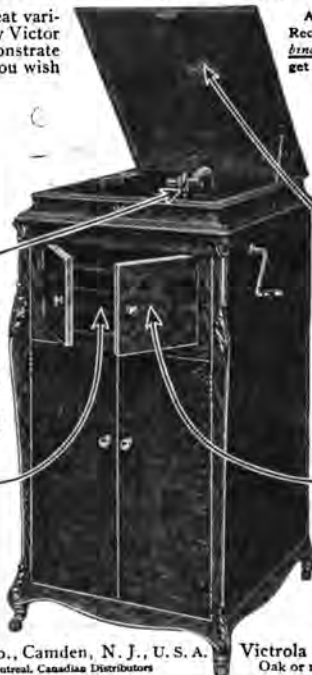


The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.

"Goose-neck" sound-box tube—the flexible metal connection between the sound-box and tapering tone arm, which enables the Victor Needle to follow the record grooves with unerring accuracy.

Concealed sounding-boards and amplifying compartment of wood—provide the very limit of area of vibrating surface and sound amplifying compartment, so absolutely essential to an exact and pure tone reproduction.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
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The famous Victor trademark is on every Victrola, Victor, and Victor Record.

Victor system of changeable needles—a perfect reproduction is possible only with a perfect point—therefore a new needle for each record is the only positive assurance of a perfect point. You also have your choice of full tone, half tone or further modification with the fibre needle.

Modifying doors—may be opened wide thereby giving the tone in its fullest volume; or doors may be set at any degree graduating the volume of tone to exactly suit every requirement. Closed tight the volume is reduced to the minimum and when not in use interior is fully protected.

Victrola XVI, \$200
Oak or mahogany

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—a modern
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**STILLWELL
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¶ What is Neurasthenia? One of the greatest living physicians—Dr. John Harvey Kellogg—says "Neurasthenia is a symptom—not a disease" and that it is due largely to habits which may be corrected by giving attention to causes of the ailment.

¶ In his new book—"Neurasthenia"—Dr. Kellogg gives results of his experience with thousands of cases treated during the nearly forty years he has been Superintendent of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg's book is not dry and technical. On the contrary, it is intensely interesting and easily understood. If you suffer from nervousness—exhaustion—sleeplessness—or any other form of Neurasthenia, get this book and study it. It shows you the way out—teaches you how to obtain relief from the dread fangs of nervousness.

¶ 650 pages, printed with plain type on fine book paper. Several full page illustrations, diet tables and valuable instructions as to exercise, relaxation, rest and sleep. The regular price is \$2.00 but, to give the work widespread distribution, Dr. Kellogg has permitted an edition in library paper covers to sell at only \$1.00. Send your order and remittance today. You take no risk sending money because, if you are not satisfied with the book, it may be returned for prompt refund. Order at once and get relief from nerve suffering. Address—

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.
2003 W. Main Street Battle Creek, Michigan

AN associate member of our Society has sent me the Philadelphia papers, which are just now full of "Billy" Sunday. He has taken that city of churches by storm! Sixty-five thousand people rushed to welcome him! The collection for the first day was nearly eight thousand dollars! How is the "Billy" Sunday vogue to be explained? The newspapers have done much for "Billy." They have given him not only columns, but whole pages enriched with illustrations. And

Burpee's Seeds Grow

Five of the Finest
Fordhook Vegetables

For 25c we will mail one packet each of the following Famous Fordhook Vegetables which are unexcelled in their class. No other small collection would quite so complete the requirements of the average garden. These are tested and proved varieties which have given the utmost satisfaction wherever used.

Burpee's Golden Bantam Sweet Corn, an unsurpassed first early.

Burpee's Earliest Wayhead Lettuce, the earliest butterhead variety.

Burpee's Fordhook Bush Lima. This variety of lima bean is shown natural size and color on page six of Burpee's Annual for 1915.

Burpee's Hailstone Radish, the quickest growing of all white radishes.

Chalk's Early Jewel Tomato, the earliest really first-class tomato in the family garden. 25c buys all of the above five of the Finest Fordhook Vegetables, which, purchased separately, would cost 80 cents. Five collections mailed for \$1.00 and mailed to five different addresses if so ordered. In each collection we enclose free a copy of our interesting new booklet "The Food Value of Fresh Vegetables," specially prepared for us by a world-wide authority, and illustrated with thumb-nail caricatures.

As a Compliment to the Ladies we shall include with each collection a regular 10c packet of our Fordhook Favorite Asters, embracing all of the choicest double American varieties.

Burpee's Annual

Known as the leading American seed catalogue—this bright book of 162 pages for 1915 is better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today, and kindly name **THE FRA**.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

"Billy" has done much for the newspapers. His "copy" is the kind they can use.

Sunday is representative. The thousands who flock to his tabernacle recognize in him their fellow. They don't have to look up to see him. He is the crowd writ large. He is the ordinary man magnified. Class consciousness drives his kind to his support.

The extremity of the church gives Sunday his opportunity. A drowning man will cling to a straw. Sunday is the straw.

"Billy" is a curiosity, and people will go to a tabernacle as they would to a tent, to see a curiosity. Once a swearing baseball catcher, now a swearing gospel "pitcher"! Who

can resist the attraction? He is a curiosity also in the matter of his sermons. He is about the only "hell and damnation" preacher of any loudness left in Christendom. The change from the milk and water of the churches to the firewater of "Billy" is sensational enough to draw a crowd.

Sunday is a born showman. He is a genius in that line. A showman must be spectacular. Give me a brass band, a few elephants, caparisoned in oriental gold, and two dozen feathered

and painted Indians following me through the streets on horseback, and I will pack the Coliseum, and empty all the churches in Cook County. Of course, to keep up the crowds Billy must not stay too long in one place.

A show must travel in order to live. Sunday preaching in one city for two or three years at a time would soon sink into oblivion. One of the spectacular personages parading in Sunday's show is the Devil, with real hoofs and horns, and a roar that brings everybody to the windows!

But Sunday is also a consummate actor. He is himself the best part of his show. The Philadelphia papers describe his

antics on the platform: "He sat in his chair, his lips chattering as if shaken by a fever, his eyes gazing into space." What was he doing? He was making a silent prayer visible! And "He bit his thumb." What was that for? To show he was mightily in earnest—teeth and all. "He danced about like a mad, pain-stricken creature." Why that? He was trying to act the part of the damned in hell, suggests his reporter. Then he jumps on his chair to jump down again, but this time clear across



Power of Will

—the Secret of Every World Achievement
—of Every Man's Success

STOP and think a minute. What built the pyramids? What developed the modern 40-story sky-scraper? What is responsible for every great invention ever conceived? What built Rockefeller's, Morgan's, Carnegie's—every great fortune? What is the keynote of every individual success—of your success?

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How to Train the Will

Everyone knows what can be accomplished by exercising the brain. Our whole educational system is founded upon the theory that brain can be developed in proportion to the amount of intelligent exercise and use to which it is put.

For years scientists have known that the same is true of the will—that the will can be made indomitable by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble has been that until now no one has ever devoted their attention to the cultivation of the will. And since we have never been taught to use it, most of us don't know how. We float along carrying out other people's wills simply because our own will has become scotched and dormant from lack of use.

If you should keep your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a spoon—the same is true of the will—it becomes powerless to serve its owner simply from lack of use.

"Power of Will"

by the noted scientist Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D.—whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 88 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

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"Power of Will" has already helped over 50,000 people—a record equaled by no other single course of any kind in the world. Such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov.

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Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The Ninety-Nine Methods for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
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A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.



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the platform—a jump that made the audience hold its breath. Then he climbs upon his chair a second time, and from there he jumps upon the pulpit, and planting his feet on the velvet cushion that holds the open Bible, he cries, while shaking his fist in the face of the audience, and perspiring profusely, "Some of you are so low down you need an airship to go to hell!"

That is the climax; after that, the collection.

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—A. C. Trumbo.

THE masses are so hypnotized that, though they see what is continually going on around them, they do not understand what it means. They see the unceasing care kings, emperors and presidents bestow on disciplined armies; see the parades, reviews and maneuvers they hold; and they do not understand the meaning of it all. Yet the meaning of such drilling is very clear and simple. It is preparing for murder. It means the stupefying of men in order to convert them into instruments for murdering.—*Tolstoy.*

If the United States, as a nation, takes advantage of present opportunities, if the men in public life, in the majority, prove

capable of taking statesmanlike measures, there is no reason why, in time, we can not be three times as prosperous as we have ever been before. American securities are best in the world. There is only one danger which can seriously undermine the values. That is demagogue legislation.—*James J. Hill.*

The change in tariff had a greater depressing effect on business in America than did the war in Europe.—*E. H. Gary.*

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If we are sincere and fair in our treatment of others we may hope for similar treatment by them. If we are diligent in trying to ascertain the good in others they may see good in us.—Elbert H. Gary.

We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions we can reflect, but afterwards when the waters have gone over our souls.

—Mrs. Jameson.

WITH the exception of the jingo politician and the blatant demagogue, who hope to gain popularity for themselves by exciting popular passions, those whose business is fighting on land or sea, to whom embroilment with another nation may offer a prospect of congenial employment or an opportunity of gaining fame and glory, and those who see pecuniary benefits to themselves in furnishing arms and supplies, no sensible person who is working for wages or salary or the profits of business, or who is engaged in any form of productive enterprise, can fail to ignore the cost in blood and money which war entails.

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Construction Bond has long been known as the standard of value in business correspondence paper. It is a substantial and impressive paper, sold only in large quantities direct to the most capable and responsible printers and lithographers in the 190 principal cities of the United States—not through jobbers. Obviously, by eliminating the jobber and buying in large quantities, those concerns who handle Construction Bond are able to give you better value in impressive business stationery.

Write us today on your letterhead for names of those concerns near you. Also for 25 handsome letterhead specimens that may offer valuable suggestions for the improvement of your own business stationery.

W. E. WROE & CO., Sales Office: 1006 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

from the scene of war. I would give them a look at real trouble. I would let them see trains, ten at a time, five minutes apart, packed with the maimed and the dying.

I would let them hear, from fragmentary survivors, the incredible story of battlefields, one hundred fifty miles wide, and armies that are greater than the entire population of Texas.

¶ I would let them see graves one hundred yards long and full, and Belgium, the country that was, nothing now but twelve thousand square miles of wreckage.

Then, when they began to understand, to some slight extent, the magnitude and awfulness of this war, I would say to them:

EVERY tenth Briton has enlisted. Every tenth Frenchman is at the front. Every tenth Belgian is dead. What does the United States know of trouble?

If I could afford it, I would charter the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*, and convey a party of five thousand American advertisers to Europe for a trip of education. I would give them a week in London, a week in Paris, and a week in Antwerp.

I would let them look at the United States

"Now go back and appreciate the United States. Realize your opportunities. Don't start digging trenches when nobody is firing at you. Don't fall down when you have not been hit. Don't be blind to the most glorious chance you have ever had in your life.

"Get ready for the most tremendous business boom that any nation ever had. Build your factories bigger. Train more salesmen. Borrow more money. Go ahead, and thank God that you are alive and that your family is alive,

and that you are living in a land that is at peace, at a time when nearly the whole world is at war."—*Herbert N. Casson.*

It has been said that Rotarianism is a religion. It is more than a religion. It is broader than any one creed or belief. It is religion, without limiting article, either grammatical or theological. It stands for unity, not uniformity. Its circle of brotherhood embraces men of all classes and shades of thought. It emphasizes to them the beauty of brotherly service and solidarity, irrespective of church or temple walls. It seeks to boost business, but not at the expense of brotherhood. On the contrary it shows that brotherhood benefits business, and that business—conducted Rotarianwise—benefits business; for acquaintanceship buries bigotry and service silences the clamor of prejudice.—*Edward N. Calisch.*

COMMERCIAL warfare, which means destruction and oppression, should be as distasteful as the battles which kill and maim the soldiers, for they are the same in pecuniary results. They are injurious to all of those who

Homer Laughlin China is pottery with a pedigree; it is the dinnerware of distinction. Expert designers and craftsmen create this

exclusive china in graceful forms and refined patterns in the largest and most wonderful pottery in the world. It is "made in America"—sure!

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is of surpassing loveliness and serviceable withal. Every piece bears the name "Homer Laughlin" on the underside—our guarantee, and yours. All reliable dealers everywhere carry extensive, open stocks of Homer Laughlin China—they have to, it is in such big demand by discriminating folks who love the beautiful and artistic in dinnerware.

Ask YOUR dealer to show you—he'll be glad to.

A finely illustrated booklet, *China*, which gives you the genealogy of Homer Laughlin China, together with some valuable suggestions as to the selection and care of it, awaits you. Write for it today. It is free.

The Homer Laughlin China Co.,
Newell, West Virginia

are engaged and they seriously distress those who may be dependent upon the concerns which are eliminated. It is to the benefit and interest of all of us to have each one of those engaged in competition proportionately successful with all others, and that by all fair, honorable and proper means we should encourage these conditions.—*Elbert H. Gary.*

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—*Beecher.*





EQUAL RIGHTS! — SURE!

THAT is one of the big reasons why an International Time Recorder should be installed in every Business Institution.

¶ The employer has a right to every minute of the working-day of the people on his payroll.

¶ The employee has a right to be paid for all his time.

¶ And that is just what the International Time Recorder does. It precludes the possibilities of mistakes in computing time and wages.

¶ When Mary fusses unduly with her curling-irons and is late, it makes note of the fact in flaming red — indisputable evidence of her tardiness — and she is "docked."

¶ Next day she's right on time! for she can't afford this depletion of her exchequer — and neither can her employer. Equal rights — sure! ¶ The International Time Recorder cuts out waste, prevents error, shows "who's who," and is an invaluable aid to efficiency, economy and success.

¶ The International Time Recording Co. make error-proof, fool-proof, cost-saving machines of every description. ¶ Drop them a postal, stating your business and position, and they'll show you how to dam the waste and stop the leaks.

INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDING COMPANY

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International Time Recording
Co., Ltd., 30-32 Farringdon Road, London, E. C.
England

of New York

Lock Box 26

Endicott, N. Y.

BERLIN OFFICE:

International Time Recording
Co., m. b. H., 135-136 Alexandrinenstr., Berlin, S.W.,
Germany

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



*"Pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled.
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He found a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: On! sail on!"*

THAT light was one of the beacons in history. It made it possible for us to be Americans. ¶ America stands for Liberty—and Light. ¶ And THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY are literal exponents of that philosophy. They believe in light, and they make the most beautiful mediums for its diffusion—superb examples of craftsmanship and skill, in imperishable metal. These graceful, fluted columns are a most desirable acquisition to parks, playgrounds, public or private estates or residences. The Roycroft grounds have these artistic pillars of light scattered throughout—a beautiful and added attraction to the place—an all-round source of joy and satisfaction. ¶ Any lighting problems you have should be placed in the hands of the Union Metal People. Their advice is sound and their products GUARANTEED. Communicate with them at once.

The Union Metal Manufacturing Co., Canton, Ohio



How Many Hides Has A Cow?

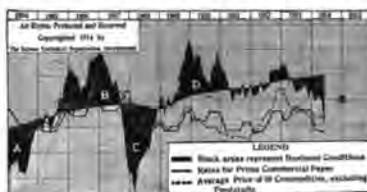
HIS is not a joke, nor a "How old is Ann" conundrum. ¶ It is a think-starter. ¶ Put this question to little Willie, and he will proudly answer "one." And big brother William and even Pa Bill will answer the same way. ¶ Here 's where the eagle-eyed cross-examiner hands you this disturber of equanimity: "If that be true, how is it that from one hundred cows the leather-manufacturer produces three to five hundred hide 'leathers'?" ¶ But this does not feaze the wise witness. He retorts: "The answer is, my learned friend, that the plain, ordinary cow dies seized, possessed of or otherwise owning but one grain-leather hide, and that two-thirds to four-fifths of so-called 'genuine leather' is the split-off sheets of the under, fleshy side of hides doped, doctored and decorated to deceive a trusting public into the belief that they are honestogod leather."

¶ Whereupon, the Court of Public Opinion renders the following verdict: "Whereas, the evidence shows that the public has for years paid its good money for upholstery of automobiles, furniture, etc., represented as genuine leather, but which it appears is, in most cases, an inferior artificial leather made from weak, spongy, bovine flesh, coated, dyed and embossed to deceive sight and touch, but which quickly cracks, peels, rots and otherwise discloses its mean and unworthy origin; now, therefore, our verdict is that from this date Public Confidence and Patronage be withdrawn from 'coated splits,' and that in future all buyers of upholstered automobiles, buggies and furniture who lack the mazuma to buy surenuff guaranteed genuine grain-leather, specify Du Pont Fabrikoid, an artificial leather, offered as such without deception, and guaranteed by its reputable makers to be superior to the aforesaid coated splits in wearing qualities, the equal of the best genuine leather in pleasing 'feel' and luxurious appearance, and yet much less expensive."

¶ Here endeth the first lesson. More uncensored radiograms from the front will appear in future issues of *The Fra*.

¶ In the meantime, write for free sample or send Fifty Cents for a usable piece 18 in. by 25 in., and try it on a chair-seat.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company
Wilmington, Delaware



*Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

Business After War

Great changes in commodity prices are due when peace becomes apparent. Not guesswork, but obtainable facts, will enable you to profit by them.

Eliminate worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

For particulars—which will be sent gratis—address Dept. F-49 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
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Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.



Temperature Right Day and Night

YOU can have exactly the degree of warmth you want during the day, indicate at bed-time the temperature for the night and secure automatically at the "getting up hour" a resumption of the daytime temperature.

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Quality First
\$2400



The Chalmers "Master Six" this Year's Luxury Car

The verdict is in. The owners—always the final authorities—proclaim this Chalmers Six-54 the greatest of them all.

Though lower in price than many its finished perfection has won it this high place in their esteem.

At its price—\$2400—the Six-54 is more "car" than any maker has ever offered before.

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—is yours in this the "Master Six of Them All." Just touch the lever and the great motor is whirling you swiftly and smoothly over the road. You can throttle down to almost imperceptible motion "on high"—or speed at 70 miles per hour.

You can climb the steepest hills with ease. The heaviest roads cannot slacken its speed.

The Luxury of Smooth Operation

—has been attained in a rare degree in this master motor.

So continuous, so unobtrusive is the flow of power that you are scarcely aware of the motive force that propels you.

Proper balance and adjustment of parts, correct design and the highest quality construction have made this car able to withstand the hardest usage and the roughest roads without developing a flaw in its operation.

The Luxury of Looks

—has placed this "Master Six" on a plane with the most costly foreign cars.

The body is a beautiful example of the finest automobile workmanship. Its lines are "racy" and smart. From the graceful radiator and sloping bonnet throughout the handsome, bell-back, "boat" type body this "Master Six" is a true "Quality First" car.

The 5-passenger model has a Torpedo body with but a single door on either side—in the center. The front seats are divided by an aisle and are pitched to the most natural and comfortable slope.

On this same chassis is also built a 7-passenger Touring Car with the same lines as the Torpedo. It is designed expressly for you who will have only the maximum in power, size, comfort and luxury. The price is the same—\$2400.

Write for our "Economy" Booklet

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

THE FRA

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ORGANIZATION



HE mobs that tore up the first railroads in England, and the fine scorn of John Ruskin for "the iron horse," were the results of a belief that this newly discovered power was going to enslave the people. So they wanted less power, not more.

The occasional misuse of power is no excuse for making war on power.

My father tells of a time when he changed cars seven times going from New York to Chicago. The journey took three days and three nights. And it would be the same now were it not for combination and organization.

Organization is the keynote of success.

Our best talents in America are being used in the lines of creation, production, building, distribution—transportation.

That bright spot in history called the "Age of Pericles" was simply a lull in the war spirit, when Greece turned her attention from war to art and beauty.

Through the genius of America's businessmen we will yet make the "Age of Pericles" the normal, and the glory that was Greece will manifest itself all over this continent.

¶ Energy, taking the form of human units, combines according to certain natural laws.

Economics is as much under the domain of Nature as are the tides and the movements of the planets. Ignorance of the laws of economics is the one thing that destroyed the old civilizations, and limits ours. ¶ One hundred fifty years ago, practically all manufacturing was done in the homes in the form of handicrafts.

The invention of the steam-engine removed the handicrafts from the home to the factory. With the help of the machine, one man can now do as much as eighty could one hundred fifty years ago.

¶ We have twenty million workers in America, and these are equal to the work of one billion six hundred million one hundred years ago. Here we find a vast increase in the production of wealth. To use this wealth for the good of all the people is the problem that confronts us.

Don't be afraid that any one is going to take his wealth with him when he dies! The unfit are always distributing it, and killing themselves in the process.

Economics is an evolving science. We will never get to the end of it. Ideals attained cease to be ideals, and the distant peaks beckon.

Combinations that increase economic production should be encouraged, not forbidden. What this world needs is more wealth, not less.

The possible evil in the "Trust" is not in its organization, nor in its bigness, nor in its success. It is threefold: first, corruption of public officials to obtain special privileges denied to competitors; second, the consequent oppression of the competitor and the consumer; third, watering of stock and then extorting excessive profits to pay dividends on such stock.

These evils the law must cure without destroying co-operation, or discouraging enterprise, or impeding progress. ¶ All intelligent businessmen are working to this end.



AN AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY



THE American Philosophy had its germ in the minds of Jefferson and Franklin.

It is founded on the Science of Economics.

Just here, in order that we may speak a common language, a few definitions are in order: Economics is the science of the production, distribution and use of wealth.

Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact.

That which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on statement, or read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible.

All practical businessmen are scientists.

Business is a vocation; philosophy is—or should be—an avocation.

To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love or religion is to degrade and lose them.

Religion is philosophy touched with emotion.

Philosophy is our highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny.

A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff. It then becomes superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of wisdom that naturally flows from science.

Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising, salesmanship, are all variants of business.

Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration.

Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements of science.

Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. It never is nor ever was scientific, not being

derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from books or the hearsay words of men long dead. Theology is on a par with augury, palmistry, alchemy, astrology and allopath medicine. Science is understood; theology believed.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another.

Superstition is scrambled science, or religious omelet, flavored with fear.

The American Philosophy is one of work, play, study, laughter and love, mixed in right proportion, as a prophylactic 'gainst all human ills. It teaches that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did those earlier civilizations.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but the American Philosophy symbolizes work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's big prizes, in honor and money, in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

The day is dawning!

Men are under the domain of Natural Law as much as bees. Men succeed only by working with other men and for other men.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS MOST



ANIMATION is the business-man's raw stock.

Reduce his animation, destroy his ambition, kill his joy, and the industrial leader ceases to mobilize.

He who would do a great work must be free from fetters. All wise employers realize that, when supervision descends to espionage, life becomes piffling and the results nil.

Drive with too tight a rein and you get no speed. Too much discipline is no discipline.

Said Thomas Jefferson: "Agriculture, manufacturing, commerce and transportation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise."

Faith and Freedom

FAITH and freedom are not only big words, but big things.

In fact, "Freedom" is the biggest word in the vocabulary of Americans.

Freedom was the battle-cry of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, and no national American hymn can be written and leave the word Freedom out.

Uncle Sam's middle name is Freedom.

The United States has one-sixteenth part of the population of the world; but we have one-third the wealth of the world.

How was this wealth acquired? Through giving freedom to our inventors, builders, creators. It is individual initiative that has made us what we are.

Collective enthusiasm is possible, only when individuals are free.

From the year Three Hundred to the year Thirteen Hundred there existed a thousand years of night.

We call this period, and rightly, the Dark Ages.

During this night of a thousand years the world did not produce a poet, a historian, an essayist, an orator, a printer, a sculptor, an architect, a builder, a roadmaker. There were no banks, no insurance-companies, no transportation companies, no mail service, no newspapers.

Laughter died on the lips of mankind, joy was in hiding, famine and pestilence stalked rampant.

Why? Just one reason, and no other—Freedom was dead.

It was assumed that human nature was vile, and that all of the intents of men were heartlessly selfish, base, dishonest.

The world was owned and managed by two men—the soldier and the priest.

*These two took charge of the taxing power, and industrialism was at their mercy.

Maximum prices were fixed for labor and commodities, and production was limited to an individual fight for food.

The status of the human race was little better than that of beasts.

The Edict of Diocletian

A GOOD example of the effect of fixing prices by the State is given in Professor John Frost Abbott's able book, *The Common People of Rome*.

The Emperor Diocletian endeavored to decide what was an equitable price for services and commodities, being convinced by his advisers that human nature was such that man continually took advantage of his brothers' needs.

Accordingly, commissions were appointed to study every business and profession and arrange a scale of maximum prices, to the end and purpose that no one should ever have to pay more for a thing than it was worth.

It was an idealistic idea, planned to protect the ultimate consumer.

By this plan pure equity was to prevail, and justice was to be supreme.

The scheme was logically correct.

It left out only one thing—human nature. The injunction can only prohibit: it can not compel performance.

Diocletian's plan effectually stopped overcharging; also, it stopped production.

The prices of things were carved in stone, and set up in the market-places, so all could read, and excuses were useless.

The punishment for exceeding the prices fixed was death or deportation.

What was the effect of the Edict?

Animation died, ambition vanished, joy tiptoed away and forgot to come back.

People kept in their houses and neglected to buy or sell, to exchange commodities or services. Everybody waited on himself, society slipped back into savagery, and the grass grew in the market-places. ¶ Diocletian knew everything but the human heart.

Men must mix together in freedom, and Natural Law—the law of supply and demand—must be respected.

Diocletian regulated things until there was nothing left to regulate.

And the Dark Ages followed.

Pulverizing Production

THE United States is suffering from over-regulation. Schemes for the control of business have been formulated by theorists, which, continued, will destroy initiative, kill animation and strangle ambition.

These plans are devised with intent to subjugate the strong, and exalt the weak.

The one glaring blunder in our Government today is the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Here is a committee invested with the power of life and death over our second most important industry.

Without efficient, safe and rapid transportation, civilization dies. Transportation is not only the vertebræ of our industrial fabric, it is also the nerves and arterial system.

But over the railroad world we name five mediocre men—students, idealists, theorists, men untrained in practical financial and industrial affairs. And we place in the hands of these men a leverage by which they can and are strangling the business interests of the country.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is not paid as much as first-class vaudeville talent commands, much less what is paid a good factory boss.

And these little whiffing, piffing, sophistical, postponing puppets fiddle while Rome burns. While these men have not the power to set animation and initiative to work, they yet have the negative power by which they can block the wheels of trade.

And this they have done and are doing.

Under the pretense of protecting the "Common People," they are doing the Diocletian act of pulverizing production.

A Drastic Remedy

UNDER the general Natural Law of Supply and Demand this country grew great. There were some wrongs committed, but out of it all we got the greatest and best system of railroads in the world.

To perpetuate our prosperity we must acknowledge that the Interstate Commerce Commission is a failure. It was too much to expect that we could cancel natural law and employ in its place five men to deal out equity to both buyer and seller.

Human limitation forbids our giving absolute power to kings and emperors. It is the same with Commissioners.

The Interstate Commerce Commission must be shorn of its autocratic power, and the quicker the better.


This not only for the interests of the railroads, but for the interests of shippers and the whole business fabric—and this means all of us.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has a power greater than that of the President. It applies the knout and twists the tourniquet and slowly strangles its victims, and there is none to say it nay.

These men are appointed by the President. Their salary is ten thousand dollars a year, a sum that can never command a first-class man. Yet those mediocre men are masters over the commercial destinies of forty-eight States.

A CERTAIN amount of work is very necessary to growth. Work is a blessing, not a curse, because through it we acquire strength—strength of mind and strength of body. To carry a responsibility gives a sense of power. Men who have borne responsibility know how to carry it, and with heads erect, and the burden well adjusted to their shoulders, they move steadily forward. Those who do not know better, drag their burdens behind them with a rope.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE YELLOWSTONE



F the dear friends will please stand back a little, I will explain the whole matter. It was about like this: Jumbo was getting so fat, and Terese was getting so lean, that I saw that something must be done. As for myself, I am the Impeccable One. I am always well, always happy, always at work.

Nevertheless, I had reached a point where nothing seemed to taste like that which mother used to make. ¶ We held a consultation of war, and decided we would abandon our proposed European trip for sufficient reasons.

¶ And then the Infant Prodigy said, "Yellowstone Park!"

I had been everywhere else in the United States—Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Coney Island, Grand Canon—but Fate had made me miss the Yellowstone. But now was the opportunity, and Jumbo-Mumbo mumbled, "The Route of the Great Big Baked Potato!"

And Terese echoed, "And the Roman Emperor Titus, who took Jerusalem and discovered the Murphy Maximus."

And the Infant Prodigy, who is strong on facts, and is at that age where she sets every one straight, supplying accurate data, said, "But the potato is an American product!"

"I thought it was Irish," I ventured.

"No," she said; "it saved Ireland from starvation. That is all. But the best potatoes in the world are raised in America. The great potato districts are in Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and parts of Minnesota, where the lumber has been cleared and the stumps burned out. And as a potato district next comes the irrigated land in Montana, Idaho, Colorado and Utah."

Before such a broadside of potato-salad I abdicated. And so it was the Route of the Great Big Baked Potato! ¶ On the route of

the Northern Pacific Railway potatoes were produced that weighed a pound. The biggest potatoes we raise in New York are about this size. Then it was discovered that water applied to land in the right proportion and in the right way and in the right place would produce potatoes that weighed two pounds. And the Emperor Titus, Dining-Car Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, began serving great big baked potatoes, each one on a platter. This platter is eight inches long. Sometimes the potatoes will be nine inches long and four inches in diameter.

Bringing in one of these potatoes and placing it before a hungry man makes him look, and then he laughs, and everybody else in the vicinity looks and laughs too! And then Titus conceived the idea of never serving a big baked potato that weighed less than two pounds. It is several times as much as any one can eat, but the idea of bounteous service, of generosity, is bound to make an appeal.

And behold Titus capitalized the idea, and the world knows the Northern Pacific Railway as "The Route of the Great Big Baked Potato." ¶

Titus Imperator

HIS MAJESTY, the Emp Spud, was once requested, in a letter, by an enthusiastic patron, to send him a bushel of those great big potatoes in order that he might use them for seed, and the Emp wrote back a brief, businesslike letter thus:

"I would be glad indeed to send you a bushel of the great big Northern Pacific potatoes, but the fact is we never cut a potato for anybody."

¶ Following this he sent the man a bushel of the big potatoes with his compliments.

"It does n't take many of these potatoes to make a dozen," said an astonished Milesian. This great big baked potato, the spud superbus, set a standard.

The motto of James J. Hill is:

"Trust in the Lord and haul no empties." ¶

Titus has simply appropriated the slogan of the empire-builder, but he too makes it a rule to "haul no empties."

His business is to feed the people, and that he performs this service in a kingly manner is beyond dispute.

The Northern Pacific

THE Northern Pacific Railway follows the route taken by Lewis and Clark in Eighteen Hundred Five.

It is the first proposed railway across the continent, although it was the second trans-continental line to be built.

The original intent was that it should be owned by the Government, because it was the belief that no railroad across the continent could be operated at a profit.

The first proposition to build this railroad came up in Congress in Eighteen Hundred Forty-three.

This railroad follows the line of least resistance. Its grades are low, its curves gentle, and the entire route is through a habitable country.

There is no desert, and practically no mountain ranges to challenge the way.

Let the truth be told, for the benefit of all feminists, that it was a woman, Sacajawea, with her babe upon her back, who led the way for Lewis and Clark, and Lewis and Clark led the way for the Northern Pacific.

The Northern Pacific Railway has passed through its stage of infancy and youth, and has now reached maturity.

Like every aspiring, growing youth, it had its troubles in its day, but it has passed out of them, and is now out on the broad tableland of success.

No one man looms large in the making of the Northern Pacific Railway. Behind it is a long line of presidents and general managers of quiet, earnest, dignified quality.

The Northern Pacific Railway represents character.

It stands for manhood, courtesy, strength, intelligent human service.

We have been told that corporations have no souls. This is a statement that "listens" good, but that will not bear analysis. Anything without a soul is dead and disintegrating. The Northern Pacific is very much alive; it is a going, growing railroad.

The Northern Pacific Railway is a friendly railroad. It co-operates with its patrons along

the line. It has no enemies—certainly none that it recognizes as such.

It is in touch with the little red schoolhouse, the high school, the business college, the university, the farm, the factory, the bank, the elevator, the department-store.

It takes a hearty interest in the welfare and success of its patrons. It has passed out of the pioneer stage. It has the ripe experience of forty years of successful operation.

Along its line are many beautiful, prosperous towns and cities. And as these have prospered, so has prospered the Northern Pacific.

It is a noble property, superbly managed. It is a credit to all America; to its employees; and to its patrons. To live along the line of the Northern Pacific is a thing of which to be proud.

When you ride over the Northern Pacific Railway you are a distinguished guest. At least you feel distinguished. A trained corps of servants meets you at every turn. They are out of sight until wanted, and when needed they are at your elbow.

The difficulties of reaching Yellowstone Park are of a deluxe kind. There is a special Pullman car leaving Chicago at ten o'clock every night over the Northwestern Railway, running through to the Yellowstone over the Northern Pacific from Saint Paul.

Also, the Burlington Route offers a similar luxurious accommodation.

You leave Chicago and awake within sight of the Mississippi River in the morning. At ten-thirty you are in Saint Paul. There is half an hour to spare here. You walk up and down the platform and behold the most luxurious train that you have ever seen—artistic, solid, substantial, complete.

The Wheat Country

WE moved slowly out of the beautiful and prosperous city of Saint Paul. We move with a dignity that becomes our royal station, for this empire of the Northwest is ours if we want to go in partnership with it, and the Emperor Titus is at the head of the commissary.

The train fills up comfortably at Minneapolis.

¶ We pass out into the great wheat country. Then we reach a belt of timber land, interspersed with lovely little lakes, stretching for a hundred miles.

To this district I came in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty, a traveling man, parting my

hair in the middle, wearing spring-bottom pants, pointed shoes, a warm vest and a fetching smile, embellished with side-whiskers.

¶ Here were the lumber-camps. Practically no wheat was raised north of Minneapolis. When the lumber was cut off, we said that would be an end of this country. But how wrong were our prophecies!

We pass through the timber belt, and see vast acres devoted to wheat and oats, just wheat and oats and nothing else.

Shocks of wheat as far as you can see! Then you take a field-glass, and five and ten miles away you still see the shocks, like soldiers in a vast army. We see men running reapers. Others are operating threshing-machines. As night came on we could see straw stacks burning in every direction. Straw which would be worth ten dollars a ton in New York, we saw being fed to the flames.

Freight-trains of a hundred cars were carrying foodstuffs to the East—cattle, hogs, sheep, wheat ♪ ♪

Then there were express-trains loaded with potatoes, vegetables, melons, fruits. Going Westward were similar long lines of freight-trains with cars loaded with manufactured goods of a thousand shapes and kinds.

"Trust in the people and haul no empties."

¶ The railroad that hauls loaded trains both ways, prospers.

We slept soundly, sweetly and securely. If there were any grades or curves on the road we were not aware of them. We were moving—not at any terrific rate of speed, but surely, steadily, right on the schedule, Westward ♪ There is only one night on the road between Saint Paul and the Yellowstone. It is just as easy to go to New York City from East Aurora ♪ ♪

Miles City

WE awakened in Montana and looked out on fair fields of alfalfa on every side. Upon the hillsides we could see the white-faced cattle, the Herefords, hardy, strong, healthy cattle that winter easily, are great foragers, and make the rancher's bank-balance appear in five figures in black.

We had passed out of the wheat country into the cattle country and the land of irrigation, where water, love and labor make the earth laugh a harvest.

Miles City, named after General James A. Miles, is the chief horse-market of the United

States. Just now horses seem to be in demand as never before.

Billings

THE law of compensation never rests, and while all Europe is aflame with the red torch of death, America prospers as never before. Europe will look to America for the next decade for foodstuffs, for manufactured goods, for building materials in ten thousand forms and shapes.

No American had anything to do with bringing about this fearful scourge of war, which has put back European civilization a hundred years ♪ ♪

Nevertheless, this is America's opportunity ♪ At Miles City we saw five thousand horses, more than I ever saw at any one time before, and the prices, I was told, for the best animals, were high—this in spite of Henry Ford, with his minimum wage of five dollars a day.

We passed through the ranch where Roosevelt got his first taste of the wild and woolly. Here we saw a sign on the village tavern reading thus: "The Rough Riders' Hotel." And another sign nearby, on a little print-shop, ran thus: "The Weekly Bull Moose—One Dollar a Year."

From Miles City to Billings you pass through the horse and cattle country, with smiling fields of alfalfa on one side and vast acres of pasture on the other. Always and forever you see the white-faced cattle and the droves of horses ♪ ♪

Then you reach Billings, a city that has a bigger banking facility in proportion to its population than any other city in the world. What makes it? Oh, just three things—wool, horses, cattle.

The banks of Billings bulge, and the deposits in the banks of the various prosperous little cities of Montana are the property of the people in this vicinity. It is not money sent here from the East. It is money mined out of the mountains, plowed out of these productive, irrigated farms, and comes from the sale of horses, cattle and sheep that roam over a thousand hills and feed in the luxurious bottom lands, where the grass grows lush and lusty.

Livingston

NUMBER ONE reaches Livingston at two-thirty, and here your car is switched off and attached to a train for Gardiner, fifty-four miles away.

On this train is an observation-car with just a

canopy top, open on all sides. It is a flat car with a college education. You can remain in your Pullman or ride on this observation-car, as suits your own sweet will.

We stuck to the observation-car and voted it an innovation that well might be put on every train in the United States when we do away with the steam-locomotive and put on the electric motor, which Edison says is bound to come.

The thrills that come from close proximity to changing Nature are yours from Livingston to Gardiner. There are the distant white-capped mountains, the foothills, the dashing mountain-streams, the little irrigated farms, the vast stretches of mesa, and suddenly you see a great triumphal arch like unto the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

And as you gaze at this arch, Great-Big-Baked-Potato Titus quietly informs you that this arch is placed there in honor of the Roman Emperor Titus, who raised potatoes, but never a disturbance. This was the first intimation that the Emperor of the Northern Pacific Dining-Car Service was with you. He had come all the way through, but had kept himself out of sight, fading into the landscape, just as William Jennings Bryan plays second fiddle in the Administration Orchestra, a thing which we all prophesied he would never be able to do.

But here was the Emp at our elbows, and perhaps this explained the flowers along the way, the dainty dishes and a thousand little courtesies, even to an invitation to ride with the engineer.

Gardiner

WHEN you get off the train at Gardiner the thrills await. The whole thing is staged with the skill of a Damrosch, co-operating with Maurice Beck, Luther Burbank, John Burroughs and Teddy da Roose.

The first thing you see at Gardiner is the most exquisite, peculiar and unique railroad-station you ever saw in your life. It is built of logs, with overhanging eaves, after the manner of the Swiss. Slab benches are along the platform. A swinging slab with the name of the station is over the door. Roycroft copper trimmings are in evidence. Great hand-wrought iron hinges and doorlatches are to be seen. You enter the station and there are Navajo rugs. Instinctively you take off your hat. You think you are in a private parlor, or are getting a

little glimpse of Frank Miller, His Tavern, where the "din" is taken out of dinner and the rest is put in restaurant. This station has lavatories, a ladies' parlor, writing-rooms, a reading-corner, and is built and managed in a manner that all railroad-stations will reveal in the year Two Thousand and One.

Instead of being a place for bugs and bacteria, it is a place for ladies and gentlemen, business people, working people, people with one intent, and that right.

Thus your first glimpse of the Park is this railroad-station, where art and science have used the materials at hand, and we find geologic strata blending with the trees, subdued and adapted by human genius.

"Who is the man that built that station?" I demanded of Titus, for I have lived long enough to know that things never just happen.

¶ "That station," said the Emp solemnly, "was built by Robert C. Reamer, who is the architect for the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company. Please apologize for your ignorance in not knowing who Robert C. Reamer is." And I apologized.

And as we walked out on the platform to get a better look at this model station, thrill Number Two was thrown on the cosmic screen. Six white horses attached to a great yellow stagecoach came swinging in on a rapid trot.

The driver wore a twenty-five-dollar Stetson. A linen duster covered him from collar to heels. Double rows of big yellow buttons were on the duster. This was the only mark of livery. The hat was tilted at that self-confident angle which men of ability assume. The man wore gloves and handled his reins with an easy grace. His shoes were russet and matched the yellow buttons and the yellow of the stage. The harness of the horses was bespangled with silver ornaments and there was a multiplicity of ivory rings. The horses were as proud as the driver.

"Why was n't the stage waiting?" asked Terese. Bless your soul! A band has to be marched in in order for you to get the effect. Literature always casts a purple shadow. The first note in a piece of music written by Wagner carries with it a premonition, a suggestion of what is coming.

That stage was waiting up the side of the hill for the passengers to get their composure and their grips.

You were not kept long enough to be impatient. You can not enjoy an avalanche of thrills. Send them along gently, please, good Spirit of the Universe, lest we die of joy and be suffocated with delight. There is a way of doing things. Tempo is the most important thing in music, as well as in dramatic art. The men who manage Yellowstone Park are artists in catering to the public.

The Triumphal Arch

WHEN you enter Yellowstone Park your stage swings through the great triumphal arch.

The Infant Prodigy and I sat by the driver, who had evidently just read Emerson on Self-Reliance. As we passed through the arch, this driver, who was evidently a Roman emperor in disguise—bronzed, brown, strong, happy in the grace of his six white horses and of his great coach loaded with thirty-six people, all saying "Ah!" and "Oh!"—this driver took all of his reins and his whip in his left hand, the horses still moving at a rapid trot, and with his right hand pointed out to us a herd of antelope feeding in the alfalfa. Then he reached into his pocket and took out a yellow silk handkerchief with which he brushed an imaginary fleck of dust from off his white coat.

The antelopes raised their heads as we passed by and looked at us out of their wondering eyes and then moved off twenty feet through the alfalfa, turning and watching us disappear at a turn in the road.

We approached the banks of the Gardiner River, a rippling, noisy, dashing stream, that goes tumbling over the rocks.

Above we saw a great winding roadway, the rocks on one side rising a hundred or two hundred feet in abrupt incline. To the left was the dancing, hurrying, scurrying stream.

The driver flicked the right leader's ear with the whip, and the horse seemingly understood that it was all a part of the play. These strong horses carried their loads evenly, steadily, at an easy trot, on up the hill.

The Eagle's Eerie

THRILL Number Three was an eagle's nest perched on a needle. Titus, the Emp, explained that he built the needle, put the eagles on it and had them build a nest at the beginning of the season. Thus did he anticipate a gibe and a jeer from the jinksome Jumbo. In the Yellowstone Park the word "needle" always means an upright geological formation,

worn by the water of a hundred centuries and more, rising abruptly from the mountainside, lifting itself to a hundred, two hundred or three hundred feet, like a great church-spire.

Right on the top of this needle we could see the eagle's nest, and as we wound around the hill, going up and up and up, we again saw the eagle's nest, and this time we were right on a level with the top of the needle and could see the little eagles and could hear them cry for a fish-supper, for this was Friday.

Down below near the swirling stream we saw the mother eagle soaring, and then we saw her dart suddenly and dash into the waters and rise aloft triumphantly, bearing in her claws a fish. Above the needle she soared and then dropped gently down, and we saw the little American eagles scrambling unbecomingly for fish. And all the time the mother held the fish tightly in her claws, allowing the little ones to seize upon such parts only as they could tear off, not running the risk of allowing the law of gravitation to have its way either with the fish or with the baby eagles—mother-love manifest even in birds of prey!

The Emp explained to us that this eagle was trained to dive for a fish whenever a six-horse yellow coach appeared in sight.

At a turn in the road we saw a vegetable-garden of perhaps ten acres, enclosed by the high, natural, rocky walls of the mountain at the North and West. The garden was open at the East and South, getting the first warm rays of the sun.

A ditch had been built from half a mile up the river and there was a perpetual flow of water through the garden, controlled by a turning of the wrist. The coach slowed up long enough for us to see that this garden was the handiwork of a little company of Chinese. Across the gulch Reamer had built an artistic wooden bridge, after the Chinese fashion. He had also built a house for the Chinese, with ample living-rooms and places to store their implements.

This garden is an object-lesson in what skilful labor can do when it co-operates with water, sunshine, soil and Chinks.

The Yellowstone Park Hotel Company have seven hotels scattered throughout the Park, with facilities to feed three thousand people a day, and this wonderful garden practically takes care of the vegetable wants of this unique chain of hotels.

The Mammoth Hotel

FIVE miles from Gardiner is the Mammoth Hotel, and here we get our first glimpse of the gushing geysers. After the ride by rail, this little journey of five miles in the open stage is most refreshing.

The main hotel might have been at Gardiner, but some good psychologist said, no. To take people directly from the train to the hotel across the way is to lose a great opportunity. People getting off the train into the stage and riding up this marvelous highway are in a mood to appreciate sights, scenes and supper.

On a plateau, shut in on all sides by towering mountains, overlooking the Gardiner River, with the steam from the hot springs seen from your windows, a half-mile away, we experienced a sense of satisfaction unexpected. Here is a hotel, complete, roomy, satisfying in every appointment.

Quick-moving porters meet the stage and help the passengers alight, and take care of their luggage, and in half a minute you are ushered to your rooms. The telephone connecting Gardiner and the hotel has made everything easy for the clerk and the guest. You find yourself registered before you arrive, with rooms assigned just as pleasant as if you had personally made the selection. Here is hot water in unending plenty. Titus tells you it comes from the geysers. We are a little suspicious of Titus by this time, but in any event modern plumbing is ours.

The rooms are high, light, well ventilated, beautiful, and the baths are most luxurious and refreshing. You have just an hour to bathe, change your clothing, cultivate your toothbrush and look out upon the wonderful panorama of mountain, valley, gorge and meadow, with your field-glasses bringing up close a herd of buffalo five miles away, when the rubber-tired porter quietly tells you that dinner is ready.

The only thing I found on the bill of fare to complain of was the fact that it advertised "halibut." We ordered halibut on a fluke, and the waiter girl brought in a platter of rainbow trout, cooked to a luscious brown, gently sprinkled with watercress. These fish had been caught an hour before, just over the mesa, in the sparkling cold waters of the river.

The Emp said that if we would stay over the next day he would issue us a special permit to fish in the brook. This was so alluring that we

accepted the proposition and the permit was duly issued. We discovered a little later, however, that this permit is like the "driftwood contract" which we used to hear about. The fact is any one may fish in the Park who wishes to, provided the fish are not to be carried away or sold. And so we remained over a second day at the Mammoth Hotel.

One reason we remained was because Terese was anxious to investigate the secret of the well-lubricated organization which we saw manifest and symbolized first in that six-horse team; next in the faultless housekeeping of the hotel and the very satisfying service. The big man in the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company and the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company, which for business purposes is practically one, is Henry W. Child. With the aid of Detective Burns, we located this modest gentleman. Mr. Child is somewhere between twenty and fifty years of age. He looks like a boy, but talks like a man. He is a miner, an engineer, a railroad official, a hotelman, an organizer, a farmer, a stock-raiser, and he could be at the head of the U. S. Army, or could wisely act as Postmaster-General.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote of Benjamin Franklin: "I knew Doctor Franklin for a space of forty years, seeing him under every possible exigency, political, commercial and social. I never heard him speak more than ten minutes at a time, and then straight to the point, and about the matter in hand and nothing else."

This is H. W. Child. When he talks he says something. He is not in opposition to the geysers in the matter of gush.

"Stalking" Game

I NOTICED the stages were booked to start at 7:45 a.m., and I discovered that the first stage pulled out at 7:45 to the second, and the other stages followed at five-minute intervals until every passenger had embarked and the last stage had disappeared around the turn of the road.

These stages start on schedule and they arrive the same way. Before the stages start, every vehicle is oiled, examined and inspected exactly as railroad-trains are.

Every harness on every horse is looked over for flaws and faults. No sick horse or lame horse is allowed to go. Drivers are all spick, span, sober, safe, efficient men. They are horse engineers and gazabo guides in one.

That first day we laid out a program for ourselves by riding horseback up the "formation." ❧ ❧

Here at Mammoth Hot Springs we found acres of geyser formation, and saw the bubbling water come boiling out of the earth ❧ Then we rode on up the mesa, following a winding trail off the main road.

At one point a deer crossed our trail. We dismounted, cameras in hand, and approached the quarry. Then we walked on leading our horses down the trail to a point where we were told buffalo would be found, and we found them all right and used up quantities of good film ❧ ❧

Two miles more, through the meadow where the wild grass grew, by occasional gushing springs, through the cottonwoods, and past the pines, we came to the shelving shore of the River ❧ ❧

Here the waters seemed to stop for a space as if to rest before plunging on their journey to the sea.

Titus told us that the penalty for catching more than twenty fish was imprisonment for life. None of us exceeded the speed-limit, although every one was rewarded. To catch mountain-trout is an event. These fish run from a pound to four pounds in weight—"about the size of a Great Big Baked Potato," explained the Roman Emp, intent on doing a bit of quiet advertising.

We made a little bed of green rushes in a basket, packed in the fish, and made our way back to the hotel, arriving tired and hungry in time for lunch.

The sun had come out warm, and then hot. The thermometer at two o'clock marked eighty in the shade, which is only decently warm ❧ ❧

There was a quiet snooze after luncheon, and then we had to make a further tour a couple of miles away where we were told we could see elk. We found the place where the elk were supposed to be, but only tracks were visible. No elk were in sight. However, we had the walk and the climb, and as we traced our way back the sun was setting behind the mountains.

❧ Half a mile from the hotel, Terese made a noise like a militant suffragette, and twenty-five yards away we saw a black bear cub sitting up on its hind legs, paws in the air, looking at us. We all knew enough about bears to know that cubs do not go out alone

and investigate their environment according to the Montessori method.

We backed away and the cub went up a slender tree hand over hand, foot over foot, and the way he put his legs and arms around that tall pine-tree exhausted our sincere admiration. Up, up, up he went, disappearing into a tuft of foliage. And as we looked, suddenly we saw another bear cub going up after him. Cubs are trained by their muddereens to climb slender trees, trees that will not carry the weight of a big bear. Safety first! Such a sight in the vicinity of an Eastern buffet would have made us realize our condition, and we knew perfectly well there in the Yellowstone that we had seen two cubs exactly alike. We also knew better than to chase them. But we stood and looked and watched, and we saw the two cubs away up in that tree swinging and swaying as if they were trying to break it off. Then we sat down on a big flat rock and waited for the cubs to come down, and as we sat and waited we heard two grunts from a big black charred log that we had seen over in the bushes only a few yards away. It did not take us very long to discover that what we thought was a charred log was the mother of the athletic boy scouts.

Down came the cubs on signal from the mother bear. They did not come down hand over hand. There was nothing underhanded about their descent. They simply let Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation get in its fine work. They slid down the tree and brought the branches with them and struck the earth with a resounding whack, and the two cubs and the mother bear disappeared, swallowed by the deep, dark, protecting pines.

The Simple Life

TOWARDS dark a cold wind came blowing down from the mountains, and we shifted from linen coats to sweaters. A crackling blaze in the big fireplace at the hotel looked very attractive ❧ ❧

We dined sumptuously on brook-trout and delicious vegetables supplied by the industrious Chinese.

A good many of the tourists I noticed simply stayed over night at each hotel, making the entire tour of the Park in five days.

I would recommend, however, that every one who can possibly spare the time, stay at least two nights at each of the five principal hotels.

❧ There is much to see of interest to the

botanist, geologist and zoologist everywhere. These hotels are located with intent to be at a place where items of interest abound.

The warm sunshine in the middle of the day and the cool nights make sleep especially refreshing, and where one exercises all day in the open and sleeps at night, digestion follows on good appetite and health on both.

"The Great Outside World"

ONCE inside of the Park you begin to refer, when you speak of it at all, as "the great outside world."

Inside the Park you see no newspapers, talk no business, discuss no vexing problems.

At every hotel there are telephone service and telegraph facilities. You register at the Mammoth Hotel and from there telephone-operators always know where you are, but if you are wise you will just tell the operator to forget it, and lose yourself in the valleys, the woods and the mountains, and abandon yourself to Nature as you can nowhere else in America.

¶ After one busy day and two restful nights at Mammoth we started away at 8:30 a. m.—half an hour after the regular stages.

We had an old-fashioned stagecoach all to ourselves. We could have gone on the regular stages, but Colonel Child thought possibly we would want to loiter along the way at our own sweet will, and certainly he was right.

The Yellowstone Park Transportation Company owns a thousand horses, with two hundred fifty rigs, running from buckboards to stages that will carry thirty-six people. Anything you want, from saddle-horses to six-horse stages, is yours. The four-horse rig suited us all right. ¶ Our driver was Earl Bowman, evidently born in a sheep-wagon, an out-of-door man by prenatal tendency. He had carried mail horseback, on foot, on skis, on snowshoes, through this district at a time when tourists were a rarity.

And so we started away, bidding a fond farewell to the Mammoth Hotel. We felt that even if we had not gone beyond we would have been well repaid for the visit.

But before we started, Terese made a great discovery, and it was this: that the secret of the exquisite housekeeping, the dainty service, the thoughtful attention given to every guest at the Mammoth Hotel, was on account of the genius of Mrs. H. W. Child. As soon as we saw her we realized her high intelligence, her noble ideals, her far-reaching insight into

human needs, and we knew beyond cavil that the genius of Colonel Harry W. Child is largely in his wife's name. The gray mare is the better horse. Let it go at that!

And on that beautiful sunshiny morning, as Earl Bowman held his reins lightly over the backs of the bays, when Terese asked, "What is the finest thing we have seen since we came to the Park?" we all answered in chorus, "Mrs. Child!"

Next, was the eagle's nest, with the three little eagles being fed on trout by the mother eagle, the very eagle that might have been in the mind of the psalmist when he spoke of the eagle that beareth her young upon her wings.

¶ The third thing we voted on was the herd of antelope feeding in the friendly alfalfa. Next, were the great lumbering buffalo. Then came the cub bears, black as night, obeying the mother when she grunted twice as a signal to "beat it."

The Beavers

OUR argument was interrupted by Earl, who called our attention to a beaver-dam. There was a little stream running through a meadow that was perhaps a hundred yards wide, and the beavers had dammed up this stream until it was a lake. We saw where they had cut the trees, where they were making their homes out of the mud and rushes and twigs. We stopped and looked, and presently a boss beaver, perhaps the business agent, gave the word and a dozen beavers were out flopping with their tails and fetching mud and sticks. We imagined we heard one yell, "More mort!" Others were cutting trees, sawing them up into convenient lengths.

At sound of our wagon the beavers took a lay-off, but they soon got used to our presence and they were at it hard.

Titus told us that every beaver had a union-card and that the beavers worked in three shifts of eight hours each.

Five miles out we overtook a woman whom we had met the night before at the hotel. She was trudging along alone. She was a Swiss naturalist, age seventy-five, comparing the flora and fauna of Yellowstone Park with that of her own Swiss mountains. This woman had written several books on natural history, and there she was camping in the mountains with a younger woman, who was companion, servant and secretary in one.

The dear old Swiss lady, whose name I could

not pronounce, had walked seven miles down the mountain-trail in order to show Mrs. Child a specimen of a new and wonderful plant with a peculiar blue flower which she said had never been classified. She wanted to show Mrs. Child the specimen, so if it were really a new discovery the two women could then divide the honor fifty-fifty and make the shade of Linnaeus jealous—only this earnest Swiss woman did not introduce any levity or persiflage into the discovery. She was concentrated, focused, intent, almost as fine as Mrs. Child herself. The old lady had started away with her pack on her back, at seven o'clock, and when we overtook her she only consented to ride with us just a little way in order not to be discourteous.

Norris

WE stopped at Norris for lunch. Here is a little hotel operated by the Child chain of taverns. The woman in charge at Norris is Mrs. Cook, a housekeeper plus, who introduces personality into her work, and makes every guest feel that he is somebody—all this after the manner of the dining-car service on the Northern Pacific.

At Norris there are hundreds of geysers, and from here on for fifty miles the steam of these wonderful natural phenomena is never out of sight. At every mountain-gorge as far as you can see are the geysers. There may be thousands of these that have never been located or mapped. Some of these geysers are perpetual. There is a constant bubbling of the water. The heat is away above the boiling-point and we found no difficulty in boiling four-minute eggs.

The geysers bring up specimens of the strata in solution.

According to the Bunsen theory the water is boiled by a solid mass of lava or perpetual fire which is in the heart of the mountains, perhaps five thousand or ten thousand feet below the surface.

These geysers are situated at an altitude of from six thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea.

Yellowstone Lake, a wonderful body of water twenty miles across, is seven thousand seven hundred forty-one feet above sea-level. The waters of this lake, according to Bunsen, are distributed by underground passages throughout a great area. The water coming in contact with the molten mass of lava is changed into

steam. This steam collects in apertures and crevices until it explodes, and this explosion bursts through the surface and gives us the "spout."

The difference in periods of the flow and the extent of the explosion varies, of course, according to the amount of water and steam and the depth of the crevice. All of these things (pressure, depth, extent of water and steam) are incalculable. Thus is a mystery attached to the wonderful flow of the geysers. Science can never fully solve the semi-miracles which one sees here in the Yellowstone Park. In only two other places in the round world are hot-spring geysers known to the same extent as here. These are in New Zealand and in Iceland.

All matter can be reduced to three forms—gaseous, liquid or solid. The heat and the water of these geysers are transforming the rock, bringing it up to the surface in gaseous and liquid form and arranging it in the form of strata. Thus do we here see a world in the making.

There are mounds with bubbling centers of hot water, the entire surface for long distances being the result of solution and sedimentation.

There once was a time, Winchell, the great geologist, says, when the entire surface of the earth was covered with an eruption of geysers. Millions of centuries must have passed before encrustation and vegetation came about. Geologic time is largely problematic, but we can safely say that these geysers were here in the spot we call Yellowstone Park, practically as we see them now, when Rameses the Second ruled in Egypt, and civilization was centered on the Nile.

Here the geysers gushed periodically, and if there was a human ear to hear, then could have been heard the hiss of the steam and the loud explosion when the mud and silt was thrown high in the air, exactly as it is today, tirelessly, without fail.

"Old Faithful" every hour has sent his tons upon tons of hot water a hundred and fifty feet into the air, night and day, Winter and Summer, since Pericles built the city of Athens, four hundred fifty years before Christ.

Rome arose, reached her zenith, went into decline and died the death, and all the time the geysers in the Yellowstone gushed.

That night of a thousand years, called the Dark Ages, followed, but the geysers were

indifferent. They had work of their own to do. ¶ Geologic time can be approximated by the height of the needles, crowned with their eagles' nests, and by the depth of the sedimentation surrounding Old Faithful and the thousand other geysers.

These geysers are shifting their location from time to time. Thousands of geyser-craters are seen which are extinct. You can go into them and see how they died away a little at a time until sedimentation has covered over the aperture and the explosion of steam has broken out in another place.

Any one intent on studying geology at first hand can not afford to miss the Yellowstone Park. Weeks and months can be spent here. I found several parties who had come to the Park at the opening of the season, say June Fifteenth, and who were going to remain until the snows began to fall.

We met one man clothed in khaki and his right mind, who does business at storied Twenty-three Broad Street.

This man had come into the Park with his family in June. He made his headquarters at Old Faithful Inn. He had two guides hired for the season, with saddle-horses, a surrey and a stage all his own, for be it known that anything you want in the way of horseflesh and guides and rigs are yours if you intimate your desires to Papa Child.

This banker did not look like a Wall Street man. He had taken on the color of the guides and looked like a piece of the landscape. "What's going on in the outside world?" he asked, and we gave him a few pieces of information, slightly embellished, concerning important happenings that had occurred weeks before.

Then one afternoon we met a Brother Bill who had hired a driver with two horses and a buckboard. The fat man carried with him a steamer-trunk and had come into the Yellowstone for a month's rest and recreation. We speculated as to the cause of the gent's asceticism. Was it marital difficulty or financial strain?

Of course we did not interrogate the gent. He assured us that being alone he was in good company and he looked as if he was getting acquainted with himself. He had hired a guide who was deaf and dumb. We wished him much joy in his buckboard, and in his strictly buck method of enjoying life.

The Elk

THIS brings me up to a most interesting sight. We had heard about the great number of elk that are in the Yellowstone Park and had heard also accounts of the deep snows that occurred last Winter and the starving elk. We had been in the Park nearly a week before we saw an elk. Tracks had been plentiful, but Brother Bill Himself was scarce.

We left the hotel at five o'clock one morning. The air was cold and crisp. A touch of frost was seen on the little lakes as we passed. We could see the sunshine gilding the tall tops of the pines on the mountainside, an hour before Old Sol was visible. In order to keep warm, we were walking.

A whistle from Earl Bowman attracted our attention, and he pointed with his whip down the valley to the left. There were ten elk quietly feeding. The cameras were quickly unlimbered and we spread out in battle formation toward our prey.

We approached within a hundred yards of the elk and then we did not cause them any panic. There were a buck, three does and six fawns—the fawns about half-grown. Evidently each doe had twins.

Titus, who is himself an Elk, explained to us that the elks are polygamists. This is a somewhat embarrassing fact in natural history, but I give it because truth is my stronghold. I was somewhat shocked at the information given by Titus about the habits of the elk, but I suppose I will recover in time.

So there they were—those ten beautiful elk! We approached closer. The Boss Bill gave a little snort of his own and his family ran on ahead of him. He followed behind, turning now and then to look at us. He did not show any desire to fight—neither was he afraid. He was simply willing to get along without our company.

We got several fine snaps of the Exalted Ruler, including two very good pictures of the Ladies Auxiliary and the Junior Order.

After that up near Mount Washburn we saw a herd of several hundred elk, and if we had wished we could have picked up a wagonload of horns cast off by Brother Bill in order that he may grow a new pair that was better.

Last year there was a splendid growth of grass in the valleys throughout Yellowstone Park, so there is little danger of feed being scarce this year, no matter how deep the snow.

In the Summer the elk divide up into families, groups and occasionally pairs, but in the Winter they all get together in two great herds, one called the South herd, the other the North ❧ ❧

Colonel Brett, who is in military charge of the Park, told me that a close count of the North herd revealed about thirty-five thousand animals, and the South herd about seventeen thousand ❧ ❧

The many accounts a year ago of the starvation of the elk in Yellowstone were greatly exaggerated. These accounts all came from an enterprising photographer, who made his way into the Park on snowshoes and took a good many pictures. These pictures show the elk deep in the snow, many of them digging for grass. The depth of the snow, the vast white stretches, and the multiplicity of the elk naturally lead one who does not know the habits of this beautiful animal to imagine that they are going to be starved to death.

The fact is that the elk is a wonderfully wise animal. He knows how to take care of himself. Also he knows how to work for other elk. In numbers the elk find safety, and they will dig down, paw up the snow and find sustenance for one another. If worse comes to worst they can always feed on the cottonwoods, willows and aspens, which grow plentifully.

The natural food of the elk, of course, is grass, but there is very little danger of starvation, and the elk is proof against cold weather ❧ These valleys, where the grass grows from a foot to three feet high, are all surrounded by dense masses of woods, where the pine, hemlock and spruce grow tall and thick. In these mazes of trees the elk find protection and they trample down the snow under the trees and get the most complete protection from the weather, no matter how severe.

The elk, however, multiply rapidly. No shooting is allowed in the Park, but the elk discover that there are haystacks and fine mounds of alfalfa in the district all around the park and the animals make excursions outside, it being found much pleasanter to munch on a haystack than to dig up the grass for themselves. Last Winter hundreds of elk came down out of the Park to Gardiner and the valley beyond, and were killed by the farmers, and this helped give rise to the talk about starvation of the animals ❧ ❧

Our driver, Earl Bowman, told us that he was

once driving a six-horse team loaded with baled alfalfa up into the mountains. His vehicle was a sled. He was followed by a herd of several hundred elk and he dropped off a few bales of the hay just to see the animals scramble for it.

It is feared that the ranchmen at various points around the Park have been in the habit of feeding the elk, thus coaxing them out of the Park and shooting them under the pretense that the animals were marauders.

How to deal with this vast number of elk that are in the Park is a question that will have to be taken up by naturalists and disposed of on a scientific basis some day. If left unmolested the elk are bound to increase in Malthusian manner until they overrun the country round about and are killed off, or they can be lured out of the Park in the Winter by feeding them and new herds formed in different parts of the country ❧ ❧

As we saw them in the Park they were wonderfully sleek, healthy, happy and beautiful animals. The raising of elk as a business is well worth serious consideration.

The Bear Dump

AS for the bear Colonel Brett informed us that he could not make any estimate on the number that there are, for the reason that bears play the game alone. You do not get them together so as to count them, but in the dusty roads we saw their tracks, and around the springs the marks of their coming and going are plentiful.

At every hotel there is a place called "the bear dump." Here the garbage from the hotel is carried usually at a certain time, say at five or six o'clock in the evening.

The bear dump used to be up close behind the hotel, but now in most places it has been removed fully half a mile away, this on account of the fact that a bear has no recognition of the rights of property. He is an attorney by nature. He levies on anything he wants and finds excuse for carrying it off. Meum and tuum are not in his lexicon.

One of the boys at the Fountain Inn was delegated to carry the garbage away in barrels on a two-wheeled cart every afternoon. This boy found that by scattering garbage along the road the bears would come out to meet him.

❧ He would also occasionally stop and make friends with them by throwing them morsels out of the barrels. Bears have temperament. No

two are alike in disposition. Some are friendly—others are suspicious. Some are selfish, grasping, unreasonable and of a Bill Kaiser disposition. This boy allowed some of the bears to climb up on the cart and help themselves out of the barrel. One day he allowed the wrong bear to climb up. The bear just reached for him once. It was the boy's fault of course and he passed in his resignation to the Hotel Company on being requested to do so. The next man who drove that cart carried a blacksnake whip; and one day when a couple of young grizzlies insisted on climbing up on the cart, he just stung them with his whip, jumped off the cart and chased them a quarter of a mile, giving each bear, according to the Delaware custom, forty lashes, with a few extra for good measure.

After that, the bears evidently passed the word along, "Whip behind!"

Strict orders are given never to feed bears at any place except the bear dump.

At the Thumb Hotel we saw one bear known as Joe, who has become a part of the family. He sleeps under the hotel, and is fed out of the kitchen exactly as we feed a Newfoundland dog. The proprietor has had to put up a screen-door, not to keep out the flies, but to keep out Mistah Beah.

One day Joe found the door ajar, and came into the kitchen, generally stacked the place and helped himself to everything in sight. When one of the girls came in, she seized a broom and went for Joe. Joe not being able to get out of the door went out of the window, taking the sash with him. There is only one thing that Joe is afraid of and that is a cat with kittens. Old Tabby over at the Thumb Hotel makes Joe get up and hike. He weighs about six hundred pounds, and is in sore need of a little training by Billy Muldoon.

All visitors in the Park are warned never to feed bears out of the hand, and to keep at least twenty-five yards away, for a bear, no matter how friendly, is apt to be careless. He is ambidextrous and has hands for feet. Also, he is in much need of manicuring.

Bad Bears

THE Government does not allow any one to kill bears unless in "self-defense." The term self-defense, however, is an elastic one, and exactly what justice is when a bear is involved the supreme court has not yet determined. But the rule of reason applies.

There are bad bears as well as bad men. A bad bear is one given to the burglar habit.

Grizzlies have a sense of honor and keep their distance. They will feed at the dumping-ground, but they never come up around the hotel and look over the register.

Occasionally there is a black bear that will locate the commissary. He will claw the door to pieces, rip off shutters and take his own wherever he finds it. In cases of this kind the soldiers are notified and they await Mr. Bear at a convenient shooting distance. A bad bear is shot first and tried afterward. This is the way they court-martial him.

The other way to get rid of a bad bear is to put some meat in an iron cage, attach a rope to a trapdoor and wait until Mr. Bear goes for the meat and then drop the door. All you have to do after that is to put on an express-tag and ship the bear to Chicago, New York or East Aurora, wherever he is needed for zoological purposes.

I am told that several hundred bears are shipped out of the Park every year in this way.

¶ We stood about a hundred feet from the bear dump at the Old Faithful Inn, and watched six full-grown black bears and two cubs investigating the pure-food labels on the tin cans. A bear will take a tin can in his paws, stand up and pour the contents down his gobbler.

These bears were perfectly oblivious to our presence, not realizing for a moment that there were distinguished people in the party. All at once every bear lifted up his head, sniffed, stood perfectly silent—and then beat it for cover. The two little bears went to the trees as if a summons-server was after them.

We could not imagine what the trouble was, when all at once out of the thicket emerged three grizzlies. The grizzlies are the boss of the dump. They are a little slow in getting around, but when they arrive the black bears find it convenient to keep previous engagements.

A bear will always get out of the way for a man, unless the man happens to be between a she-bear and her cubs. Then the man may get into difficulty, but with reasonable care there is no more danger in Yellowstone Park from the bears than from horses.

There is no place in the United States where bears can be seen in their native heath as in the Yellowstone. Here there are black bears, cinnamon bears, silvertips. In fact, if one wants

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

to study zoology in America he is obliged to go to the Yellowstone. We saw bears, buffalo, beavers, antelope, deer, elk, mountain-sheep, vast flocks of wild ducks, wild geese, unafraid. The geese honk-honked at us as we passed by.

¶ Then there were cranes and numerous pelicans, concerning which poets write poetry.

¶ Rabbits, grouse and squirrels of a great number of varieties are plentiful. We saw great numbers of marmots, which Earl, our driver, insisted on calling "sausages." When we asked him for the reason he explained to us that they were "ground hogs."

And we promptly threw him into the lake. Naturally, the Emp fastened on me the title of "Old Faithful," because I spouted at regular intervals. Later my name was changed to "Old Silvertip," because I loosened up a little for the boys who rendered us special services.

Earl was an artist with the frying-pan. As for fishing you will find fish anywhere you want to spit on your bait and cast a fly. We carried always a goodly slab of bacon, a bag of corn-meal and a few cans of coffee. This outfit, with fresh trout, could always keep starvation at bay. When worse came to worst there was a first-class hotel a few miles away.

Before and After

WE entered the Park tired, wan and worn. ¶ We came out of it buoyant in mind, tanned like sailors, rested, refreshed, ready for any task. Jumbo had lost twenty-three pounds; Terese had gained twelve.

The Infant Prodigy had held her own, but mentally was ballasted with facts and figures enough for theses wherewith to secure a B. A. and a coveted Ph. D. and an A. M.

We had laughed, romped, eaten, slept, walked, talked, climbed and waded for ten glorious days. ¶ At Gardiner we could pick out those just going into the Park from those coming out. The former were pale and weary, the latter bronzed, rejuvenated, refreshed.

Of the hotels in the Park, every one who enjoys them ever after reaches for his superlative adjectives when they are mentioned. These hotels are satisfying and complete. The baths were always a delight after our rides and walks, and the table service was as fine as you can get at the Biltmore in New York.

¶ And the prices? Bless your soul, both the hotel rates and the stage tariffs are fixed by the Government. You know beforehand what

you will have to pay, and the charges are very reasonable.

As for the trip itself, it is as easy or as strenuous as you care to make it. When Jumbo and the Emp insisted on walking from the Lake to the Canyon Hotel, seventeen miles, they got on their knees and kissed each milepost after the tenth.

We met a bride and groom from Chicago, whom I happened to know, who had hired a surrey from Brother Child, and insisted on white horses. And Brother Child, remembering the days of his youth, accommodated them, and also supplied a driver with red hair.

If an invalid can sit up and take nourishment on a Pullman he need not fear a trip through Yellowstone Park. You can travel little or much, following your own sweet will.

Nature's Playground

MANY people think of the Yellowstone Park as a region of forbidding rocks, wild, weird and dangerous. The fact is, it is mostly a wooded section for miles and miles. The roadway leads through tall, somber pines and aisles of evergreen. Then you will come to a great open meadow, smooth as a floor, that looks as if it might have been tilled and planted with grass-seed by the hand of man. In these open meadows the deer, antelope and elk graze undisturbed. Passing through the meadow you will again strike the wooded country.

Beautiful camping-grounds are found every few miles. A good camping-ground simply means a place where water is easy of access for your horses and folks and where there is plenty of grass for your animals.

We saw numerous campers who had come in their wagons for hundreds of miles from North, South, East and West to get a little taste of this life of the olden time.

The Days That Were

IN the Park no automobiles are allowed. This is wise and well, because it preserves for us a day that is gone—the day of the stagecoach. Here we learn by comparison, and our imagination is quickened so that we can see the way our forefathers lived, traveled, worked, enjoyed. We also see the dangers our ancestors endured—without the danger.

We do not seek to destroy the wild animals, and hence they have become practically without fear. You can approach a drove of antelope or elk as closely as you can get to a herd of cattle and with no more risk.

Wolves, coyotes and mountain-lions are killed on sight, for the reason that they are a menace to the other animals and might also be a danger to man.

The Care of the Park

THIS Park was taken over by Act of Congress in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two. It has been visited by every President since that time, except Cleveland and President Wilson. It is a playground for the people. It is OUR property. There is something delightfully democratic about it.

The soldiers are out of sight, and their authority is seldom in evidence. We met Colonel Brett, and found him a delightful, intelligent gentleman. In build he is slight. He is agile, able, and a most useful public servant, and his spirit animates the men under him. The chief use of the soldiers here is to be on the lookout for forest fires. On one occasion when we met the Colonel he had been out fighting a fire with his own hands and had succeeded in subduing it. No fire of any extent has occurred here in ten years, thanks to the vigilance of the soldiers and rangers.

We also had the pleasure of traveling away with the Honorable Mark Daniels, who is United States Superintendent of all Federal parks and reserves in the United States. Mr. Daniels was born in Michigan, but now calls San Francisco his home. He is a young man, scarcely turned thirty, college-bred, scientific in his bent, devoted to his tasks, proud, and justly so, of his work.

Congress is not as liberal in appropriations for park purposes as it should be.

Nevertheless, we found all of the chief roads throughout the Park sprinkled daily. Dangerous curves are being taken care of in a way to avoid possible accidents.

The bridges are in good repair, and we noticed that all wooden culverts and bridges are being replaced with steel and concrete.

The last bridges built are the best, showing the progress in engineering science.

The United States engineers in the Yellowstone Park are doing a good work, with a minimum of expense to the Government. I would like to see a Bureau or Department of Public-Park Service. Each park now is in charge of a Superintendent, but it is run separate and apart from any general park system. The military charge of parks rose out of the fact that there were forts there. They

have never been abandoned. While the military authorities in Yellowstone Park are doing good service, yet probably it is only a question of a little time before the soldiers will be replaced by forest-rangers. Soldiers at thirteen dollars a month can not be expected to be the vigilant, intelligent, all-round caretakers that a Government ranger would be.

The ranger is paid a hundred dollars a month, and is worth the money. His service covers nights, days and Sundays. He not only knows forestry and the habits of birds, animals and fish, but he knows humanity, and is an adept in domestic science if needs be. He is a horse-man, a humanitarian, an engineer. He is the ideal boy scout, lifted to the n th power.

Mark Daniels is doing a splendid good work, and he will do a better work when Congress becomes alive to what the Federal Park possibilities are.

The Yellowstone Park is under the immediate supervision of the Department of the Interior. This Department, as we all know, is at present in charge of the Honorable Franklin K. Lane.

Secretary Lane is personally alive to the interests of all of the people.

I was going to say that he is the best all-round man in the President's Cabinet, but it would hardly do to say this, for fear of starting something.

Lane is a lawyer, but happily he does not work at the business all of the time. The people of this country owe Franklin K. Lane a great debt of gratitude for the splendid service he is rendering in the Department of the Interior. This Department deals more directly with the people than any other, save the Post-Office alone. The Department of the Interior comes in touch with the homesteaders, and this of course means the farmers, the stock-raisers, the ranchmen, the foresters.

It is the business of the Department of the Interior to intelligently preserve, conserve, protect, and wisely and kindly encourage. The records upon which turn the property-rights of many million homes are too important to be lightly considered.

Then come these great playgrounds, which are the property of all the people, and in their care and preservation is reposed the happiness of a vast number of our citizens.

To Secretary Lane, and the able little army of men who work directly under him, we owe a great debt of gratitude.

What He's Tired of

By Clarence W. Barron



O the many stock-phrases in current use, a certain type of dramatic purveyors have of late years added the catchword of "the tired businessman," though, truth to tell, the businessman of any sense could only be made more weary by the inanities proffered his supposed desire for relaxation. Just now, especially, should these lack in appeal. For he is not now physically or mentally fatigued; instead, he is utterly tired of a condition that quite prevents his becoming so.

In short, instead of being the "tired businessman," he is rather the "tired-business man."

Why business should be tired in this country, apart and beyond the degree of lassitude universal round the world because of world conditions such as militarism, governmental costs, undue fixation of capital, etc., etc., can be expressed, without need of much definition, in the single word, "politics." For the demagogic type of politician, business in general has been a rich pocket of pay ore. Rich as it was in the beginning, he has overcapitalized it for his purpose far more than did, for their purposes, the magnates whose cardinal sin he has declared to be overcapitalization. He has ignored alike the gradual change and correction of business codes, and all the economic ramifications that follow, through all strata of earning and consuming classes, from punishing business merely for punishment's sake.

It is a lingering obsession, this peculiarly vindictive and hostile attitude toward what, after all, is the main concern of a nation—its productive business. It resembles national harakiri. It is to be feared, also, that in some part it tinctures the attitude of our national lawmakers toward corporate regulation, aside from the desire for "a constitution of peace" and a defining of the twilight zone.

Fair Play

BUT there is some encouragement in two directions. The meek victim is beginning to turn; also, the popularity of the former treatment accorded it is beginning to become politically doubtful.

Following with even greater vigor the lead of other kindred bodies, the National Association of Manufacturers has adopted resolutions which, in addition to making clearer the fact that there is no real call for trust legislation now, lodged the following sharp remonstrance on the general subject: "Hostility to business must stop. With profound anxiety we observe prevailing industrial and commercial depression. We witness with amazement hostility toward established and legitimate business from many sources—journalistic, legislative and even administrative—but we fail to detect any concerted and affirmative efforts to resuscitate business vitality."

Banking Superintendent Richards of New York, in declaring that the age is suffering from a chronic epidemic of shams, asserts it is "high time the real men of city and State took an active interest in public affairs, in practical but clean politics"—even though, of late, when he has tried to lay the benefit of his knowledge and the gist of his desires before power in office, he has not had a happy reception.

The British "coal king," D. A. Thomas, has discerningly noted that, while Parliament has been socially quite as radical as Congress, if not much more so, it yet has had the restraining intelligence not, as we have done or let be done, to make politics fly in the face of economics to the extent of wantonly crippling the business power of the country.

Under such conditions, it is now encouraging to read this current observation from Judge Gary: "As I read the signs of the times, there is a well-developed sentiment throughout this country in favor of giving big business a fair chance. The man in office and the candidate who will have the disposition and courage to declare that it is fair for the people to realize that there can be no real happiness and prosperity except on basis of material growth, is the man who will receive the support of the people, and we shall see more and more of that kind of man."

And the biggest influence that is apt to accelerate this consummation is precisely the present state of business. The jobless are proverbially apt to vote "agin the government." Herein lies the greatest hope and chance for "tired business."

Don't make promises—make good!

Ethics of Business

By Isaac Schnewind



WITH the rapid mode of transportation, with the advanced system of communication, with the improved methods of manufacture, with the many labor-saving inventions, business is making head.

By keeping pace with the scientific achievements of the times, business has demonstrated that it is not a theory. It is a reality built upon efficiency, intelligence and enthusiasm.

¶ In former years, the young man who was not fitted for a profession was usually placed in business. Today this has changed, for this is an age of method and concentrated energy. And unless he is especially trained for the work, he is doomed to disappointment and failure. He must know one thing and know it absolutely, if he is to meet with material success and commercial supremacy. He must have the faculty of concentration. He must give prompt, active and constant service. He must handle his day's complex work on a schedule as exact as a railroad time-table. Enthusiasm and Initiative are essential to success. Initiative requires alertness and originality. It is creative and constructive. Enthusiasm is the inspiration, the force, the propelling motor that pumps life into every successful business.

Business must have facts instead of fiction, figures instead of guesses, information instead of experiments, results instead of speculations. Big business is run and financed upon positive information, by detailed records, by charts and statistics. It is governed entirely from tabulated sheets; its judgments are formed by the rule of percentage; its opinions are based upon figures and facts; operations are planned by units and volumes. Commercial leaders think and act in dollars and cents. Nothing is left to luck or chance.

The most successful careers are those that are shaped by their own hands, that are run on conservative lines, and maintained by cautious and prudent principles. This is the method most highly regarded by the business world today. Business can not be negative. It must be either a success or a failure.

All of us are more or less dependent upon our neighbors for existence. In the beginning men with rudely formed weapons issued from their caves to kill the wild beasts of the forest. These were to supply them with food and clothing. But as time went on, certain people were able to kill more than others, while some became more proficient in curing skins and pelts. Thus exchange became necessary, and trade was born.

Interdependency

TODAY it is not possible for a nation or even an individual to be independent, because the materials from which the necessities of life are made, come from widely separated sections and countries. Hence came the necessity of Railroads and Steamships. These are the agencies of Commerce. Through these channels we secure food, clothing and shelter. These are the primal wants of man. As civilization advances, nations become more and more dependent upon one another. Consequently, commerce becomes one of the greatest factors in modern business.

The one great curse of business is overproduction. The tendencies are to push business to its utmost limit and then try to find a market for the increased production. Manufacturers have gone on expanding until the markets have become overstocked. Then comes the unloading—the bottom falls out, and the crash is heard in all parts of the industrial world. Long ago businessmen recognized that the world is a large community, and causes and effects in one country will find their reflex in all others. Thus we see that those who till the soil find that the price of their product is fixed in the world markets.

Organization

THE tendency of modern business is towards organization and economy. In hundreds of industries the profits of today are wrung from the waste and the refuse of former days.

¶ Business to be successful must have normal profits. Continuous sacrificing of profits ultimately means failure. When the supply and demand are equalized, then business will be done at a profit. The safe and sound method shows that decreased business with normal profits is better than increased business with no profits. The foreigner realizes this. He first looks to profit. If he can not obtain it in one market he seeks it in another. This is the chief reason why English and German manufac-

turers have done business in every market of the world. But most of our concerns go on wondering and blundering.

Competition, which is the desire to excel, is universal. In every sphere of human activity, competition is essential for securing the best results. Formerly competition was the life of trade—today competition is the death of trade. Competition solely of price and not quality is "cut-throat" competition. But in the public mind the fierce price competition is still the basis of industrial progress.

In many branches of trade it has been war to the knife, until some of the biggest and strongest concerns have fallen by the wayside. By unfair competition an irreparable damage is done to the textile industry, by the so-called "world-beaters." This is an article sold so cheaply that no competitor is supposed to meet the price. But this very act forces other houses to make unwarranted concessions, and in the end shows a loss to all concerned. When competition forces the price below the cost of production, it becomes destructive. Competition became fatal when machines were invented whereby production exceeded the immediate demand. We need look only into the large number of retirements from business to understand what such competition means.

Co-operative Competition

BUSINESS transactions should be profitable to both buyer and seller. And this condition would exist if we cease this unfair competition which prevails in America.

Co-operative competition should be the motto of every businessman. Co-operation on the "live and let live" plan will be the sensible policy of the future. Foolish men compete—wise men co-operate.

To be successful one must be his own chemist and analyze his own case. He must eliminate negative factors; he must sift, sort and strengthen his men and methods. For when business dies the nations perish. Greece started her downward course when she began giving her subjects something for nothing. A pension was devised for every citizen, but the nation became bankrupt. Rome had the same policy. She gave free shows, free entertainments and finally free bread. Then Rome fell.

¶ "Profit-sharing limited to the sharing of profits of successful years, without any responsibilities for the losses of unsuccessful years, is certainly unfair." The system that couples

responsibilities with liabilities is more equitable. Unrest in industry is worldwide and is caused by a desire for better conditions. The progressive man constantly works for human betterment. He is always building, extending, improving. Unrest is the sign of progress. Better food, better health, better clothing, better housing and better education is the cry of civilization.

Plato says, "The origin of wars is the pursuit of wealth, and we are forced to pursue wealth because we live in slavery of what wealth buys." Money is only the measure of power. Money for its own sake is not worth the struggle. When money minimizes brains, when it makes men feel that they can buy their way through, when money is the beginning and end of everything, then it nullifies the human element, and sooner or later the stoutest ship must go under.

With unlimited means at his command, the once great mercantile craft of Clafin floundered. With millions at their disposal, with credit unbounded, the New Haven failed because its management was dishonest and incapable. It was dominated by unscrupulous and unprincipled men, men who did not realize nor understand the ethics of modern business. No business long remains bigger than the man who runs it.

More men rust out than wear out.

Master Builders

BY his ability, fidelity and training, one of the greatest merchants of modern times rose from a minor position to the highest rank in the mercantile world. It was neither by favoritism nor by luck, but by sheer force of efficiency, and the business founded by Marshall Field keeps on growing because it has at its head John G. Shedd.

Henry Ford, whose marvelous and wonderful success astonishes the world, is a self-made man. In less than ten years he succeeded where others failed. He eliminated the waste of manufacture, and by his keenness and knowledge brought his product within the reach of the buying public.

Elbert H. Gary, the head of the Steel Trust, took the various bankrupt iron-mills of the country, and through his personality and daring merged them into one huge, gigantic institution. From a chaotic condition he placed them on a solid and profitable basis. Through combination and concentration he

eliminated waste and achieved success. Benjamin Altman won renown and success in a far different way. From an unpretentious beginning and by his own efforts, he founded the greatest retail drygoods establishment in the world. Quality and Integrity were his foundation-stones, and today his store stands as a monument of his sterling qualities. This in its entirety was given to his employees—a gift of more than forty million dollars.

These men stand out in the mercantile world like Horace Greeley, like James Gordon Bennett, like Charles Anderson Dana, and like Joseph Pulitzer of journalistic fame. They stand out in the commercial firmament like Cyrus H. McCormick, Alexander Graham Bell, George Westinghouse, Junior, and Thomas A. Edison, the immortal inventors of the age. They stand out on the industrial horizon like Wendell Phillips, Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry A. Grady, and like William Jennings Bryan, the oratorical wonders of our times.

All these men were "Master Builders"—men with wide visions, men with noble intellects, men with high aspirations, men with enthusiasm. What these men accomplished, many more could accomplish, provided they put forth the same effort—the same study—the same daring—the same iron nerve and ruthless concentration.

These are the "Master Builders" of this commercial age—"Master Builders" because they had Personality, Character, Learning, Enthusiasm, Initiative and Efficiency. These attributes are the concrete foundations on which every business success and every business supremacy is builded and established.

The most precious possession in life is good health. Eat moderately, breathe deeply, exercise outdoors and get eight hours' sleep. And cultivate courtesy as a business asset.

THE expenditure of fifty million dollars in order to make an appraisal of railroad values is an expenditure in the line of pork-barrels that makes former efforts in this particular line look very small. No one will be the gainer by this investment save the men who make the inventory. By the time the inventory is complete it will be out of date.—*Louis Guenther, Business Expert, and Editor of "The Financial World."*

The Real "Superman"

By Percy M. Dawson



IFE is knowledge and sympathy, and he who attains these in greatest measure is the superman, the symmetrical man, as Phillips Brooks would say, the man of perfect physique, perfect mentality, perfect morality. Let me describe him as portrayed by others, and first the physical superman or rather superwoman:

"They are tanned in the face by shining suns and blowing winds. Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength.

"They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist and defend themselves.

"They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well possessed of themselves."

And next the intellectual superman, him whose mind is "as a Mirror or Glass, capable of the Image of the universal world, and as joyful to receive the Impressions thereof, as the Eye joyeth to receive Light; and not only delighted in the beholding the variety of things, and the vicissitudes of times, but raised also to find out and discern the inviolable Laws and infallible Decrees of Nature." And lastly the moral superman:

"Behold, my servant, whom I uphold:
My chosen in whom my soul delights;
I have put my spirit upon him,
He will set forth the law to the nations.
A cracked reed he will not break,
And a dimly burning wick he will not quench.
Faithfully he will set forth the law;
He will not burn dimly nor be crushed in spirit,
Till he have set the law in the earth,
And for his instruction the far countries wait."

This, then, is the ideal man, the embodiment of all that is splendid in Greek art, of all that is profound in modern learning, and of all that is sublime in Hebrew ethics. This is the superman.

People who give you something for nothing, usually equalize the matter by expecting something for nothing in return.

Genius and Penance

By G. Vere Tyler



APPARENTLY geniuses are advanced spirits doing penance on earth. They are, it seems, appointed by God to perform exaggerated Herculean tasks that benefit the rest of humanity. Certain it is that they are slaves to an invisible power that drives them on. Having been assigned a task, they are kept at it like galley slaves. In many instances, a genius is not even permitted to look forward to pay, for the time fixed for reward, if there is to be earthly reward, is decided for him by the invisible power that assigned the task.

Having succeeded in pleasing—once the world, in fact, has recognized the genius, and paid for his services—the whip-lash is from without as well as from within. He must go on working to supply the demand he has created. He can never shirk his duty, like lesser men, while another performs his task, for no other can. He is an instrument that must be kept in tune at the sacrifice of self.

The Lash of Necessity

OTHERS may fling themselves upon the sea of pleasure, live to excess, "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die," but the genius has labor to perform for the hour, and tomorrow he is destined, through his work, to live. Even a crippled animal is relieved from work and cared for. Not so the genius. He must go on working, no matter how tortured—some even on their deathbeds, like Robert Louis Stevenson and Mozart.

Apart from continuous, nerve-racking, oft-times exhausting, labor, the majority of geniuses are forced to endure both mental and physical suffering. It is only necessary to cite a few instances:

Milton, at the most interesting period in his career, became blind, and had to dictate his work.

Beethoven, at the zenith of his power, became deaf, so he could not hear his own music.

Poverty and Affliction

WAGNER had to undergo biting, humiliating poverty for many a day, later had Minna as a daily torment, and was only

allowed to escape her at intervals to perform his great service for the world.

Byron, with godlike beauty of face and inordinate sensitiveness, had to carry everywhere with him a clubfoot.

Nietzsche lived with the full consciousness that he would go mad—and he did!

Cleopatra was abandoned, and sought refuge from suffering in a self-inflicted death.

Napoleon spent seven years chained up like a mad dog on a desolate island.

Julius Cæsar was murdered, and expressed the anguish of his life in his words, "Et tu, Brute!"

Defamation and Death

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was assassinated in the most blood-curdling and theatric manner that supreme power could conceive. Zola suffered the pangs of hunger, was denied legitimate recognition, and suffocated.

Walt Whitman was ordained to perform laborious and nauseating work in hospitals, and spent his later years as a hopeless paralytic.

¶ Marcus Aurelius had to sit patiently by and witness the love-affairs of his wife.

Chatterton was condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger, and died of starvation.

Marie Bashkirtseff never knew a peaceful hour, and died in the horrible consciousness of mad effort unfulfilled.

Joan of Arc was burned alive.

The Cross of Convention

TOLSTOY, born a nobleman, was ordained to live the life of a peasant.

Browning, with his sensitive nature, was burdened with the care of an invalid and made to worship at her shrine.

George Eliot was forced to outrage society and do her work like a condemned criminal.

Edgar Allan Poe was ordained to make a beast of himself through drink, and lie about the streets in unavoidable despair and self-contempt.

The greatest genius the world ever knew was nailed to the cross.

The Compensation of Genius

THERE is one compensation for geniuses. They are in the service of God, and are allowed glimpses of heaven not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals. They commune with God, and, while the labor performed is for the benefit of man, no man can dictate to them.

Any man who has a job has a chance!

The College Man and Politics

By Henry F. Hollis

U. S. Senator from New Hampshire



WAS graduated at Harvard in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two. I believe I am the first Harvard man of radical views to occupy a seat in the Senate.

I do not fairly represent Harvard College in the Senate of the United States. I am quite sure that Harvard College is not representative of the United States, nor of New England. She is too conservative, too hidebound. She lags behind the times. In the Middle West the bond between some States and their leading universities is very close. The State Legislatures submit questions of public policy to the college faculties, and receive opinions which largely control their action. This is particularly the case in Wisconsin.

Imagine, if you please, the Legislature of Massachusetts requesting an opinion from the faculty of Harvard College. Imagine the reception it would get on Beacon Hill, if it should find its way there.

It is a great pity that the political arm of our State and National governments should not receive support from our colleges. Our leading college professors look on politics as a low pursuit, a nasty business. Our leading legislators regard college opinion as a joke. Both these attitudes are very real; they are equally mistaken.

There are many brave, patriotic men among the hosts of brainy, upright professors on our college faculties. There are many brave, patriotic men among the Senators of the United States. But the college men regard most politicians as corrupt and insincere, while the politicians regard college professors as impractical theorists. Worse than this, they believe that all college views are tainted by the great sums of money which have been bestowed by men of great wealth.

The Upper Crust

COLLEGE professors are notoriously ill-paid. They must live respectably; they must associate with people of culture and refinement; they must educate their children at expensive schools and colleges. They can

not save enough to become independent; they are dependent for their very living on the governing board of the college, and the governing board must satisfy the rich men who make princely donations to the college. The belief is prevalent among public men in Washington that every Eastern college is eating from the hand that has robbed the pockets of the people. Until this belief is dissipated, Congress will have little faith in our colleges or in college men.

A college at best will act the part of an old man, a conservative old man, in politics. Worse than that, it will act the part of an old *society* man in politics; it is likely to be snobbish, supercilious and over-nice.

We know that the young man is the progressive spirit, the radical in politics. As he gets older he becomes conservative, his political arteries harden, he slows down. Not until he becomes too old for radical action does he become important enough to enter the faculty. The dominant note, then, in college circles is the note of the old man, the man of influence, the conservative.

And among the students, where youth is, we find the chill of convention, the rule of the social lion. The man in the baggy suit, with the country haircut, stays in the background during his college course; he feels that he has nothing in common with the rich young blade who cuts a dash with his automobile or riding-horse; he sticks to his books, gets what good he can from his college course, leaves no impress on the college constitution, and does not return for commencement.

The result is that our colleges represent a very thin upper crust of our great American life. They are always respectable, always conservative, always reactionary. That is why rich men, who find things rigged about right for their money-making operations, are glad to contribute to the colleges. The colleges are the greatest deadweight the capitalists can fasten upon the necks of the American people. The standpatter is conservative; wealth is conservative; the college is conservative. They are all in the same boat.

Entangling Alliances

BUT I refuse to admit that colleges are incorrigible. I refuse to admit that they are beyond salvation. I would begin the reform by declining gifts from men of great wealth. If new buildings are needed I would call on

the alumni for contributions, limiting the amount to be subscribed by a single donor. I would increase the income by increasing the tuition-fee. An education achieved at some sacrifice is more valuable than one acquired through charity.

College life should be made less expensive, more simple; it should be standardized. Every man should be compelled to live simply, and to take part in military drill once a week. Automobiles and other forms of show should be prohibited. It is not good for a man to have everything in life before he is fairly grown.

Class elections should be by Australian ballot, preceded by primaries, and only men of high scholarship should be eligible to office. Every effort should be made to promote a democratic spirit and to crush out snobbishness. I should impose a limit on each man's allowance. If this did not suit the very rich man, he could easily find a college where he would be welcome.

But, most important of all, college men should be taught what is wrong with the world and the way to set it right; what poverty is and where it exists, what makes it and what will prevent it; what injustice is, its cause and its remedies; the reasons for high cost of living and the way to bring it down; the problems of immigration and how to make country life worth living.

They should be taught human interests, the brotherhood of man, the glory of self-sacrifice, the passion of service to mankind. They should be taught these things until they are athirst for the battle against the wrongs and evils and injustices of the world.

It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission, clothed with absolute authority to fix prices on transportation, the world's most valuable commodity, save food alone, has blocked the prosperity of the nation. No committee of men should ever be clothed in the power that these men possess. And the crowning blunder is that the men who occupy this position have no grasp on the needs of the country at large. To wipe out this error is the first duty of Congress.—*Boesainer.*

Belgium

By George Grant Morrison

SWIFT to the fore the nation leaped,
To breast the rushing hordes of hell;
Shock upon shock it stood, blood-steeped,
One against twenty, but Lord, how it reaped
Their legions in masses of dead, high heaped,
And struck the monster's knell.

Into the little kingdom crashed
The mightiest murder-engines wrought;
Belgian soul to soul was lashed;
Belgian courage in miracles flashed;
And ever, though cities and forts were smashed,
The Belgian stayed and fought.

Grim and alone, but by each side
The silent, unseen push of God;
Holding in check the monster's stride,
Crumpling his fist in the mail of his pride,
And battling till Vengeance aroused, allied,
Swung on the field full shod.

Long o'er the world the monster gloomed,
A dread unrest through every land;
Civilization's menace loomed;
Honor was strangled and conscience entombed;
But prophets of old have him marked and
doomed;
Yea, this is Fate's command.

Humanity wants help, the help of strong,
sensible, unselfish men.

MORAL cowardice is the curse of this century. Mentally, men will meet problems and physically defend themselves against robber attack, but when it comes to political injustice, social rottenness, commercial robbery, un-American practises, clerical abuses, and newspaper conspiracy, they are cream-faced, lily-livered and goose-fleshed.

To die game a man must live game and take his orders from Almighty God in the light of his own conscience, his Father's Bible and his mother's Christ.

In the future, as ever in the past, social, political, scientific and religious advance has been born of sore travail of body, mind and soul, baptized with tears, anointed with suffering, fed with disappointment, boycotted and blackguarded by men, but loved and rewarded by God.—*Rev. Golightly Morrill.*

GUTZON BORGLUM

By Alice Hubbard



LONG time past the age of slaves, comes Art.

"Art is the expression of man's joy in his work," said William Morris. Art is more than joy. Art is pain as well—the travail of creation. Art is the culminating flower of philosophy, history, science, mathematics, painting, architecture, sculpture. It is the sublime result of emotion molded into form by brain.

Art is the expression of the sum of wisdom—the child of brain and spirit. At least, this is what I thought when I stood in the atelier of Gutzon Borglum.

Prometheus is his rightful name, for he seems to have perpetual fire from the altar of the Gods. And these red coals of inspiration burn forever in his brain and heart.

This Prometheus knows nor rest nor peace. He must forever create.

He must be eternally subjected to the torment of disappointment in his achievements. He is forever goaded into new attempts to attain the unattainable. For the ideals of Prometheus are not static. They grow as he works. For him there is ever "a voice without reply," "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Any sculptor's workshop is interesting. It has the primitive dignity of labor. For a sculptor works with hand, head and heart. Stepladders, modeling-clay, marble, chisels, mallets, and men at work are the ornaments that never go out of fashion, never grow old.

The beginnings of the creations of a great man's great ideas, the half-finished work, the completed work, fascinate and satisfy the imagination.

This great studio, once used as a barn, attendant upon one of the old mansions on East Thirty-eighth Street, New York City,

is fifty feet back from the street. The location is a delight to any workman. It is here that this American artist now works.

Preparation

HAD Gutzon Borglum been endowed with infinite wisdom, and had he had the power to choose his parents, his birthplace, and his early surroundings, he could not have chosen better than were chosen for him by kind Fate for preparation for his life-work.

Born in Idaho in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven, his earliest acquaintances were the great out-of-doors, the mighty mountains, infinite plains, eternal sky. His playmates were horses of every kind, of every size, of every temper. All this gave him a mental perspective, a knowledge of relation of values, that no one can have who is familiar only with small things and little powers.

For if we know only little things, we put little things in big things' places. All things become of the same size and value. To have right perspective and knowledge of values, we must live with great things. There are a plenty of little ones to be found everywhere.

Gutzon Borglum's desires, impulses, aspirations, longings, were the size of his horizon. And of course he could not stay in one place. He must see the world.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy." What does it matter if he never will see Italy? He will have the journey, and the journey is all.

Mr. Borglum studied and worked in the West. He went to France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, England. He worked incessantly, and received the recognition that gives hope an abiding place in any heart. This modern Prometheus worked everywhere. To him, all experiences are divine, sublime. He uses them all. And his work, like the work of all others, is autobiography.

The Mares of Diomedes

WHEN you enter the Metropolitan Museum in New York, just before you is a group statue in bronze, *The Mares of Diomedes*.

It is a classic. Those wonderful animals are fierce with life. They are always ready to defend, for they are mares, protecting their offspring, and eager to give back to the world all and more than the life which will go out when they die. ¶ Man-eating horses? Man-fed horses, and, like war, quick to destroy the one who taught them to kill.

Out on the Western prairies, where horses in droves foregather, plunge madly yet safely over precipices, plunder each other, fall, rise and go on again, there is the only place where a youth could have had fixed in his brain, images of these animals in these extraordinary positions ¶

Gutzon Borglum has made one creation of a Greek myth and modern wild horses. Such power has Art to annihilate the element of time! ¶

When the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York, was to be built, somebody knew there was just one sculptor who could make the statues of the twelve Apostles who lived in the time of Jesus of Nazareth, so that they would belong to this Twentieth-Century, American Cathedral. It was a peculiar task, to modernize the ancient, without loss in the value of the old and the new. Mr. Borglum did this thing. He has made live for us the idealization of the twelve powers, each an inspiration. Each presents his sublime, distinct message: the ancient blends with the beauty of the architecture of a church in New York City ¶

Abraham Lincoln

GUTZON BORGLUM knows history. Men and events of the past live with him today. His mental world is peopled by the great of all times. He has a trained imagination ¶

In his world, there is one whom he can at all times call Master—Abraham Lincoln.

This artist lives in an atmosphere saturated with the traditions, memories, history, of this great American.

It is the humanness of the man that he loves! It is his integrity, his honesty, his clear purpose ¶

Mr. Borglum will never complete, to his satisfaction, his ideas of Abraham Lincoln's ideals ¶

Doubtless when he was working on that colossal head of Abraham Lincoln, which now stands in the rotunda of the Capitol at

Washington, he thought: "Now I have it! Now I have expressed the man!"

But immediately he set to work upon another heroic figure. He pictures Abraham Lincoln going alone, at night, out into the park during that awful life-and-death struggle for his country. At all hazards, the Union must be saved; and it must be saved to freedom, not to slavery!

The statue presents Lincoln alone on one end of a bench, at midnight, contemplating with majestic sadness the war situation. He is communing with the Eternal, seeking in Infinite Power, Strength.

To give to the world in undying bronze this greatest of all Americans is this sculptor's passion. ¶ And yet it is not his only passion. Gutzon Borglum is always conscious of the travail of creation. Perhaps that is why he has personified Motherhood as has no other artist ¶

Mr. Borglum knows the relative value of economics in life. He is a businessman. Artists must be, if they are to live, peers with other men.

But this modern Prometheus expresses in his art as plain, as unmistakable, as was the hand writing on the wall: Business is not the greatest thing in the world.

Business is an important factor in living. As a tool, its first use is to furnish the necessary exercise for man's development.

Just now, the tangible resultant from big business—money—is so coveted by the indolent and so fought for by those who evolved it, that it has an unnatural importance in the minds of almost all people.

When business assumes the importance of first place, and the manipulators of business forget its primitive use, namely, to develop human beings, it becomes unnatural, monstrous. Then it does not serve humanity. Then it is a tyrant, a dictator.

Such business does not belong to Democracy. It is a usurper.

Then it is investigated, placed under suspicion, persecuted. It is humbled and subdued.

Finally it will find its proper place in life ¶

A Realization of Motherhood

EVERY era develops its seers. ¶ The old theology said that the creator of human beings was a god, a spirit, unseeable, unknowable, something to fear, worship, love and obey.

¶ Herbert Spencer called this spirit, the

"Unknowable." The recognition of the fact that the being created can not know its Creator, has partially humanized our theology. ¶ However, there have always been those who have let the mystery of life rest in the mists which lie beyond man's knowing, and have valued as the human symbol of creation, the MOTHER.

In his statue, *Contemplation of Motherhood*, Gutzon Borglum has connected so plainly the human Mother and the divine mystery that you are appalled as you look. "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." You are afraid.

¶ How did this Prometheus dare!

The statue presents a human woman, her lips extended to gather from the universe the power to give life! Fascinated, terrified, "used by an Unseen Power for an Unknown End," consciously she is being drawn irresistibly into the maelstrom of life.

The statue reveals a realization of motherhood—its awesomeness, joy, responsibility, mysteriously balanced.

In another statue, Gutzon Borglum does not attempt to teach the world the greatest of all unrecognized facts. This man has just lived his life, he has done his work and it happens that one result of his work personifies a fact.

¶ The Greek pictured the world as supported and maintained by a man.

To Mr. Borglum, Atlas is a woman. He has carved the statue most exquisitely in marble. This Atlas is tall, slender, sinewy, graceful, wondrously beautiful and strong. She stands supporting the world upon her shoulders, her head bent low under her burden.

She carries the burden of the world, even as she bears her babe, giving it life, food and support out of her own life.

"Is that true?" you question as you look.

"Why, it is a man's world, owned, possessed by man! He holds the right of way! The dictator of the world's welfare! He is the financier! First in command!"

Then again, look long at Gutzon Borglum's Atlas. Mentally remove the slender, sinewy, graceful, beautiful, strong, constant woman from that world.

Man's world has plunged into chaos!

Such truth, and with such pain and joy, beauty and strength, does this Artist teach.

A thought is mental dynamite.

THE Danbury decision means that a crime is a crime and an injury is an injury, whether committed by capital or by labor. It means that the methods of trade rivalry and industrial competition must be fair, and not merely destructive and injurious. It means that a trades-union may not destroy the business of a manufacturing concern by methods which would not be permitted to a trade rival of that concern, and that whoever makes wanton war, individually or collectively, on the business prosperity of another, must be prepared to make good the consequences in dollars and cents. It means also that out of the ruction and travail, out of the injustice which will undoubtedly be done in individual instances, there is developing a new, definite and wholesome doctrine for the guidance of our industrial and commercial relationships, a growing realization that the ban of the law ought not to be directed against trades-unions as such or large combinations of capital as such, but rather against their unfair, destructive and unwholesome practises, wherever manifested and to the extent manifested.

Instead of disbanding the union or dismembering the efficient industrial combination, society will seek rather to prevent and punish the improper practises. Instead of dissolving the combination, society is coming to see that the sensible thing is to enjoin and punish its objectionable acts. Instead of waging war on the forms of organization which capital and labor find most suitable for their industrial efficiency, the law will hold to strict accountability the individuals in those organizations who resort to unfair practises and inflict wanton injuries. Thus will society come more and more to protect itself without trying to turn back the economic clock, and thus will the law come more and more abreast of the actualities of the business life of today.

—Judge William L. Ransom.

If you are defamed, let time vindicate you—silence is a thousand times better than explanation. Explanations do not explain. Let your life be its own excuse for being—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life. By minding your own business, you give others an opportunity to mind theirs; and depend upon it, the great souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

REFORMERS—THE OLD AND THE NEW

By Alice Hubbard



LIZABETH FRY, mother of thirteen children, is one of the great reformers of the world. She it was who changed mad-houses into asylums for the mentally sick.

It was through her insistence that insane people ceased to be treated as the vicious criminal.

Great, talented, splendid, wonderful Elizabeth Fry!

But her own generation did not so classify her. She made her way to the King of France, and said to him, omitting polite ceremony, "When thee builds a prison, thee would better build no dark cells, for thee or thy children may occupy them."

We now say: "What sublime courage! What power!" In her own time, most uncomplimentary adjectives were used to distinguish her. It may not seem possible that the same epithets were applied to Elizabeth Fry that are being used to describe Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. But it is true.

We think of Elizabeth Fry as one "used by an Unseen Power for an Unknown End"—an instrument in the hands of a Divine Worker.

Elizabeth Fry changed our entire civilization. She made it leap and bound onward. Because it was not alone the insane who were benefited; it was the people who made and maintained the madhouses.

This generation is not in a position to see what Mrs. Pankhurst has done, is doing, for civilization. It takes perspective, and for this, the element of time is necessary.

Conservative and Radical

GREAT reformers have always disturbed the peace of civilization. They are always radical. No reform was ever made without shocking people into first talking, then thinking. It requires the unusual to break up old

customs. The methods used have been iconoclastic, because the masses can not think. Reform means "destroy first."

The silt and drift of years fill up and block the traffic of any harbor that once was safe and navigable. Dredging, in order to deepen the channels, is necessary.

A reformer alone, however, could never reform. The opposition is just as necessary to the reform as is the reformer.

One person, or one group of people, never reforms. It is only when the mass will tolerate the new idea, and allow a response to it, that progress can be made.

The brain of man is a dull, stupid, inactive organ, ninety-nine per cent of the time. It takes intense agitation of the most brilliant kind to impress the mind of the mass.

Thomas Carlyle said, "Ten thousand people cross London Bridge every day—mostly fools."

We are "all fools," most of the time, and asleep a part of our interval of intelligence. And because of our comatose condition, it requires the unusual to make the brain active. The "Opposition" of the Government in England is quite as necessary for the reform for which a few of the women of the world are now working as is the work of the women. Women must educate themselves, each other and men. And women are just as stupid as men, just as conservative, and until the radical change in their homes recently thrust upon them, just as content with the old. With the age of invention, women's lives have been changed. And they are full of unrest.

A delegation of slaves, fifty years ago, went to Abraham Lincoln and begged of him not to sign the Emancipation Proclamation. We are told that if all women in England wanted the vote, they would have it. And that is true.

Had all slaves wanted freedom, there would have been no Civil War.

Did all American women want suffrage, there would be no organized State or National Woman Suffrage Association.

But the custom of having women take none but the occult part in politics is as old as is civilization. It takes time for people to adjust themselves to new activities, even after they think about them and are convinced they are right and good.

Had the Government of England granted the request of the women when it was made, the vote would have been of little benefit. For the purpose of exercise is to develop. A privilege to exercise a right must result in the growth of mind and body, or why exercise?

The Representative of a Principle

THE Premier is the representative of the "Government"—the men of England. Mrs. Pankhurst is the representative of unrepresented subjects of the "Government"—the women of England.

Each of these two people is the representative of an idea, a principle. Each is radical, extreme, colossal.

The rule of Donnybrook Fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it," is universal.

Emmeline Pankhurst stands for the extremists. She is the personification of the untried, a radical idea.

Premier Asquith is the personification of the old, the unchangeable, the tried. He stands for the ideals that have made England great: stability, masculine physical power; master, slave; king, subject.

As an individual man, he is helpless in his position. He stands for a party, for the stupidity of the people.

He can go no further than his constituents will allow. Otherwise he will lose his head.

He is used by an unseen power which works through the "Government."

Mrs. Pankhurst, too, is used by an unseen power. She hears the "voice."

The end we think we can see—a larger freedom for humanity.

Mrs. Pankhurst is of the heroic type, which through all time has stood for a principle—John Brown, John Rogers, Mary Dyer, John Bunyan, Martin Luther, Garibaldi, Oliver Cromwell, Thomas Paine.

Premier Asquith stands for the established government, just as always the Government leaders have done.

They were all in the struggle. They were all

equally in earnest in their service to humanity. The conservatives were tragically tense in their determination to hold on to the degree of freedom and life already attained. The radicals are reckless in their methods used in their supreme effort for greater freedom, a larger life.

Discriminations

LAST night I heard an English militant suffragette address an audience. It was my first opportunity to hear a suffragist say why she was militant.

I watched the audience with more eagerness than I listened to her.

Although Elsie MacKenzie had announced her belief that English militant methods were not applicable in America, yet internecine danger signals were out.

The audience was critically curious, expectant. Just what the people expected, they did not know. But it was evident that few there wished to be put on record as sympathizers. In fact, the audience was "mildly militant." This was before Elsie MacKenzie entered the room.

An audience is masculine. That is to say, an audience insists that a man who addresses it shall be bold, strong, brave, and that he shall hurl a challenge.

The same audience demands that a woman speaker shall have all the feminine "virtues" of beauty, delicacy, refinement, patience, modesty unlimited, and fling no defiance. Elsie MacKenzie satisfied the requirements of her audience. She quietly, unobtrusively, told her story.

She is young, dresses in good taste, is gentle, modest, honest. She has not a symptom of weakness, for she knows that her cause is just.

¶ Her first sentence disarmed her audience of its weapons of antagonism. However, the people were a little deceived. Her sweet, low voice, her timidity and natural reticence, disguised a positiveness which any man might be proud to have.


Put yourself in the place of one who has been justly accused of being in deep sympathy with militant methods in England, and gently accused of being mildly militant in her methods of manifesting her sympathy for the English women. Then, in imagination, it is not difficult to change "I felt like the dying soldier," to "I am that man." Baffled on all sides, fighting peers without having their

weapons of power, smothered, postponed, deceived, treated as foolish children are treated by foolish parents, cabined, cribbed, confined, "shut in to saucy doubts and fears!" What else could English women do than what they have done?

Elsie MacKenzie has a beautiful English voice. She dips deep into the "wells of English, pure and undefiled." She does not lose in force nor emphasis because she uses no slang.

Her speech is quite like Othello's wooing—she did "a round, unvarnished tale deliver," and, like his, convincing.

Why Militancy?

WHY did English suffragettes become militant? 

Miss MacKenzie briefly sketched the history of the suffrage movement from Nineteen Hundred Six. She outlined the route over which the request of the people must go before it can be made into a law.

These English women were so in earnest, were so intelligent in their understanding of what they wanted, that they have studied and know English law. They know the rights of an English citizen to approach lawmakers, and they have kept within their rights in all their initial approaches to the Government.


Miss MacKenzie told the story of Nineteen Hundred Six, Nineteen Hundred Seven, on to Nineteen Hundred Eleven. The campaigns of each one of these years, she briefly but graphically described.

And then came the promise, made by Premier Asquith for the Government, that within the year he would have their request presented legitimately to Parliament, so that it would receive an honest vote. The request was woman's eternal demand for the exercise of political rights equal with men.

During this year of truce, women's work for suffrage was quietly educational. They worked in faith, believing that the Government would keep faith with them. Day after day, week after week, month after month, for the year, they worked and waited, expectant.


The Government promised, and broke its promise. It had used the women as though they were annoying children. It had suggested in its attitude that women were not worth keeping a promise with. And it is deeply to be regretted to have to say that the English Government has acted as though a promise

made to those who can not enforce it is not a promise worth keeping.

This is what the women of England were compelled to think in Nineteen Hundred Twelve 

The Masculine Instinct

ELSIE MAC KENZIE said in a soft voice: "I was the first one to throw a stone at the windows of the Government Building. We rebelled, just as you rebelled. We have been paying taxes all these years, we have maintained the Government (for women do maintain the Government as truly as do men). We are smashing our own windows. They belong to us just as much as they do to men. We will resent the action of the Government in a new way. We will use men's methods. Men have been militant in England many times and the Government has noticed it."

When Elsie MacKenzie said, "Then we threw stones at the Government Building windows," the men in the audience (will you believe it!)—the men in the audience applauded vigorously 

The women in this American audience were feminine still. I could feel that they were submitting to the defeat, not rebelling against the indignity.

But the men in this American audience had a perspective which the women did not. They forgot that the suffragettes were women. They saw them as human beings resenting insult to human beings, and of course they applauded. It is male to do it. It is an instinct to resent an infringement upon rights which human beings have in common with other animals. Only women—domesticated females—submit and endure.

But this orator was able to educate her audience in an hour, for it applauded Elsie MacKenzie because she resented the injustice when the Government treated her as a criminal, when it treated men as political offenders, who had offended in a similar way. "Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just."

Women and men were now awake. Miss MacKenzie had lifted them from their prejudices of male and female to where they were human beings, and then human sentiments and human justice prevailed.

The Battle-Cry of Freedom

MEN who have succeeded in this man-made world have always resisted evils practised upon themselves. When rebuffed,

defeated in their fight for rights, they have arisen and fought again.

Women have accepted, endured, "resisted not evil," and today are practically owned. English women are very wise. They recognize ugly-looking facts, face them, call them by name, and then reckon with them. They know it is a long, long journey yet to freedom. They are willing to pay the price which human beings have paid and must pay for freedom. English women have worked, suffered, died for liberty.

Elsie MacKenzie said she herself had been imprisoned many times. She had been on many hunger-strikes. She had been forcibly fed. She had walked in the valley towards death. A few of her friends have given their lives for suffrage in England. She is representative of the spirit of all those who desire freedom.

When England went to war, English women suspended every annoyance to the Government, and every suffragist made her first interest the present needs consequent upon war.

But wherever they work, like the recurring theme in *Parsifal*, these women are giving instruction to English women and English men concerning the political rights of citizens. They are insisting that women are citizens equal with men.

Freedom will be theirs.

Make motion equal emotion, and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in its every phase—even death itself—and find it good.

THE body that I represent has passed a resolution unanimously favoring a flat increase of five per cent in freight-rates. This Board represents extensive shippers of grain, cotton and lumber. Practically it is a shipping body, and as near as I can learn the biggest shippers in the United States are all in favor of an increase in freight-rates. To insist that the railroads shall do business at bare cost or less than cost is a very unwise policy. If the Interstate Commerce Commission insists on opposing the best interests of the country it should be wiped out of existence.—George R. Brown, Secretary of the Board of Trade of Little Rock, Arkansas.

House by the Side of the Road

By Sam Walter Foss

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn,

In the peace of their self-content ;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament ;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road—
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an Infinite plan—
Let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height ;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good—they are bad—weak and strong,
Wise—foolish, so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban ?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Opportunity is Knocking at your Door!

HAVE YOU NOT MENTALLY DETERMINED to some day visit the PACIFIC COAST?

LET 1915 BE THE CHOSEN TIME, for during this year there will be added to the scenic grandeur, natural wonders and many charming mountain and seaside resorts of this fascinating region the unprecedented attractions of CALIFORNIA'S TWO GREAT EXPOSITIONS, at San Francisco and at San Diego.

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WITH ITS FOUR GREAT ROUTES via New Orleans, El Paso, Ogden and Portland, over which are run the best appointed and best operated trains in the West, with Dining Car Service unsurpassed, the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

offers to Exposition visitors and tourists the choice of entering California by a southern, a central, or a northern gateway—with the further choice of a different route returning—reaching all points of interest and affording car-window views of the scenic features that have given the Pacific Coast its fame.

Six Daily Limited Trains

"Sunset Limited" from New Orleans via "Sunset Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.
"Golden State Limited" from Chicago through Kansas City via the "El Paso Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.

From Los Angeles south to San Diego the rail trip is made in four hours.

"Overland Limited," "Pacific Limited" and "San Francisco Limited" from Chicago through Omaha via "Ogden Route," crossing the Sierra-Nevadas, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier and San Francisco Bay.
"Shasta Limited" from Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, via "Shasta Route," crossing the Siskiyou Mountains, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier.

Varying the trip, the "Sunset Route" extends from New York by Southern Pacific's Atlantic Steamships, sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays to New Orleans. Connection is made with the "Sunset Limited" to Los Angeles and San Francisco, the through fare being same as all-rail.

Tickets at little more than one fare for the round trip will be on sale by eastern roads from March 1st to November 30th, 1915, via the "Sunset," "Ogden" or "El Paso" routes, and via the "Shasta Route" through Oregon for \$17.50 additional.

The Southern Pacific has been made the safest railroad in the world by the expenditure of millions. It carried over two hundred million passengers in five years without a passenger fatality in a train accident. For this record it holds a Gold Medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety.

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Or any other agent of Southern Pacific.



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¶ When we say to them, "We believe in giving all we can for what we get, instead of getting all we can for what we give," they "get" us.

¶ A "time" contract with either *THE PHILISTINE* or *THE FRA*—or both—will "strike twelve." It will bring returns. And I know of nothing that causes the smile to wreath my "dial" more than to "watch" business grow—Ingersoll's—sure!

Robert H. Ingersoll

asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude to the people of Great Britain."

That was in Eighteen Hundred Seventy. Mark what follows. Three or four days after that document of thanks the French army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut up by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape. What was that? By violating the neutrality of Belgium. What did they do? The French on that occasion

WE received the thanks at that time of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. This is in a document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention:

"The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside have just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards this country. The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms. It has

preferred ruin, humiliation, to the breaking of their bond.

The French emperor, French marshals, one hundred thousand gallant Frenchmen in arms, preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemy rather than dishonor the name of their country. It was the last French army defeat. Had they violated Belgian neutrality, the whole history of that war would have been changed. And yet it was the interest of France to break the treaty.

She did not do it —

It is the interest of Prussia to break the treaty, and she has done it — Well, why? She avowed it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says treaties only bind you when it is to your interest to keep them. "What is a treaty?" says the German chancellor. "A scrap of paper."

—Lloyd George.



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THE belief in witchcraft once had the support of the highest authority in church, in state, and in science; but though it can still be found in ignorant communities, even in this enlightened country, it has been largely banished from civilized lands. We may, therefore, hope that

in due time the illusions in regard to hydrophobia may disappear and that they shall some day cease to color the teachings of medical men or to fill with horror the minds of the people.—Charles W. Dulles, M. D., *Rush Hospital, Philadelphia.*

LET us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full

of the inspiration of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love; and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—David Swing.

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.—Lincoln.

"COURAGE, COMRADE, THE DEVIL IS DEAD!"



READERS of Charles Reade will recognize this famous phrase from *The Cloister and the Hearth*—done into American.

¶ And it is a phrase that can not be too often reiterated.

¶ There is no devil but fear; fear is the root of all mental and physical ills.

¶ Orthodox precepts are poor prescriptions for happiness.

¶ The white flag is the signal of surrender, but it is the last resource of brave men who have put up a fierce fight.

¶ The white feather is a different proposition, and it is the symbol of orthodox religion and the label of miching-mallico medicos.

¶ Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable. They go around chanting

*"Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near—
So frail a thing is man."*



¶ Theirs is a chronic condition of constant commiseration—they are so sorry for themselves. And these are the class that are meet subjects for Doctor Dope and Doctor Bigot.

¶ Doctor Edmond R. Moras is a heretic. That is to say, he thinks for himself—and he causes you to think.

¶ A graduate of Harvard Medical School, and with an extensive hospital practise, he has had unique opportunities for putting medical science to the test. And he has arrived at one conclusion: that the way to physical and mental ease, harmony and supremacy was hindered instead of helped by the methods used by the orthodox medicos.

¶ He gives his "reasons why" in a wonderful, illuminating and interesting book, entitled, *Autology*. This book has been received with acclaim by all progressive minds—the profession and laity alike. The former, because they *know* Doctor Moras is right, although they do not like to admit it; the latter because they *feel* Doctor Moras is right.

¶ *Autology* is full of pep and paprika, a book of commonsense, a heart-to-heart talk on health and happiness and efficiency, and how it can be obtained.

¶ Doctor Moras has written another sparkling little brochure, *A Guide to Autology*. This he will be glad to send any *FRA* subscriber as a free gift on receipt of postcard.

¶ This is not a sugar-coated offer—there 'll be no ill after-effects. You incur no obligation in any way.

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CARLYLE said it was fear of failure. ¶ Techy Tammas was right.

Fear manacles the mind and puts the brake on progress, limiting your power and possibilities. It means a slim pay-envelope, and a mind and body diseased.



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is the greatest enemy of fear. It points the way to health, strong-mindedness, forcefulness. It gives peace, poise and power—the constructive mind and executive ability that brings rich reward.

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for 1915 is, as usual, the brightest, most beautiful and helpful rose catalogue published.

And this year it tells you in delightful vein, what happened to the office goat when his diet was changed from "kicks" to testimonials. It also contains a colored photo of the goat taken after the transformation.

Mailed to intending purchasers, on request; to anyone, on receipt of 10 cts. (to assure appreciation) in coin or stamps.

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Two (2) pounds of Roycroft Bacon, sliced.
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One (1) roll of Ginger Cookies.
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One (1) loaf of Roycroft Nut-Bread.
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Twenty (20) Prize Roycroft Potatoes (wrapped).
Twenty (20) York State Apples (selected).

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But the wonderful part is the Box itself. The idea came as a happy surprise, when one of our boys made a mortised-and-tenoned tool-box of Gumwood, and gave it a "mahogany finish," trimming with wrought metal.

The whole thing was so beautiful, so complete, so satisfying, so artistic, that we just said, "Why not make one thousand more boxes just like it?"

It was a big job all right, but the boys turned them out—and one of them has been reserved for you.

To fill these beautiful boxes with Roycroft Farm-Products came as an afterthought. If we are to ship the boxes, why not put in something attractive and valuable?

¶ The box is 23 x 12 x 10 inches. It is a delight to any boy for a tool-chest; to any girl for a "Hope Chest"; or to a grown-up for love-letters and all of those dainty nothings that you have n't the heart to destroy or give away.

¶ So there you are! Figure it up—the contents would cost 'Steen Dollars in any good

grocery—you get the Treasure-Chest gratis.

¶ OUR PRICE FOR THE WHOLE BOX IS TEN DOLLARS. We ship by express, carefully crated, charges prepaid to any point East of the Mississippi.

Better order today while you think of it. The number of these boxes is limited.

THE Roycrofters own and operate six farms, aggregating over five hundred acres, in the vicinity of East Aurora, N. Y. From these farms the tables of the Roycroft Inn are supplied with fruits, vegetables, meats, dairy and poultry products. In addition, we supply many of the Roycroft workers. ¶ We have for several years been sending a few of our Roycroft Farm products direct to friends in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and always to their great delight and satisfaction. This Goodie-Box is a move to interest a few more discerning families in our Farm-Products.

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Q Whenever you see a piano or player-piano that is the creation of JESSE FRENCH & SONS you see an instrument of *character*.

Q It looks well, it listens well, and it keeps in tune well.

Q This because every jot and tittle, every piece of wood and wire, every detail in design, construction and mechanism, is subjected to the keenest scrutiny and exacting test.

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Q The JESSE FRENCH & SONS Pianos and Player-Pianos are ideal for the home—dignified, distinctive, attractive. They are works of art and a musical medium that is an aid to culture and refinement, an auxiliary to family felicity, and a delightful social factor.

Q Decide on a JESSE FRENCH instrument today. Write your wishes to us and let us help you in its selection.

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HERE IS A BOOKCASE



No. 0873½

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Oak, \$16.00.

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that will just take care of those few books and magazines that are always knocking around on top of the library-table—but which must be within sight and easy range. **Q** Very substantially made, mortised and pinned, best quartered oak and Roycroft dull weathered finish. **Q** You need this in your library—and we can fill your order on receipt

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It had run 7500 miles with sealed bonnet or 250 miles per day for 30 days through 23 states.

It had gone from Chicago, east to Portland, Me., south to Wheeling, W. Va.—west to Kansas City, north to Minneapolis—thence to Chicago, finally to Pittsburgh.

The roads and weather this now famous car encountered were of inconceivable difficulty—more than 3000 miles of roads were traversed impossible to teams!

November 4th, 1914, F. E. Edwards, Technical Representative of the Contest Board of the A.A.A., made an exhaustive examination of this car—had it entirely dismantled and found only two trivial defects—two loose rivets on the right rear brake band and a slightly bent axle caused by the car running off a culvert.

Send For This Story

All this sounds very prosaic—they're just the plain facts.

The story itself from the men who drove the car is of absorbing interest however—it tells of twilight runs—midnight adventures and the thousand and one incidents that cluster 'round a trip of this nature.

You'd like to read this book and these incidents—we'll be glad to send it to you.

Just write us today and we'll send this book to you promptly by mail with our compliments.

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Special Announcement

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME IS A NEW INSTITUTION. The Roycroft Shops were founded twenty years ago. The enterprise has grown steadily and surely. Various new departments have been added from time to time as circumstances seemed to require.

For instance, the Roycroft Inn was inaugurated in self-defense. Visitors came this way with appetites like grasshoppers, and needed accommodations. We took care of them in private houses, until they got to coming in swarms, and then, the Inn!

Thomas Jefferson used to entertain ten thousand people a year at Monticello. They literally ate him out of house and home, and pushed him up close to the Commissioner in Bankruptcy. Thomas Jefferson should have started a hotel. Among the visitors at the Roycroft Inn have been many who needed physical culture. Some needed not only a trainer, but kind, sympathetic, intelligent care. With these we did the best we could. There was the medicine-ball, walks afield, horseback, and health talks. Dozens of folks who came on crutches walked away without them—and some ran for office.

All were benefited, just by right diet, exercise and cheerful surroundings. And now to meet the needs of those who require careful, skilful, personal attention, we have started the Roycroft Health Home, in beautiful quarters, separate and apart from the Inn.

As Director of the Roycroft Health Home we have secured the services of a gentleman for whom I have a great personal regard, Shirley Ruffner, a man of experience and a man of character. Mr. Ruffner has evolved and teaches a sane, practical system of living. It is especially adapted to the needs of tired, sick, depressed, overworked men. The

Health Home regimen will remake such men so that they will become buoyant, self-reliant, enthusiastic. Health will be theirs and boundless energy.

Regardless of your present condition, if you will put yourself in the hands of this strong, able, sensible man, I am positive that your investment with him will yield a hundred per cent in increased health, happiness and general efficiency.

If you need rest, and require a change of surroundings, with all that Roycroft suggests, and all the help I can give you—plus the services of a skilled common-sense trainer—come and see us or write. Address



SHIRLEY RUFFNER

Shirley Ruffner

Director "THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME"

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

FULL SKIN PILLOW



Price, \$5.00

The soft leather pillows are red, gray, green, tan and brown. We have sheepskin tablecovers of whole skins in the same shades. Soft Leather Pillows, laced edges\$6.00

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

CARD - CASE Wheat Design



Price, \$2.00
2½ by 4½ inches
Two gusset pockets

**For
Easter
Gifts**

CARD - CASE



Price, \$1.00
2¼ by 3½ inches
Suitable for Stamp-Case

**The
Roycrofters**

East Aurora

N. Y.

ACHIEVEMENT

—Its Formula

C Man's Happiness is in the ratio of his realization of his Ideals.

Men of Achievement are Men of Ideals. Beautiful Ideals are Sunshine. For Great Minds are like Gardens. To be fertile—productive of great things—they require the Sunshine of Inspiration.

¶ Without this, their minds are sterile and do not bloom *see also*

Dante saw his ideal only twice—and then as a Mirage *see also*

Fortunate, indeed, is the man who finds in Life a little more than an approximated Ideal.

Elbert Hubbard is a Man of Achievement. He gives his Formula in an intimately related, beautiful story—

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In it you may find suggested the Inspiration you need in your own life.

The following volumes are printed on Japan Velum paper:

Alicia binding	\$ 5.00
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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

C Being a Little Journey to the Home of Jesus of Nazareth.

A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teaching, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows.

This book is printed on handmade paper from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred twenty pages.

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*Delicious, Delectable,
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THEY are made of pure maple-syrup
and pecan-nuts &. They are Nature's
food, a natural delicacy.

Send us your order for Easter &. Send us
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fresh and attractive, will be sent.

A pound box wrapped and ribboned will
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We will enclose your card or one of our
own Easter cards, if you so desire



THE ROYCROFTERS
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HAND-HAMMERED COPPER

for Roycroft Pecan-Patties



PRICE, \$5.00

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This box has a removable glass bowl. The
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The box will hold a generous supply of sweets.

Inside dimensions: diameter, 5 inches;
height, 2 1/4 inches.

THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA NEW YORK

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HAMMERED
COPPER VASES
for EASTER
FLOWERS

ONLAIN SILVER VASE



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Height, 6 1/2 inches
Diameter base, 3 inches

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AMERICAN
BEAUTY
ROSE
VASE
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HAND - HAMMERED COPPER VASES FOR SINGLE FLOWERS

Vasette



Price, 50 cents



Height,
8 inches
Height,
4 inches

Price, \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



RESOLVED—That we don't like men who button their collars behind and have Sunday School indoors, where dogs are not welcome; that we like the Fra, because he loves kiddies, kiddeens and kioodles, and stands for health and happiness and agrees with Tige that vivisection is worse than hydrophobia, because a dog that bites a man can't help it, but a man who straps a dog on a table, and cuts into him with a knife and scissors need n't if he does n't want to; that boys and girls do not like the stuffy indoors; that to get acquainted with bees, bugs, birds and beetles is lots more fun and just as much benefit as reading about Nicodemus and Nebuchadnezzar, who are dead ones, both; that bad children are good children who have energy plus, and their parents say, "Quit that," "Let up," "Get out"; that dirty clothes are preferable to pale cheeks, and that we should all live in Heaven here and now, so as to get used to it for by and by.

—BUSTER BROWN

P. S.—Tige and me both love *Pig-Pen Pete*—I read it to Tige and he barks in the right place.

Printed in two colors, on Blandford Book paper, and bound in Semi-Flexible Art Pig, \$2.00
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Good Ideas are as elusive as they're costly. You know that. I'm dead-sure you do, if you have anything to do with the buying, or ordering, or preparation of printed matter of any kind. And good ideas, Sir, are mighty *cashable*, by the way! You know that, too.

I've a rich, rare treat for you! A veritable Storehouse of Stunning New Ideas in Illustrating and Printing—sparkling color schemes, unique and attractive productions of high-skilled artists, handsomely paid illustrators, talented typographers—men of brains and daring originality!

I've two fine, big magazines—one, *THE PRINTING ART*, a monthly; the other, *THE PRINTING ART SUGGESTION BOOK*, a quarterly. You will find each issue brimful of good things—uncommon, striking designs, high-art photo-engraving, electrotyping, lithography, typography. Then there are specimens galore of New Papers, New Covers, and New Paperettes. Wrinkles of every imaginable kind.

O, the cleverest, catchiest things you ever saw! They're meaty with myriads of magnificent ideas, and what's more, I'm going to send you samples of both of these beautiful magazines absolutely free!

You can just mail me the coupon right away, and they'll be sent you without the slightest obligation on your part. After you've seen them, if you just can't resist the idea of having them regularly, the subscription price is \$3.50 for 16 numbers. If you should *not* want to subscribe, keep the two copies with my compliments.

I want you to see them immediately and get a glimpse of the glories within! Not in all America will you find two publications like these! Hundreds of prominent business men the country over get these wonderful magazines by subscription and take advantage of their rich and abundant supply of New Ideas.

Don't let another day go by without Grabbing this Great Chance!

THE PRINTING ART and THE PRINTING ART SUGGESTION BOOK will pay you 1000 per cent. on the investment at every blessed issue. Let the coupon come forward right away. Mister! It won't cost you a copper, mind—and, by the way, it's a mighty happy thought to tend to it right this minute!

E. M. DUNBAR,
5 ROWENA ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Send me postpaid, one sample each of
THE PRINTING ART MAGAZINE
and **THE PRINTING ART SUGGESTION BOOK**. There will be absolutely no charge for these samples.

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WOMAN'S WORK

Being an Inquiry and an Assumption by
ALICE HUBBARD

ALICE HUBBARD believes that woman is the equal of man—if she is so. Also, that woman is no better than man—unless she is. The message of her book has in it none of the ingredients used in the sop served to Cerberus. It is neither a soporific nor a sedative. You may not agree with all that Mrs. Hubbard says, but you will understand what she means, and she will make you celebrate. The truth is, woman is here, and this fact is at last acknowledged by most men who study the signs of the times. ¶ This book can be had in the following bindings.

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¶ Advertisements under this heading Five Dollars net.

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Include some or all of the following in your garden this year:
 Gladioli, America, extra strong - - - - - \$2.50 per 100
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 Barbary Thunbergii, for hedges 16-24 in. - - - - - 8.00 " "
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 I will send you free my list of 300 varieties of Named Phlox, on request.

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Shoddy or New Wool?

Garments of pure, new wool are the best and cheapest in the end. Send for a copy of the *American Weaver*. With it you will receive gratis a piece of new wool cloth, also other information that will lead to a better knowledge of the different materials used in fabrics. G. REINHOLD, P. O. Box 43, sold under fancy names. Price, \$1.00. RUTHERFORD, N. J.

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PWe make dainty water-colored, platinum copies from fading photographs, daguerreotypes, miniatures, etc., also copies in Sepia, Gray and Ivory monochrome. Send us your old photograph now, and we will give you detailed information as to what we can do best with it, and the price. If you are not happily surprised with our unusual service, your money will be returned. George and Pearl Gilbert, 1018 Starr Avenue, Burlington, Iowa.

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the watch with an international reputation for accuracy, beauty and durability. Or, the *WALTHAM*, a masterpiece of craftsmanship and skill—artistic and dependable. Send for our *Watch Talk* and learn all about these watches of distinction and how easily you can procure one.

"Tempus fugit"—Write now!

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10,000 FREE SAMPLE BOTTLES OF M. A. C.

will be given free to all sufferers of dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, gas on the stomach, and constipation. Write for a sample bottle today, and you will receive not just a dose, but enough to do lots of good. Address: SMITH BROTHERS, The Druggists, FRESNO, CAL.

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Mooney talks! Invested in First Real Estate Mortgages on Improved Wisconsin Farms it says, "5% to 6 per cent." These farms are owned by thrifty German and Scandinavian farmers and the mortgages are held by us. We now offer them to the discerning—a safe, sure, sound and profitable investment. Your correspondence is invited.

FIRST STATE BANK State Depository PRAIRIE FARM, WIS.
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I WANT a bigger job as sales manager with a concern handling Machinery, Railroad Supplies, Gas-Engines, Rubber Goods or General Supplies. Have clientele amongst Railroads and large industrial houses in Chicago and the Northwest. (I'm 43, married, therefore on good behavior.) References plenty and big record of real results. My price?—Well, suppose you communicate with A1, care of THE FRA, East Aurora, N. Y.

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Direct from our trees to you, charges prepaid. Ten-pound box, \$1.00; twenty-pound box, \$1.50. Slight increase west of Chicago. Box containing both grapefruit and oranges, same price. We ship only ripe fruit, picked same day order is received. Send check with your order.

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The National Bath Powder is O. K'd by all discriminating people as being the most delightful addition to the bath made. It soothes, refreshes and exhilarates. "After the Bath" tangos and tangos "turkey-trot" to their respective tubs without the slightest "hesitation"—sprinkle National Bath Powder therein—and enjoy a deluxe bath with sighs of satisfaction. Fifty cents a box. Ask your druggist or send direct to

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THE quiet Hotel where people of quality meet. Everything you want, with nothing you don't want. When you arrive at the Grand Central, say "Biltmore" to the Red-Cap, and in a minute, without crossing a street and without cab or car, you are AT HOME.

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When spent in CAMP MOOSWA, Nova Scotia, comprehends more than "passing away the time." Expression, not suppression, land and water sports, educated leaders, instruction in the gentle art of angling, fresh foods (no canned goods), minds and bodies active from morning till night in the open (no canned ideas), and other features all set forth in our illustrated booklet free to you. Boys from Missouri (enough said) have been with us for two or more seasons.

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BRIEFHAND The modern substitute for stenography, using longhand characters. Easy to learn, write and read. Invaluable to business and professional men and women, ministers, teachers, secretaries, clerks, students, boys, girls—Everybody. Recommended by many responsible persons. Complete self-teaching Manual, containing full instructions, 2900 illustrations and numerous "short-cuts," \$1.00. PREMIER BRIEFHAND SCHOOL, Desk 12, Washington, D. C.

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I am giving an idea that for new things. One out of the ordinary. I found a course in the way of a tomato. Remarkably big, green and juicy. Just like a beefsteak. That's why I named it. You introduce them I will give you 1000 tomatoes worth of the seed. Free. Write today for special proposition and beautiful colored catalog of new and standard varieties of seeds. Galloway Bros. & Co., 2114 Galloway Station, Waterloo, Iowa

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Stops itching scalp upon one application; three to six removes all dandruff. It is highly recommended for dandruff, itching scalp, falling hair, and is unsurpassed for scalp skin diseases. It is for sale by leading druggists at 50c per bottle. Try a sample before you buy. It's free. Address: SMITH BROTHERS, Fresno, Cal.

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Use Sassafras Eye Lotion, the antiseptic eye tonic. An eminent oculist's prescription, in use over 22 years. A soothing, cooling and medicinal lotion for the relief of red and inflamed eyelids, burning sensations, eye-strain and tired feeling after reading. A trial will convince you of its merits. On receipt of 10 cents, to cover cost of mailing, we will send you a generous sample. If eye-cup is desired include an additional dime. Prepared only by SASSAFRAS EYE LOTION COMPANY, MAUCH CHUNG, PA.

Standard size at your druggist's or by mail, 50 cents.

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—the latest booklet by Sidney A. Weltmer, full of help, inspiration and freedom—a practical application of Thinking to personal problems. It shows why men are slaves to their thoughts and how limiting thoughts may be displaced. Postpaid 25c. Address Dept. F. M. Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Missouri



If a King's Doctor told you to take Sanatogen—

you would be impressed—for you know that a King's Doctor must be a man of highest professional standing. You would take Sanatogen feeling confident that it would do the things promised; give you fresh vigor, fortify your system as no other tonic could.

Now it is a fact that the private physicians to seven Emperors and Kings, after personal observation of its effects, have endorsed Sanatogen in writing. (See, for instance, the accompanying letters of Dr. Ott and Dr. Kuhn.)

So you see a King's physician might recommend Sanatogen to *you*, if you could consult him—indeed there are over 21,000 practising who would tell you to take Sanatogen, because they have all written us of its wonderfully beneficent effect, of its power to strengthen the nerves, to help digestion, enrich the blood and generally uplift the system in a natural, lasting manner.

Such are the credentials of Sanatogen—they should, they must convince you that Sanatogen has a service to perform in *your* case.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes from \$1.00 up.

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"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

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for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his sound philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Tear this off as a reminder to address: THE BAYER CHEMICAL CO., 31 Y Irving Place, New York.



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Pocket Billiard Style*

HOME BILLIARDS HOLDS OFF ANNO DOMINI



IT keeps parents young — gives sons and daughters an added home pleasure — provides a means for delightful social intercourse.

❑ A home where there is a **BRUNSWICK BILLIARD-TABLE** is a home where grouch and gloom are tabu, where the merry laugh and the exuberant spirit is in every-day evidence.

❑ All days are sunshine days with a Brunswick Billiard-Table in the home.

❑ Home Billiards keeps the heart young, the senses alert, and prevents your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes.

❑ A game of billiards with the boy causes you to "forget it," and your boy to remember and appreciate his home "hour with dad."

❑ In thousands of homes where the Brunswick Billiard-Tables have found a place, father and son, mother and daughters, are chums.

❑ The "wandering boy" idea is ausgespielt.

❑ Bless your home with billiards! Get the "Baby Grand" shown on this page — it's a peach! Thirty days' free trial — outfit free — and you can pay for it on easy terms, as low as twenty cents a day!

❑ The coupon will bring you fuller information and a beautifully illustrated brochure of these superb creations of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender people.

❑ Don't "balk" — send for it today!

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GOLFING AND GOING SOME

A LITERARY FOOZE BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the Open Road,
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Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the Open Road.



GOLFING is walking, with a suitable excuse. ¶ Once, after a particularly inspiring game of golf with a multimillionaire, I ventured to ask him for the loan of a street-car ticket, there being nothing bigger in sight. ¶ The great man's reply was, "Son, anybody who can play golf can walk." ¶ That closed the debate. ¶ And the man was right, as he is fifty-one per cent of the time. ¶ Walking has often enabled me to put the chloride of sodium on the caudal appendage of a big idea. ¶ Walking stimulates circulation, aids digestion, and helps you to think, plan, devise, invent—enjoy. This way happiness lies. ¶ If you have shoe consciousness—that is, if you are aware of your shoes—you can not enjoy walking, any more than you can orate if you are conscious of your feet. And Henry Ward Beecher said, "The days when I walk five miles are the days when I make a big speech." ¶ People who prize pedal peace would do well to consult the foot adepts at the Coward Shoe-Store. And the Coward Store is in my opinion the Greatest Retail Shoe-Store in the World. ¶ Here every customer has the special, careful consideration of an expert in footology. To have to "break in" shoes is fierce. No two pair of feet are exactly the same. Let Mr. Coward and his friendly potentiaries of prosperity and peace—all kinds of peace—put you in position to enjoy the Open Road. ¶ Spring will soon be here. ¶ Every *Fra* reader who has not done so already, should send for a copy of the Coward Catalog showing

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The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Bunion Shoe
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